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Hey Folks! Look!

The Original Mr. Ed

by Walter Brooks

**16 — Count 'em — 16
Hilarious Misadventures
of TV's Famous
Talking Horse**



SEPT. 18,
1937

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THE TALKING HORSE

BY WALTER BROOKS

READING TIME • 9 MINUTES 56 SECONDS

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

TAKE this Wilbur Pope I think his name was. He was kind of a small quiet man in the advertising business. Not the kind of man as you know perfectly well to imagine things like this even if he did have a few extra highballs. He says it is all true and I would rather believe him than a lot of malicious gossip.

So this Mr. Pope lived in Mount Kisco and he had a wife that was part Spanish and part bad temper. Most of the neighbors were in love with her because she was beautiful all right and as seductive as all get-out. But when she was in high spirits she didn't pay any attention to her husband and when she was low and cranky she didn't pay attention to any one else.

But Mr. Pope was in love with his wife whose name was Carlotta because of that Spanish strain I suppose.

Well as an advertising account executive in charge of a couple of drug and cosmetic accounts Mr. Pope had done a lot of what advertising men call research in the course of which he had spent several months reading about old folk remedies and magical prescriptions in the hope of turning up some new product. Mr. Pope got interested particularly in the more miraculous herbs because being an advertising man he had immense powers of belief. And one thing that cropped up in so many old folk tales was the leaf of a certain tree which you ate and could then understand the speech of all animals. He liked this idea because when he was a boy he had had a dog named Horace who could almost talk. But Horace had died without saying a word.

Mrs. Pope wouldn't let Mr. Pope have a dog but she thought it would be nice if he had a horse so he bought a horse named Ed. It was just a horse. But Mr. Pope enjoyed jogging around on him Sunday mornings and talking to him and Ed seemed to understand. And after Mr. Pope read about the magic leaf he used to stop whenever he saw a tree he didn't know and eat a leaf or two hopefully.

Well one Sunday Mr. Pope got back from his ride to find a noisy crowd guzzling cocktails on the porch. There were the Lawtons and Annabelle Stanton and Fitch Parmenter and a tall stranger named Douglas Hendry. Hi Wilbur said Annabelle been for your morning gallop? Poor old Ed said Mr. Pope if he galloped a hundred yards he'd have to lie down. Do you hunt Mr. Pope? asked Mr. Hendry and before Mr. Pope could answer Mrs. Pope laughed merrily and said Can't you just see Wilb careering over the landscape in a pink coat? She called him Wilb because it was about the only thing that really irritated him. And everybody looked at Mr. Pope and laughed loud and heartily including Mr. Hendry. Only Ed didn't laugh.

Well then Mr. Hendry told about his own exploits in the hunting field and also his prowess in other athletic fields. But he was very kind to Mr. Pope and he said I really think you would have a quite passable seat if you'd shorten your stirrups a bit and keep your hands down and your elbows in and not slump so much in the saddle. Thank you said Mr. Pope but frankly my present seat is quite adequate and I am afraid it would only puzzle Ed if I had it altered. You see he said I only ride for amuse-

ment and a little exercise. And then he asked Mr. Hendry if he took regular exercise.

Well everybody looked shocked but Mr. Hendry took it very well. Exercise? he said. Ha ha do you think I need it? And he flexed a lot of muscles so that his coat stretched and looked too small on him and Mrs. Pope said Wilb! What a stupid question! But Mr. Pope just looked innocent and said he guessed he'd put his incorrect seat down on a chair and have a drink. There's no time now said Mrs. Pope we're all going to the Lawtons' to lunch. Come on everybody. And they all trooped out to the car.

So Mr. Pope got up and started to troop after them and then he stopped and said Sorry I'm afraid I can't join you for Ed and I have a date. But nobody listened and Mrs. Pope looked up at Mr. Hendry and said Ride with me Doug? and Mr. Hendry put his arm around her and said Betcha! And Mr. Pope finished up what was in the shaker and then he had two or three straight to counteract the cocktails and then he seated himself incorrectly on Ed and trotted off in the other direction.

Well by and by they came out on a hilltop and Mr. Pope started to sing. Ed looked around at him a couple of times but Mr. Pope just smiled and patted his neck and said You're a good scout Ed and if you die I promise I'll have you stuffed and stuck up whole over the mantelpiece whatever Carlotta says. And he went on singing. And then Ed turned around again and said O for Pete's sake Wilb shut up!

Well Mr. Pope's seat almost failed him and he grabbed at Ed's mane and held on and said in a shaky voice Ed why I must have found that magic leaf and eaten it without knowing it! O can that magic stuff said Ed and don't be such a sap! Judas you'd believe anything! Ed said Look we might as well have this thing out but for gosh sakes get down and come around and sit on the grass where I can look at you without getting a crick in my neck.

So Mr. Pope got down and they had a long talk and the main thing Ed told him was that animals can talk only they almost never let humans know it because they'd just get a lot of extra work shoved on them. And anyway what does talk get you? said Ed. Just trouble that's all. Then I don't see why you spoke to me said Mr. Pope and Ed said Because I couldn't stand any more of that singing for one thing. And for another he said you're a nice guy and we get along fine but you make me sick the way you let your wife boot you around. O Carlotta's all right she don't mean anything said Mr. Pope. Believe me said Ed if she was my wife I'd beat her teeth in. And that Hendry guy—you ought to smack him on the nose.

Well it's a cinch you learned your talk in a stable Ed said Mr. Pope and then he tried to explain that you had to be civilized with people and if they were rude it was no excuse for you doing the same thing but Ed said Nuts! You used to be a pretty good boxer he said and if I'm any judge that guy's muscles are only for show and you could gentle him easy with a couple good smacks in the puss. Mr. Pope grinned and said Yes it would be fun. Listen said Ed I'm going to fix you up. And then he and Mr. Pope had a long talk and then they went back down to the Lawtons'.

Introducing Ed. You'll like him!—A joyous tale of a worm that turned and a beast that wasn't so dumb

Everybody was sitting around the swimming pool in bathing suits. Mr. Hendry had on a pair of trunks would about cover your hand to show off his muscles and he was sitting on the edge of the pool with an arm around Mrs. Pope telling a long story about pigsticking in India. Mr. Pope rode up and dismounted behind them but nobody paid any attention. Go ahead tell the guy to take his arm away muttered Ed. O hell Ed, whispered Mr. Pope let's call it off. Boy you're going through with it now said Ed and then he let out a regular horse laugh. Pigsticking! he yelled Haw haw! back of your father's barn probably.

Mr. Hendry jumped up and stuck out his jaw and strutted up to Mr. Pope and said Hey what's the idea? Well Mr. Pope couldn't say that the horse had made the remark and it struck him funny anyway so he grinned and said Sorry old man it slipped out. Go on with your story. Mr. Hendry said Well don't let it happen again. And then he looked at Ed and laughed sort of nasty and turned to go back. But as soon as Mr. Hendry's back was to him Ed lifted his nose suddenly and it caught Mr. Hendry between the shoulder blades and shot him forward in a staggering run that ended with a splash in the pool.

Fitch Parmenter laughed right out but the rest looked horrified and Mrs. Pope said Wilb have you gone crazy? Go home if you can't behave yourself. Then Mr. Hendry climbed out of the pool and rushed up to Ed and grabbed his bridle and started to slap him on the nose.

And then Mr. Pope got mad. He shoved Mr. Hendry away. That's enough of that he said. O is that so? said Mr. Hendry and Mr. Pope said Yes it is and for all your bragging I don't think you know much about horses or you wouldn't get mad at one just for nudging you. Yeah? said Mr. Hendry sneering. Why do you call that a horse? If he belonged to me I'd send him to the bone-yard. I guess you would said Mr. Pope because I don't believe you can ride. I don't believe you even know how to steer. And he winked at Ed and Ed winked back because that was what they had been working up to.

Well Mr. Hendry gave a sort of growl and then he put a hand on Ed's neck and vaulted into the saddle. At least he started to but Ed sort of squinted down and Mr. Hendry flew right over him. He landed semirecumbent and Fitch Parmenter lay right down and rolled on the ground and all the others laughed a little too. But Mrs. Pope ran to Mr. Hendry and said O Doug did it hurt you? No no it was nothing said Mr. Hendry bravely and he got up and put an arm around her and said Now just let me get my breath and then you watch.

Mr. Pope was standing with his hand on Ed's bridle and Ed whispered to him. He said Are you going to stand for this? Because he said if you don't sock him I will. And he began to sidle around into position where he could smack a couple of iron horse-shoe-prints on Mr. Hendry's stomach. But Mr. Pope slapped him on the neck and said Lay off Ed I'll handle this. We don't want to kill the guy. And he said quietly Hendry take your hands off my wife. And all at once everybody was very quiet and subdued and they all looked at Mr. Pope as if they had never seen him before. And Mr. Hendry's arm dropped away from Mrs. Pope and he said Well do you want me to ride your old hack or not? Sure said Mr. Pope go to it.

Well Ed stood still while Mr. Hendry got into the saddle and then he trotted in his usual slow weary trot around the pool and Mr. Hendry who

really was a fair rider pretended to be terrified and then he laughed and laughed and blew a kiss to Mrs. Pope and as he passed Mr. Pope he said Is this enough? because I don't want him to drop dead under me. O K Ed said Mr. Pope. Let him have it.

So then Ed suddenly pranced and reared and bucked but not too hard. Mr. Hendry lost his stirrups and threw his arms around Ed's neck and finally Mr. Pope said I guess that's enough Ed. But Ed had his own ideas. He stopped long enough for Mr. Hendry to find his stirrups and then he threw up his head and I don't suppose you'll believe me but he gave a loud laugh. And then he bolted across the lawn jumped the hedge and with Mr. Hendry disappeared.

Well everybody looked aghast and they glanced respectfully at Mr. Pope who smiled and said Well they won't be back for a long time so let's sit down shall we? But Mrs. Pope came over to him and said Wilb this is outrageous! Go after him at once. Shut up Carlotta said Mr. Pope quietly and sit down. And after a minute she did.

Well they sat there talking until they heard a thump and Ed sailed over the hedge and came trotting toward them. He had Mr. Hendry's little swimming pants in his teeth and he laid them down beside Mr. Pope and then went off and nibbled at the Lawtons' perennials.

Mr. Pope picked up the pants and looked at the rips and tears in them. Mr. Hendry's seat will never be the same again I gather he said and then he looked at Mrs. Pope and said Well Carlotta I think you'd better drive home now. Mrs. Pope just sniffed and Mr. Pope shrugged and got up. Ed caught his eye. He dropped the larkspur he was chewing and formed the word Sap! with his lips. And Mr. Pope turned and grabbed Mrs. Pope by the hair and said Go get your car. And Mrs. Pope said Yes Wilbur and burst into tears and went.

On the way home every now and then Ed would have to stop because he got laughing so. And late that night Mrs. Pope said Wilbur! and Mr. Pope said What? and Mrs. Pope said I thought I heard some one laughing down in the stables and Mr. Pope said Well I bet it isn't the first time that that Hendry has made a horse laugh. And Mrs. Pope said O Wilbur I think you're wonderful! Yeah said Mr. Pope I am and don't you ever forget it again. And the funny part of it was that she didn't.

Next day Mr. Pope brought home a ten pound box of candy for Ed. But he didn't bring anything for Mrs. Pope.

THE END

Boy you're going through with it now said Ed and he let out a regular horse laugh Haw haw!



Esquire

OCTOBER
1938

• THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN



FICTION • SPORTS • HUMOR
CLOTHES • ART • CARTOONS

PRICE FIFTY CENTS
IN GREAT BRITAIN THREE SHILLINGS

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(COVER)

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Plain Horse Sense

Mr. Pope's horse didn't want any traffic with reporters and gaping tourists, so he wouldn't show off

by WALTER BROOKS

• SATIRE •



A LOT of people that I have told about Wilbur Pope's talking horse haven't believed me and some of them have come right out and called me a liar. I suppose that is natural. They're the kind of people that burned people that said the world was round. And it doesn't make any difference to me. Ed isn't my horse. But it did make a difference to Mr. Pope when people wouldn't believe him about it. Because he was an advertising man and it was bad for him in a business way.

Of course Mr. Pope knew how to make people believe things and at first he wanted to draw up a regular advertising campaign with graphs and testimonials and a picture of one of the office boys posing in a white coat as a famous scientist and recording Ed's speech on scientific instruments. But Ed wouldn't stand for it. Mr. Pope took a bottle down to the stable and sat on the manger and argued it out with him. But Ed was adamant.

Look Wilb he said You know what will happen? Reporters and Hollywood scouts and these candid camera lunkheads and people with babies and their lunch in a bag—that's what will happen by the million. And all pecking and snooping. Except for your wife's friends we have a nice quiet life up here in Mt. Kisco. Why spoil it?

I respect your desire for privacy Ed said Mr. Pope but this is rather a special case. Nothing doing said Ed firmly. If you hadn't shot off your mouth about me in the first place nobody'd think you were goofy. Too much talk is your trouble. Well it isn't going to be mine. H'm said Mr. Pope. Of course, you know Ed I can shut you up and cut off your oats. No you can't said Ed You're too kind hearted. Well I guess you're right said Mr. Pope and he got up and went into the house and took Mrs. Pope to the movies. But he had had a good deal out of the bottle while he was talking with Ed and so he kept nodding off to sleep and then coming awake with a snort and saying excitedly Where am I? Where am I? So they didn't have a very good time.

Well Mr. Pope didn't say any more about Ed's talking but he had already said too

much and had to take a lot of kidding from his associates for advertising men are great kidders. But when the clients begin to kid look out. And Mr. Pope's began to. And one day he had to go in to the head of the firm Mr. Weatherbee and tell him that Mr. Elihu Diddums of the Colonial Occasional Chair Co. had decided to place his account elsewhere. For Mr. Diddums like all manufacturers had a great sense of the dignity of his product and he did not care to have his advertising in the hands of a man who chatted with animals. And I suppose he was right for if he would not take occasional chairs seriously who would? I know I won't.

Well Mr. Weatherbee was pretty mad. And he told Mr. Pope that there was this about it—the advertising business was one thing and Baron Munchausen was another and the two didn't mix. Mr. Pope kind of smiled at this as who wouldn't? and Mr. Weatherbee got still madder and he puffed up and delivered a talk on the dignity of the profession which he kept ready for such occasions and then he said he would give Mr. Pope one more chance.

Well Mr. Pope knew what that meant. It meant that he would have to replace the lost account with that of the Groly Marine Engine Corp. which he had been working on. He had got up several presentations for Mr. Groly all hand lettered in three colors and had spent many hours working on Mr. Groly but in order to get the account he had to take it away from Bishop & Oppper with whom Mr. Groly was as well pleased as any manufacturer ever is with his agency. But anyway he went over to see Mr. Groly again.

But Mr. Groly was in a frolicsome mood and would not talk business. All he wanted to talk about was these stories he had heard about Mr. Pope's horse and he certainly did squeeze the last drop of fun out of the subject. But at last he got serious and he said Frankly Pope all this horse business has put us rather off your outfit. I grant you your stuff is clever. But is it sound?

So Mr. Pope put up an argument. The big appeal of the Groly engines was that they were fool-proof and for years their slogan has been A Child Can Run It. Bishop & Oppper had continued with variations of this and with fair success. But recently they had sent out a page ad showing a child operating a Groly and coming in first in a motorboat

race with the caption And A Little Child Shall Lead Them. This had offended some religious groups and so Mr. Pope was able to cast some pretty sour slurs on Bishop & Oppper. He did this indirectly of course for advertising ethics forbids knocking a competitor. It is a sort of blasphemy.

But Mr. Groly was unconvinced and at last he said No no Pope I'm afraid it's no sale. Just on account of this horse business? said Mr. Pope incredulously. But my dear Mr. Groly—No use said Mr. Groly emphatically. And then he laughed and said Tell you what: prove to me that that horse of yours really can talk and I'll give you the account. You will? said Mr. Pope Why that's easy. I'll ride him over to your place—you're only about four miles from Mt. Kisco—and you can have a talk with him yourself. So Mr. Groly said that would be fine and he invited Mr. Pope to bring Mrs. Pope and Ed and come over Sunday and spend the day.

So that night Mr. Pope told Mrs. Pope about the invitation but he didn't say anything about the condition attached to it because Mrs. Pope didn't believe that Ed could talk either. She had never heard him say anything except when Mr. Pope was around and she said Mr. Pope was just doing ventriloquism and pretending to have Ed say a lot of things to her that he didn't dare say himself. But Mr. Pope wanted to talk it over with Ed so he went down to the stable and began to tell him about what had happened.

But Ed was in kind of a bad humor. What the hell is an occasional chair? he asked No don't tell me. I don't believe I could bear it. Well so you lost the account? What do you want me to do—wear hearse plumes? So as Ed was in no mood to be helpful Mr. Pope decided not to tell him about Mr. Groly. He'd just ride over and trust to luck that Ed would talk. There was no use appealing to his bet-

ter nature. He didn't have any.

Well they went over to Mr. Groly's on Sunday. It was one of these big estates by House & Garden out of Renaissance Italy and there were pergolas and pools and a lake with Groly motorboats as thick on it as pennies in a collection plate and Mrs. Pope was delighted. Although she was mad at Mr. Pope for riding over on Ed and making her drive alone in the car. But Wilbur is so attached to that horse she explained to Mrs. Groly You know it's quite touching. Well the horse may do your husband a good turn yet



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Plain Horse Sense

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said Mr. Groly and he took Mr. Pope aside and said Well Pope are you going to make him talk to me?

We'll have to wait a while said Mr. Pope. Ed's sort of cranky today. Well any time said Mr. Groly with a laugh. I've waited fifty-two years to hear a horse talk and an hour or so more won't make any difference. Moor him out by the garage and come in and have a cocktail.

Look Wilb said Ed when Mr. Pope was loosening the saddle girths. You aren't trying to put something over on me are you? Going to show me off to that little fat guy or anything? Well suppose I was? said Mr. Pope. Suppose I told you that my whole future depended on your saying a word or two for me to him? Wouldn't you do that for me? No said Ed. If your future as an advertising man depends on a horse's recommendation you'd better try the law or the ministry. Besides you know these fancy places give me a pain in the neck. Why couldn't we have ridden over to Gus's today and had a couple pails of beer? I suppose you'll be sitting around drinking champagne out of cut glass goblets all afternoon. Well don't expect to find me here when you come back. I put you on your honor Ed said Mr. Pope flinging the reins over Ed's neck.

Well it was a bigger party than Mr. Pope had expected for about twenty people sat down to lunch in the pergola and who to Mr. Pope's disgust was one of them but Mr. Opper of Bishop & Opper. There was champagne at lunch too as Ed had predicted. And Mrs. Pope sat next Mr. Groly who paid her a good deal of attention and was soon calling her Carlotta and even more informal things and I don't know that anybody could blame him for that except perhaps Ed who never could understand what Mr. Pope saw in her. She had the sultry kind of Spanish beauty that has been the making of many a correspondent.

Well the guests went to work on the champagne with a will and the champagne reciprocated nobly and by the time lunch was half over the servants were kept so busy filling glasses that they stopped serving food entirely. And nobody noticed. Mr. Pope says there was a kind of a golden haze over everything and some of the others noticed it too and they had to shout to make themselves heard through it. Perhaps that explains some of the things that happened later. I don't know. Mr. Pope was pretty well sozzled all right and so were most of the others but if he says the things happened I believe him. For *in vino veritas*.

Well anyway on one side of the pergola and behind Mr. Pope was a long sort of lattice covered with vines and by and by he heard a cautious whisper—Hey Wilb! He reached a hand down behind his

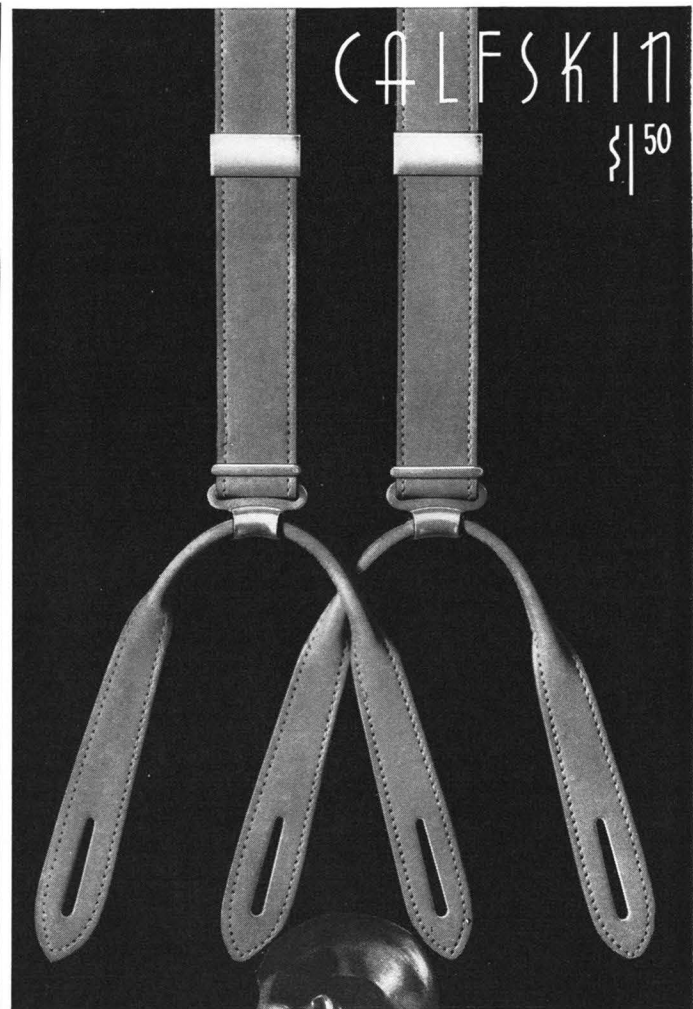
chair and made emphatic go-away motions with it but it was repeated so Mr. Pope pretended a spider had fallen down his neck and he got up and went around the lattice and there was Ed. Hey Wilb said Ed how about a little drink? O go away Ed said Mr. Pope wearily. Why do you try to complicate things for me like this? Well I'm thirsty said Ed and then he snickered. Say Wilb he said you know that guy Opper? Sitting next to that fat Groly woman that looks like a tomato in chiffon? Well I thought you'd like me to spike his guns for him so I sneaked up behind them a minute ago and when they weren't looking I imitated his voice and paid her a good gross compliment. I thought she'd smack him in the eye. But do you know what she did? Ha, haw! She squeezed his hand under the table and then she whispered in his ear—and boy! has she got him terrified! He can't hardly swallow. O gosh Ed said Mr. Pope I wish you'd stay away. O. K. said Ed huffily I might have known that's all the thanks I'd get. Well don't forget the champagne.

So Mr. Pope went back. And as he sat down Mr. Groly got up and steadied himself with a hand on Mrs. Pope's shoulder and said in a loud voice Well Pope where's that hawking torse—I mean talking horse of yours? Let's have him in and hear what he has to say about the political situation. And everybody shouted Speech! Speech from Ed! We want Ed!

Well then Mr. Pope suddenly saw what he was up against and that Mr. Groly had just asked him there to make a monkey of him. But he pulled back his cheeks in a desperate grin and said Well Mr. Groly Ed is kind of shy and I'm afraid if we ask him in and spring this on him suddenly he might faint right away. And he went on to make a little humorous speech about Ed, tending to show that the whole thing was a joke. But there had been too much gossip about the thing and although everybody laughed they continued to look at Mr. Pope with the joyful expectancy of those about to see a friend publicly mangled. So Mr. Pope said O what the hell! and went out to get Ed.

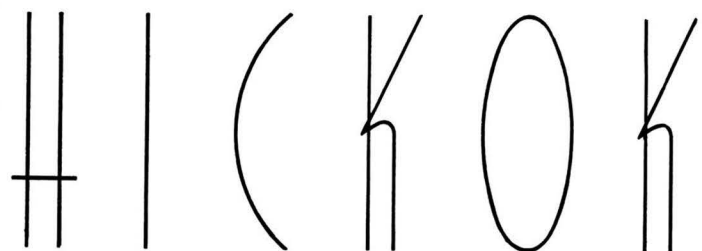
Well of course Ed wouldn't talk. He just stood looking sullen. And at last when everybody had said everything funny he could think of Mr. Groly said Well Pope I guess it's no sale then. And he looked at Mr. Opper and grinned and Mr. Opper grinned back although not as happily as he would have if Mrs. Groly had not been eying him so indulgently. So Mr. Pope saw that all was lost and he shrugged and said Well Ed I'll keep my word to you anyway. And he dumped the ice out of a bucket and called for a bottle of champagne and emptied it into the bucket and gave it to Ed. Ed drank it in two gulps then looked

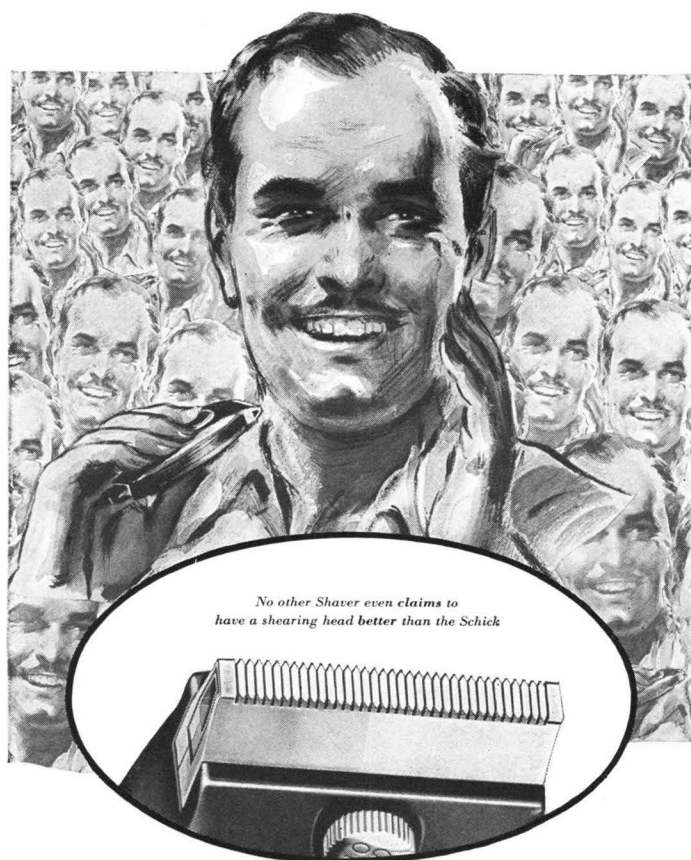
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ACTION BAK BRACES

Mellow Calfskin braces—superbly tailored by Hickok—are masterpieces of style and comfort. ActionBAK—the exclusive Hickok feature—frees your back and shoulders from any hint of binding. Wherever fine men's wear is sold — \$1.50. Other Hickok ActionBAK Braces from \$1. Hickok, Rochester, N. Y.





The thousandth shave with a SCHICK is better than the first

● All blades, and some kinds of shavers, grow worse with each succeeding shave unless sharpened or renewed. The Schick Shaver actually *improves* in shaving quality every day through its long life. The two cutters "work themselves in" to each other.

The day before it *eventually* wears out, the Schick will give its best shave. Countless letters from Schick users tell us of years of service with individual shavers recording *more than 3000 shaves* and still good for more unnumbered shaves.

Schick is greatly improved

Schick was the first electric shaver on the market. It was designed by the genius of Colonel Schick. Practically every modern device for mechanical shaving has "borrowed" from Schick's teaching. In developing shavers, Schick is still years ahead of others.

Each month sees the Schick motor gain in power, speed and dependability. The present Schick shearing

head is unsurpassed for mechanical precision and shaving efficiency.

Schick left this priceless heritage

He visualized perfection in shaving and pointed out the ways that led to it. Following out his ideas, exploring them further in our engineering laboratories each day, proves the truth of Schick principles and enables us to make a better shaver than any we have ever seen. And the ultimate ends Schick saw—quick, close shaves in sheer comfort *without injury to the skin*, and the most economical way to shave—are so nearly attained, that we challenge the world to produce a better shaver than the Schick.

An authorized Schick Dealer will tell you

He will explain how the Schick will shave *your* beard no matter how tough the skin or how thick the beard. Go today. Do not postpone the comfort, convenience and economy of Schick shaving. Only with the Schick do you get *all* the benefits of electric shaving.

\$15 110 volts, AC and DC
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Schick Dry Shaver, Inc., has no connection with the Magazine Repeating Razor Co., which manufactures and sells the Schick Injector Razor

SCHICK SHAVES

Plain Horse Sense

Continued from pages 79-119

up sort of startled at Mr. Pope, hiccuped, winked roguishly, and walked off stepping very high.

Well there was sort of a let-down after that and as soon as lunch was over the guests wandered away with champagne buckets toward the lake, and some of them went out in Groly boats. Mr. Groly took Mrs. Pope out in one and Mrs. Groly took Mr. Opper off to see her roses. Mr. Pope looked around for Ed but didn't see him anywhere so he sat down on a bench on the dock and brooded.

Well he had been brooding for some time when there was the sound of some commotion up toward the house. There were shouts and a gabbling and indistinct thumps. The voices subsided but the thumps came nearer and Mr. Pope turned to see Ed bearing down on him with mane and tail flying. Ed looked pretty wild and he was grinning like a clown. Look out you fool! yelled Mr. Pope jumping up You'll be in the lake! Out of the way Wilb said Ed as his hoofs thundered on the dock. I'm going for a little cruise. Mr. Pope made a grab for the bridle and missed and Ed's shoulder knocked him sprawling into the water.

When Mr. Pope came up he grabbed at the first thing handy which was the gunwale of a fast Groly Speed Queen. As he pulled himself over the side he was horrified to see Ed sitting in the cockpit. The horse had evidently made a clean leap into the boat. Cast off Wilb said Ed and get the engine started. We're goin' on a piratical cruise. O come Ed said Mr. Pope this is a hell of a way to act and—But Ed raised an ironshod hoof. Mutiny! he roared. Cast off, you lubber! I'm captain of this craft. We're going to rove the bounding billow my hearty and sink every ship that floats. We'll ram the hell out of 'em. And he began to sing in a terrible roaring voice—O a life on the briny deep, and a home on the bounding main! So Mr. Pope looked at the iron shoe and then he cast off and started the engine.

They swept out in a curve from the dock with foam flying in a cloud about them and bore down on the nearest boat which contained a Mr. and Mrs. Montgomery Beals who lived in Poughkeepsie in a large old-fashioned house with only one bathroom. With a hoof on the wheel Ed drove into them obliquely, sideswiped and capsized them. Hope they can swim he said and catching sight of the boat in which were Mrs. Pope and Mr. Groly he shouted Treasure ship on the starboard beam! and whirled the wheel to bring them over his bows. My God Ed said Mr. Pope Look what you're doing! That's Carlotta! Good clean water never hurt anybody said Ed with a wink and held on his course.

Mr. Pope looked around despairingly. The four or five other motorboats on the lake were skittering for the shore. The dock was

crowded with guests and servants and among them Mr. Pope made out Mr. Opper focusing a camera. That finishes it! he moaned. It was no good reasoning with Ed who was roaring out Sixteen men on a dead man's chest so loud that he couldn't hear him anyway. It's fifteen men Ed said Mr. Pope hoping to distract him. But Ed was for once willing to concede a minor point. O.K. he said and began again—Fifteen men on a dead man's chest—And then the Speed Queen at the moment of leaping on her prey suddenly swerved and hummed past, sending a wave over the other boat that half swamped it and drenched its occupants.

Three times the pirate craft made the circuit of the lake with Mr. Pope expostulating and Ed either singing nautical ballads some of the words of which it is fortunate I don't even remember, or sitting with head thrown back and a victorious smile on his long face. At last Ed said Well Wilb we've swept the seas and they are ours. Let's go conquer the land. And then he hiccuped suddenly. He put a hoof over his mouth and said Pawdon me. And then he hiccuped again pretty fundamentally and the smile disappeared and he looked at Mr. Pope in a startled way and said Gosh Wilb I hope I haven't got you in wrong?

O no said Mr. Pope you haven't done a thing Ed. Only entirely ruined my reputation and my future. You understand they think it was me singing those songs? And Opper has even got pictures of us out here. And then as he stopped the engine and they drifted in toward the dock he told Ed about his shattered hopes for the Groly account.

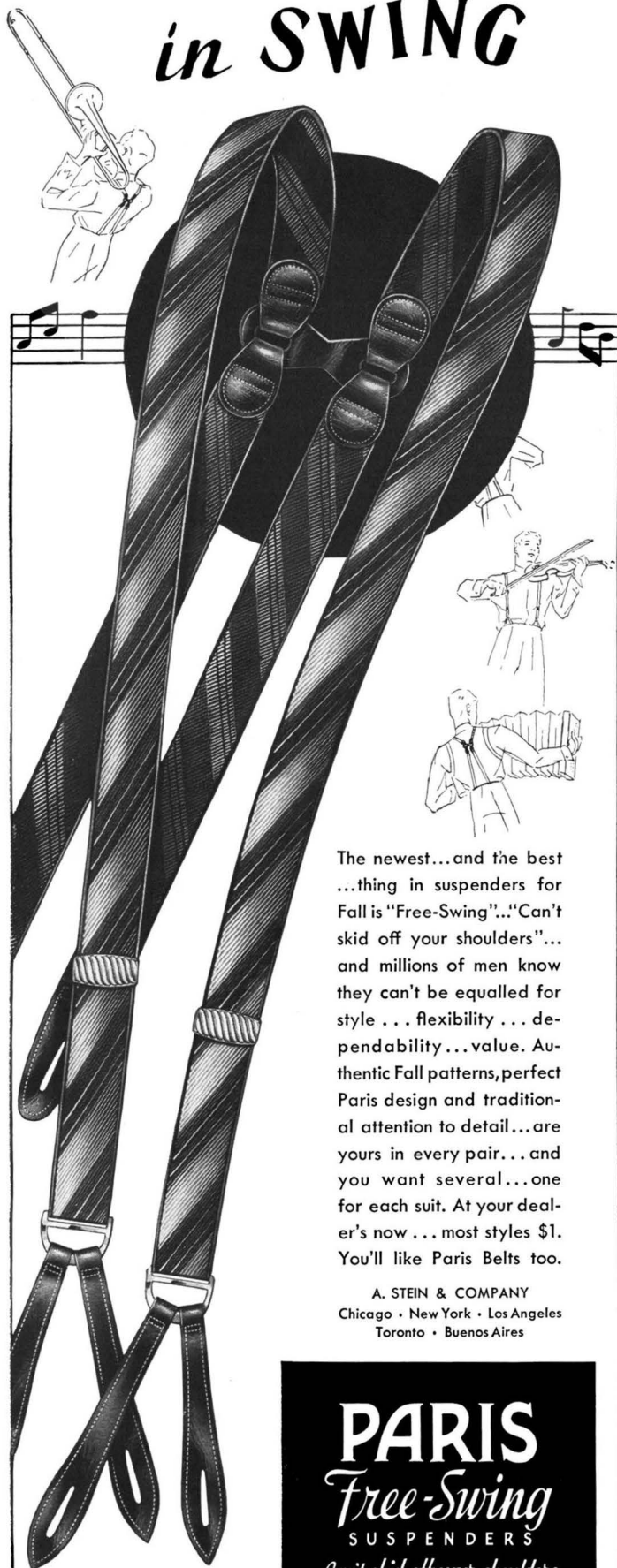
Well Ed was beginning to sober up now and he looked thoughtfully at Mr. Pope for a minute. Then his ears came up and he gave a neighing laugh. I got it Wilb! he exclaimed. And as they were getting close inshore he stretched out his neck and whispered something in Mr. Pope's ear. Yes said Mr. Pope but—So Ed whispered something in his other ear and then sat up and said Keep her out a ways. We don't want to land yet. And let me handle this.

Well by this time Mr. Groly had brought Mrs. Pope ashore and she went into the house for dry clothes but Mr. Groly joined the others on the dock. Come in here Pope you crazy fool! he shouted and the others shouted with him and waved bottles encouragingly.

Mr. Pope started to yell apologies but Ed drowned him out. You're the dumbest cluck I ever tried to do work for Groly he roared. Can't you recognize a good advertising stunt when you see one? Advertising stunt! said Mr. Groly You'd be a good press agent for a lunatic asylum Pope. Bring that boat in here. Now wait a minute Mr. Groly began Mr. Pope but Ed cut in again. By God

Continued at top of page 122

The newest thing in SWING



The newest...and the best...thing in suspenders for Fall is "Free-Swing"... "Can't skid off your shoulders"... and millions of men know they can't be equalled for style... flexibility... dependability... value. Authentic Fall patterns, perfect Paris design and traditional attention to detail... are yours in every pair... and you want several... one for each suit. At your dealer's now... most styles \$1. You'll like Paris Belts too.

A. STEIN & COMPANY
Chicago • New York • Los Angeles
Toronto • Buenos Aires

PARIS
Free-Swing
SUSPENDERS
Can't skid off your shoulders

Plain Horse Sense

Continued from pages 77-119-120

Groly he said have I got to beat it into you with a club? You don't need to be a mechanic to run a Groly engine. Just plain horse sense. Get it? *Horse sense*. With that picture that Oppor took of a horse running the boat. A horse, Groly. Hell we've *proved* it to you—here's your demonstration and witnesses and everything.

Well then Mr. Groly began to get it. Horse sense he said. Yes. By George there's something in it! A lot in it! Hey Oppor what pictures did you get?

But Mr. Oppor wasn't being cooperative. See here Pope he said coming forward if you think I'm going to turn over those pictures to you you're mistaken. I've got some dandies of you too. Test and demonstration my eye! I'm going to send a set of them to every newspaper and advertising man in town. I'll teach you to steal my accounts. O.K. said Ed. Keep 'em if you want to and I'll tell what went on in the summerhouse a little while ago. I guess we'll be about even at that.

Well when she heard this Mrs. Groly gave a terrified look at Mr. Oppor who turned sort of blue and came up to her and they talked for a minute. Then they went over to Mr. Groly and Mr. Oppor took the film out of his camera and gave it to him and then went away. And then Ed and Mr. Pope

came ashore and Mr. Pope went up to talk about the details of the new plan with Mr. Groly while he was changing into dry clothes.

So that evening when the Papes left Mr. Groly clapped Mr. Pope on the shoulder and said Well Mrs. Pope you ought to be proud of this husband of yours. I told him if his horse could talk I'd give him my account. I still don't believe the horse can talk, but he got the account from me anyway. He's one of the cleverest men in the business. And one of the soundest. And Mrs. Pope looked down at her dress which had been freshly pressed by one of the maids and said Yes. He's got horse sense. I often wonder where he gets it from.

Well Ed would never tell Mr. Pope what he had seen in the summerhouse or what the row had been in the servants' quarters when he had come galloping down to the lake. But a few days later when Mr. Pope showed him Mr. Oppor's photographs of their cruise he was pretty proud. One enlargement he liked particularly. It showed him sitting up straight and in profile. That's a fine photo eh Wilb? he said. I like that sort of proud unconquered look I have. It don't do you justice said Mr. Pope. Eh? said Ed Why I think it's very flattering. That's what I mean said Mr. Pope. #

Law of the Game Warden

Continued from page 87

of lands bordering a lake or stream extend to the middle of said body of water; if both sides, the rights cover the entire bottom. It has, however, been ruled that said ownership does not include the water, or the fish, if the stream or lake is navigable.

Offhand, one would say the fisherman was lucky. He doesn't have to worry about trespassing signs to any extent because there are few if any lakes or streams containing fish which are not navigable. That term navigable sounds like a real restriction, but navigability of a stream or lake is based, not on whether one can use a boat on it, but whether or not one can float a log in said water, and no restrictions on the size of the log. This law is a reminder of the old logging days when timber was king. As long as land is covered by a few inches of water, the fisherman is presumed to be privileged legally to trespass upon such land.

Such a millennium dream would be nice if true, but here's the bombshell; strange as it may seem

that navigability question has more bark on the log than one would think. Andy Angler has gone along blithely thinking that his sport was safe, for surely any water deep enough to be worth fishing must be navigable. Suddenly he finds himself all snarled up in the backlash of his own line for he finds out that this ruling does not depend upon whether or not this hypothetical log will actually float, but where it is supposed to float. If one cannot show that logs just naturally are to be found bobbing along, then the water is not navigable. Here's what actually happened not long ago.

The property owners around a large lake got together and formed an association prohibiting anyone but said owners from fishing on the lake. This body of water happens to be one of a series of lakes connected by deep channels which have been used by rather large boats for many years. One day, a simple soul who loved nature and liked to take a few hours of relaxation from his daily cares by fishing rowed down through one of these channels into




from fishing on the lake. This body of water happens to be one of a series of lakes connected by deep channels which have been used by rather large boats for many years. One day, a simple soul who loved nature and liked to take a few hours of relaxation from his daily cares by fishing rowed down through one of these channels into

Continued at top of page 124

JUNE 10,
1939

al

★ Liberty 5¢

A color illustration of a young woman in a sailor's uniform, smiling and painting the hull of a ship. She is wearing a white sailor's cap with a black band and a gold anchor emblem. Her uniform consists of a black short-sleeved shirt with white and orange horizontal stripes, and blue overalls. She is holding a paintbrush in her right hand and a paint can in her left. The background is a light blue sky.

**THIS
DEMOCRACY
by H. G. WELLS**

My Husband Was Rejuvenated ★ Are Colleges Any Good?

MR. POPE'S

Thoroughbred

READING TIME

14 MINUTES 27 SECONDS

BY WALTER BROOKS

I GUESS I have told you about that talking horse of Wilbur Pope's. Mr. Pope was an account executive with the advertising firm of Weatherbee Overstreet & Ochiltree and he lived in Mount Kisco with Mrs. Pope who was tall and dark and beautiful and one eighth Spanish. She had slanting languid eyes that a lot of young men in Mount Kisco and neighboring towns drove over to Mr. Pope's on Saturdays and Sundays to look into while drinking Mr. Pope's liquor. Those slanting eyes are lovely to look at but don't mean a thing. At least they seldom mean what you think they mean.

But don't get me started on Mrs. Pope. I want to tell you about Mr. Pope's horse. He was pretty plain even for a horse and his name was Ed. The only remarkable thing about him was that he could talk. As a matter of fact Ed says that all horses can talk. But they don't because he says What would it get them? And if you think about that you see it's so.

So while the neighbors were gazing into Mrs. Pope's eyes Ed and Mr. Pope clumped around over the Westchester hills occasionally stopping at a dog stand for a bottle of beer. They could have had all the beer in Westchester for there was always somebody ready to stand Ed a bottle or two just to see the way he took the neck in his teeth and tipped it up and let it gurgle down without swallowing. But usually after a few bottles they would go off somewhere and sit and talk.

Ed had no ambition and so he was good company. He could talk about most anything and very sensibly too. He was rather coarse sometimes but coarseness is refreshing to the healthy minded and after all he'd been brought up in a stable. The only thing he and Mr. Pope fundamentally disagreed on was Mrs. Pope. Those languid eyes meant nothing but bad temper to him and when he'd had one or two beers over the quota he'd sometimes say so.

Well usually Mr. Pope wouldn't argue for he was proud in a way of Mrs. Pope's temper which he called temperament. But sometimes he'd try to defend her to Ed and then the argument—particularly if it was well laced with beer—got pretty acrimonious. And at last one day Mr. Pope got so mad he wouldn't talk to Ed any more.

Well they were sitting under a tree by the roadside a couple of miles from home and Ed got on the subject of Mrs. Pope's admirers. Maybe I'm kind of old fashioned about some things he said but I don't like the way she kind of gives some of those boys the eye. Maybe she don't mean anything but folks notice it. And you know Wilbur I ain't strict but your wife ought to be like what they say about who's this—Potiphar's wife. Potiphar's! said Mr. Pope. Sure said Ed Above suspicion. Gosh Ed even for a horse you're not very well read said Mr. Pope. You mean Caesar's. But Ed was stubborn and stuck to Potiphar's wife and so Mr. Pope lay back and pulled his hat over his eyes and pretended to go to sleep.

Ed wandered around a while and ate a few daisies and then he came back and said Hey Wilbur what's the use getting sore? I'm not sore Ed said Mr. Pope I'm just disgusted. O yeah? said Ed Well how about me? I don't blame you for sticking up for your wife. After all you must like her or you wouldn't have married her. And if you like to be a doormat half the time and a standing joke the other half that's your business. But what makes me good and sick is your not standing up for me when she gets on that line about how disreputable I look and why don't you send me to the boneyard and get a decent horse.

You know perfectly well that's just talk said Mr. Pope. See here Ed if you can't be pleasant why don't you keep

still? It's getting so you spoil all our rides with this kind of stuff. I've a good mind to sell

you at that and get a dumb horse.

Well that made Ed angrier than ever and one word led to another and finally Mr. Pope got so mad that he jumped up and started off down the road. Ed followed a little ways but he had his pride and when Mr. Pope wouldn't look at him he turned off into a field so Mr. Pope walked home.

So Ed trotted along home the back way and when Mr. Pope came limping up the drive there was Ed in the middle of the lawn and a little knot of people with glasses in their hands were standing looking at him. When they caught sight of Mr. Pope they gave a shout and Mrs. Pope came running and threw herself around his neck and sobbed hysterically O darling are you all right? I thought you'd been thrown and were lying somewhere in a ditch with a b-broken neck!

Well riding boots aren't made for walking and Mr. Pope had plodded two miles under a July sun so he just said Sure sure I'm all right and hooked Ed's bridle over his arm and led him up to the corner of the porch and hitched him. Mrs. Pope went with him with her arm around him and Mr. Pope gave the horse a triumphant look. But Ed just stared at him sullenly and then looked away. So he went up on the porch and some one pushed a glass into his hand and shoved him into a chair. And then they all wanted to know what had happened.

Well it was the usual crowd of Mrs. Pope's friends—Fitch Parmenter and Georgie Van Slyke and the Lawtons and Annabelle Stanton—but they all seemed strangely polite and they were being almost deferential to a slim dark man who somehow gave the impression of being in white tie and tails although he was dressed as carelessly as the other men. And then Mrs. Pope said Wilbur I don't think you know Count Peyras—Count Peyras my husband.

The Count bowed as if he was doing a jackknife dive and Mr. Pope struggled to rise and then gave up and said How do you do—er—Count. As soon as he heard the name he knew who the Count was. He was a Spaniard who had come to America in the early days of the Spanish Revolution. He had come with a manner and an idea and as a Spanish title was something new in a day when Russian titles had dropped to three for a dollar he had been able to capitalize them very profitably. He made a line of products which he had called Ancien Régime and under such names as Grandee and Hidalgo and Aragon had built up a nice business in the luxury belt. It was an account that would have plumed the hat of any advertising man in New York but Mr. Pope knew it was no use. Peyras was Georgie Van Slyke's client and Georgie's introductions were priceless to him for not only did Georgie have both feet firmly planted in the Social Register but his sister had married a duke.

So Mr. Pope sighed and as Mrs. Pope asked again rather impatiently what had happened he said O Ed and I had a disagreement so I walked home. Why didn't you ride? said Mrs. Pope. And Fitch Parmenter said Made you walk did he? Don't you know enough to carry carfare when you go out with him? I should think you could tell just by looking at him.

I don't think I understand said Peyras. You are angry with your horse and so you refuse to ride him home? But that is temperament! That is as a Spaniard might act. Ha! said Mr. Pope You hear that Ed? And then he said No I was just mad at a remark he made. My husband insists said Mrs. Pope that Ed talks to him when they are out together. Ah? said the Count. Yes I think I have heard of this horse. But he talks only to Mr. Pope

so who is to know that he is so clever?
O said Mr. Pope Ed's rather reserved.
You have to know him a long time.

This is all very funny said Mrs. Pope but I've had about enough of Ed. Of course you won't admit it but you know perfectly well he threw you. He's dangerous. You've got to get rid of him Wilbur. I've said it before but this time I mean it. Besides she added look at him! He is not handsome no said the Count. But I would not think him dangerous. Want to take a little ride on him? said Mr. Pope. Good heavens Wilbur said Mrs. Pope what a thing to suggest! But the Count got up and went over to Ed and patted his neck. Don't do it Peyras said Mr. Van Slyke. Gosh remember what he did to Doug Hendry?

Well they crowded around him and tried to dissuade him but the Count merely laughed. Do not be afraid he said. I served two years with the Italian cavalry and though their school is not what it was years ago it should be advanced enough for this mount. And if indeed he comes back without me— The Count shrugged. Well I can only hope señora he said to Mrs. Pope that you will worry just one little as you did before. And he kissed her hand and got into the saddle.

If you can't steal 'em Wilbur said Mr. Van Slyke bitterly you kill 'em. If that guy gets hurt— Don't worry said Mr. Pope Ed'll just jounce a couple of carrambas out of him. And indeed after half an hour or so the Count came cantering easily up the drive without a hair out of place. Mr. Pope took the bridle and led Ed off. They walked side by side into the stable and neither of them said anything. But when they got to the

And Mrs. Pope came running and threw herself around his neck and sobbed hysterically
O darling are you all right?



ILLUSTRATED BY
FLOHERTY, JR.

Laughs! Here's Ed, the talking horse, again—in a sparkling new tale of hilarious blackmail and the happy outwitting of a wife

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Before applying Simoniz, use Simoniz Kleener. It cleans the lacquer or enamel thoroughly and safely. Stops finish decay. Restores the natural lustre . . . All in one quick, easy operation!

MOTORISTS WISE

SIMONIZ



NEW EASY WAY TO USE!

(SEE DIRECTIONS ON CAN)

watering trough Mr. Pope lugged a bottle of whisky out of his pocket and uncorked it. Hey Ed he said better have a little of this first to cut the water. I sneaked it off the table while they were admiring his lordship.

Then you ain't mad at me any more? Ed said. Sure I'm mad at you said Mr. Pope but that don't mean I'd cut off your liquor. Or sell me down the river? said Ed. Well I don't know Ed I don't know said Mr. Pope doubtfully. I do wish you'd make some effort to please Carlotta. Well I tell you Wilbur said Ed I got to take back some of the things I said. She was certainly all stewed up when I came back without you. But boy! the things she said about me! That's what I mean said Mr. Pope. Couldn't you spruce up a little? Hold your head up and prance. You know the kind of thing she likes. Count Peyras— When you say that smile said Ed. That guy ain't any more of a Spaniard than I am. And that reminds me—how'd you like to have his advertising account? I've as much chance of that said Mr. Pope as you have of a blue ribbon at the horse show.

WE might get both at that said the horse. Wilbur you know when the Count rode me down the drive? Notice how he rode—all slouched down and pushing against the stirrups as if the leathers were too short? Well take it from me he never learned to ride in no Italian cavalry. I worked four years in that riding school by Central Park and we got all kinds there. That boy is used to a Mexican saddle too. He might have ridden in Mexico said Mr. Pope. Yeah said Ed and maybe he was talkin' Mexican when he slapped me and yelled Hi kid do your stuff!

That's funny said Mr. Pope. You're darn right said Ed. And I'll tell you something funnier. You know lots of people—specially lonely people—talk to animals. Kind of a safety valve I suppose. About a mile down the road he said Well Ed so you can talk? Then he kind of laughed to himself and said You're better off than I am then for I haven't been able to talk my own language in four years.

And then just before we got back he said So you're a talking horse and I'm Count Peyras eh? Then he laughed and leaned over and whispered in my ear What's *your* real name hey? Go on and tell me. I'm Albert Crane. Little Albie Crane from Albuquerque. Who are you? Well gosh Wilbur I told him!

I said Ed and he darn near fell out of the saddle. It took him about ten minutes before we could go on and he could persuade himself I'd just coughed or something.

For Pete's sake! said Mr. Pope. The guy's an impostor. O well I wouldn't say that said Ed. But he ain't any blue-blooded Peyras. What's in a name eh? A hell of a lot of business if you ask me. All you got to do Wilbur— No no said Mr. Pope that's blackmail Ed. Oh-oh! Look out! Ed

whispered warningly as Mrs. Pope came into the stable.

Wilbur! she said Are you coming to lunch. O you're giving that horse whisky again! Just an old bottle said Mr. Pope turning it upside down to show that it was empty. H'm said Mrs. Pope The way that horse leers— Well come on then.

A THUNDERSTORM came up during lunch and it drizzled afterward so they all went into the billiard room to play pool. Mr. Pope was sitting with his back to the window watching the game when he heard a rustle and turned to see Ed's head poked in through the Virginia creeper. Mr. Pope got up and leaned nonchalantly over the sill. Ed said in a hoarse whisper are we going to put the squeezer on the Count? Mr. Pope shook his head. Squeamish eh? said Ed. Thank heaven I'm a blackguard. You'll thank me for this in years to come. And in a low penetrating voice he said Albie! Albie Crane! Come here a minute.

Several of the players looked around and then turned back to the table but the Count flinched and made his way around to Mr. Pope. There's somebody here from dear old Albuquerque said Ed.

The Count came up and stood for a minute looking fixedly at Mr. Pope. Ed had disappeared. It—was it you that spoke then? asked the Count. I didn't say anything said Mr. Pope. The Count wiped his forehead and said You're a business man Mr. Pope. I'm not a blackmailer said Mr. Pope. See here said the Count I'm thinking of changing my account. I've been meaning to speak to you about it for some time. We're not entirely satisfied—I'm sorry interrupted Mr. Pope but Georgie Van Slyke and I are old friends. Count me out if you want to change. Sap! came a fierce whisper from outside.

What the!—said the count and leaned out of the window. Then he drew his head in. That horse! he said weakly. But it's incredible!

Mr. Pope took him by the arm. Well it's unlikely anyway he said pleasantly. I wonder if Ed's caught cold? He seems to be sneezing. Well there is one thing you can do if you wouldn't mind. Just speak a word for Ed to Carlotta. She feels that he's—well a sort of low class horse. That is all you want me to do? asked the Count. At the moment yes said Mr. Pope. Well said the Count I don't understand you Mr. Pope. But if you won't talk—Not to anybody but Ed said Mr. Pope with a grin. And excuse me. I must go take him back to the stable.

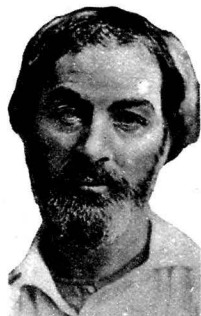
Well Ed was pretty disgusted with Mr. Pope for refusing to grab the Count's business and they were having an argument about it when they heard voices and Mrs. Pope and the Count came into the stable. Wilbur! cried Mrs. Pope Count Peyras wants to talk to you. He wants to buy Ed! Isn't it wonderful? The Count says he is just the type of thoroughbred he has been looking for.

Why it's nice to hear that you like him said Mr. Pope. But of course I wouldn't sell him. I would give you two thousand said the Count. Not for any money said Mr. Pope firmly. Ah well said the Count to be frank I did not think you realized what a wonderful horse he was. I have an old picture of the Darley Arabian at home—the horse from which most of the great race horses are descended—and I tell you Mr. Pope it is this very horse! Truly I would not have offered to buy if I had not heard Mrs. Pope say that he was to be sold. For I could certainly not afford to pay his full value. O I only said that when I thought Wilbur had been hurt said Mrs. Pope. We wouldn't think of selling him would we Wilbur? And she put her arm around Ed's neck.

So my noble Arabian! said Mr. Pope when he and Ed were alone again. It's all fixed. You're going to stay. Think you're smart don't you? said Ed. I could have stayed all right anyway. Could you indeed? said Mr. Pope. I suppose you could have persuaded Carlotta that you were a blue-blooded Arabian hey? Listen boss said Ed. Do you realize if us horses weren't pretty high-minded what a lot of blackmail would be going on? Boy what I know! All I'd have to do would be have a little talk with— All right all right said Mr. Pope hastily. I don't know why you can't be pleasant. Here's everything all fixed and Carlotta actually patted you. And I still don't like her said Ed.

THE END

QUESTIONS



- 1—His comments were for the Brooklyn press. His distinctive style is best represented in a work published by himself in 1855. Camden and grass are clues. Who? (See early photo.)
- 2—Which bird can fly backward?
- 3—Across the Delaware from Philadelphia is what New Jersey City?
- 4—Who was the first chief of the U. S. Secret Service?
- 5—Is it Berlin, Paris, or Rome which has more than four million population?
- 6—Which aviatrix was called Lady Lindy?
- 7—What color is fresh pure nicotine?
- 8—Who was the first wife of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.?
- 9—Which abolished slavery first, the U. S. or England?
- 10—Euridic, presented in 1600, was the first what?
- 11—Who composed Madam Butterfly and Mignon Lescapart?
- 12—If Scottish members of the House of Lords are elected for the duration of a Parliament, for how long are Irish members elected?
- 13—Which Roman emperor was the son of Ahenobarbus and Agrippina?
- 14—A man normally walks how many miles an hour?
- 15—Which well known Southerner was assassinated September 10, 1935?
- 16—What food was named for Sylvester Graham?
- 17—Which London on the Thames River is not in England?
- 18—Who is the patron saint of France?
- 19—What ancient sport is played in Ireland?
- 20—Who portrays Mr. Moto?

(Answers will be found on page 54)



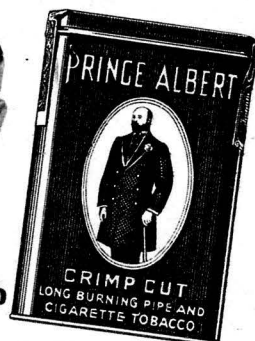
NO-RISK OFFER

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

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TONGUE-BITE! Get the pipe tobacco that's **MILDER** yet tastier —

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PRINCE ALBERT
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every handy tin of Prince Albert

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THE COMMUNISTS OFFERED ME FREE LOVE BY M. GOLDBERG COLLEGE STUDENT

OCT. 14,
1939

Liberty 5¢



RALPH
ALLEN
COLEMAN
1939

**HOW FOREIGN NATIONS
POISON OUR MINDS, Will Irwin**

PIGSKIN

PROPHECIES - Norman Sper Forecasts Way Big Teams Will Finish

Ed Has His Mind Improved

BY WALTER BROOKS

READING TIME • 14 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

—and almost becomes a celebrity. Here's another gay and chucklesome tale of Wilbur's talking horse

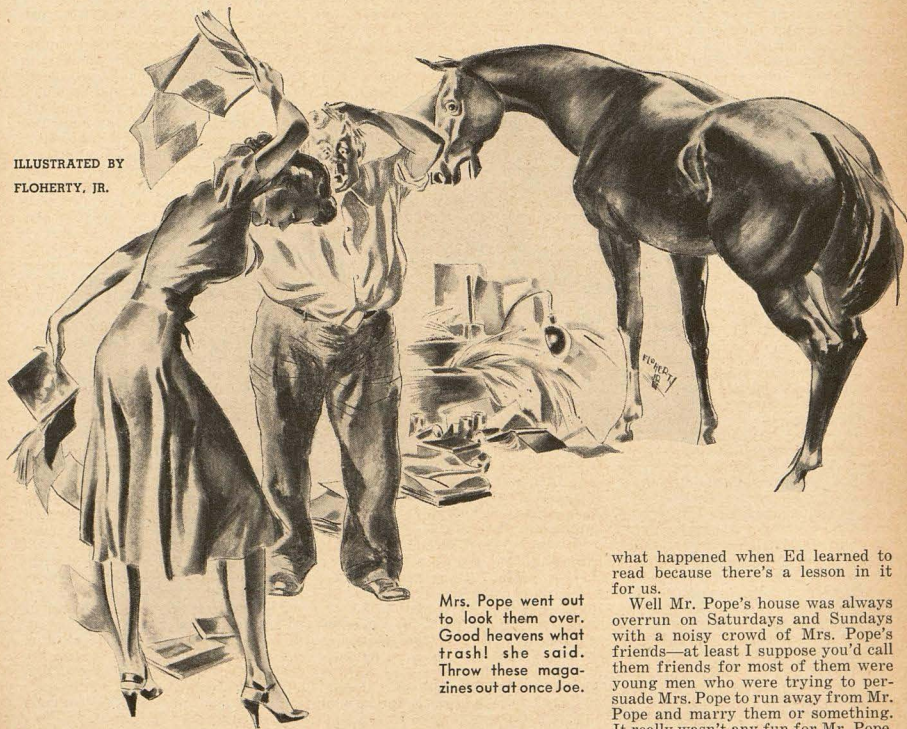
I SUPPOSE it's kind of silly of me to keep on telling people about Wilbur Pope's talking horse. People are awful skeptical. Prove it they say. Prove it. Well I can't prove it. Neither can Mr. Pope prove it because the darn horse won't co-operate. He'll talk all right when he's alone with Mr. Pope, but get him out in company where you want him to show what he can do and he shuts up like a clam. I've told everybody you can talk Ed

said Mr. Pope and I do think you might back me up. All our neighbors here around Mt. Kisco are beginning to whisper behind their hands when I come into a room and I've lost two of my best accounts because they say they can't leave their advertising in the hands of a man who chats with animals. I appeal to your better nature Ed he said. But Ed just laughed.

Yeah? he said Who told you I had one? So Mr. Pope had to go around and tell everybody that he had just been kidding and that Ed couldn't talk at all. But they still act funny to him in Mt. Kisco.

Well I don't live in Mt. Kisco and I'm not an advertising man and so I don't see why I can't tell the truth about things. And particularly about

ILLUSTRATED BY
FLOHERTY, JR.



Mrs. Pope went out to look them over. Good heavens what trash! she said. Throw these magazines out at once Joe.

what happened when Ed learned to read because there's a lesson in it for us.

Well Mr. Pope's house was always overrun on Saturdays and Sundays with a noisy crowd of Mrs. Pope's friends—at least I suppose you'd call them friends for most of them were young men who were trying to persuade Mrs. Pope to run away from Mr. Pope and marry them or something. It really wasn't any fun for Mr. Pope.

It wasn't good for him either. He was getting a terrible inferiority complex for all of Mrs. Pope's suitors treated him as if he were a sort of oaf. So he bought this horse Ed and spent most of his week-ends riding.

Ed had things the other way round. To him Mrs. Pope was the oaf and Mr. Pope the jewel and he didn't hesitate to say so. He was pretty outspoken even for a horse. Mr. Pope said Tut tut! and Pshaw! and I can't have you saying things about Carlotta Ed. But he liked it. It built him up. He and Ed ambled over the countryside stopping at wayside taverns for beer and lolling and arguing about life under roadside trees.

Well one day they were sitting around like this and Mr. Pope was reading the Sunday paper and every now and then he would read out an item to Ed and they'd argue about it. But by and by Ed said I wish you'd lay off this political and business stuff. Haven't you got any good murders? Murders don't improve your mind Ed said Mr. Pope reprovingly. Neither do the columnists said Ed. I'd like to pick my own news for a change. Well said Mr. Pope suppose I teach you to read?

So after a while they rode home and Mr. Pope sneaked into the house the back way and got a bottle and an old primer from the attic and took them out to the barn. The first lesson wasn't very successful from a cultural point of view because the primer was one of those that starts with A stands for Aardvark. What the hell is an aardvark? said Ed. Why not teach me words I know? Like A stands for Ale? What's this next letter? Mr. Pope said it was B. That's an easy one said Ed B stands for Beer. And what's this? C said Mr. Pope. C stands for Scotch said Ed. No no Ed said Mr. Pope C stands for—let me see—Cognac.

Well this didn't make sense to Ed and Mr. Pope tried to explain and they got into an argument that lasted until it was so dark that they couldn't see the letters any more. The bottle was empty too.

ED was persistent and he had Mr. Pope nail the primer up over the manger and in a week he could read The Cat Chases the Rat as well as you or I can. Then Mr. Pope brought out an old school reader and Ed went to work on that. But after he'd got through the third selection he struck. This stuff is too darn noble Wilbur he said. I can get all the edification I need out of your conversation. Bring me something a little low. So Mr. Pope got copies of a few of the more ribald magazines. And as a slight corrective to these he brought out The Three Musketeers.

Ed simply ate them up. In the manger Mr. Pope had rigged up a reading light which was small enough so that Mrs. Pope couldn't see it from the house and the horse read far into the night. He got very clever at turning the pages with his nose and for the first few months he would hardly

stop reading long enough to speak to Mr. Pope except to demand more books. But before long he had read all the adventure stories and even some of the more serious novels in the house. Mr. Pope wouldn't get him any more magazines with jokes or risqué stories in them because twice Ed had got to roaring with laughter in the middle of the night and Mrs. Pope had sent Mr. Pope out to the barn to see if it was tramps. So then Mr. Pope got Ed a card at the public library.

So two or three nights a week they would ride over to the library and get a couple of books. Of course Mr. Pope had to go in and pick them out and Ed didn't always like his selections. That's all right Ed said Mr. Pope but you can't read detective and adventure stories all the time. Some of your reading ought to be to improve your mind. Listen Wilbur said Ed I'm a horse. What good is an improved mind in a stable? Get me a good Western to read tonight will you?

WELL along in the early fall Mr. Pope had to go to Detroit to present a new radio plan to one of his accounts. He got some library books and some detective story magazines for Ed and he hired Joe the handy man to take care of the horse while he was away. And the first thing Joe did was to find Ed's library and tell Mrs. Pope about it. Books in the barn? said Mrs. Pope and she went out to look them over. Good heavens what trash! she said. Throw these magazines out at once Joe. And these books seem to be some Mr. Pope got from the library. You'd better take them back. So Joe took them back.

Well Ed stuck it out without literature two days. On the third evening as soon as it got dark he slipped his halter and by cutting across lots and down back roads reached the library unobserved just before closing time. He peeked in a window. Nobody was there but Miss Sigsbee the librarian. Ed pushed the front door open with his nose and clumped up to the desk. Excuse me ma'am he said have you got anything by Edgar Wallace?

Miss Sigsbee gave a kind of faded squeal and went right over backwards chair and all. Sorry I startled you ma'am said Ed. If you got a slug of whisky handy it would make you feel better. I just wanted a book.

Well Miss Sigsbee was an old fashioned blue ribbon teetotaler and Ed's suggestion brought her round quicker than a drink would have. She was up and back in her chair before you could say John Galsworthy. How dare you! she said How dare you! Leave this library at once. I don't get it ma'am said Ed backing away from her. I just wanted a book. A horse! she said staring at him and she shuddered. Then she stiffened again. Horse or no horse she said you dare to come in here and offer me a drink of liquor! O that! said Ed. I didn't offer you a drink. I don't use the stuff myself. But skip it. Can I get a book out on Wilbur Pope's card?

Mr. Pope! said Miss Sigsbee. You're Mr. Pope's horse. I remember. There was some gossip about his pretending he had a talking horse. People thought he was joking. But then it wasn't a joke! No ma'am said Ed. Now about that book—

Of course we can let you have a book said Miss Sigsbee. But the books Mr. Pope has been selecting for you— Dear me! You won't mind if I select something suitable for you? Well ma'am said Ed if you got any Edgar Wallace— Let me see said Miss Sigsbee How old are you? Ed said he was rising nine. Nine said Miss Sigsbee going over to a shelf. Now here is just the thing for you. Exciting and at the same time a high moral tone. Have you read any of the Rollo books? Naw! said Ed disgustedly.

See here young man! said Miss Sigsbee sternly. Then she stopped and said Gracious! I can't call you young man can I? What should it be—young colt? But at nine you're hardly a colt are you? No ma'am said Ed firmly I'm a grown horse and I don't want my mind or my morals improved. Now can I have an Edgar Wallace? Why of course said Miss Sigsbee we can't force you to improve yourself. And she got an Edgar Wallace and Ed thanked her and trotted off with it in his mouth.

Well Mr. Pope was in Detroit ten days and Ed went over to the library every night and he and Miss Sigsbee got quite friendly.

THE library was badly in need of funds and so far all money-raising schemes had failed. Miss Sigsbee didn't have much sense about such things but she did know that a horse that could read would draw a crowd. So she put it up to Ed. Would he give a public reading? Well it was against Ed's principles to do such a thing but he couldn't help being flattered. Gosh ma'am he said it's nice of you to ask me. But I really couldn't. Nonsense said Miss Sigsbee Of course you could. The library has done a good deal for you and isn't it rather selfish of you to refuse to do so small a thing for the library? Well said Ed slowly now you put it that way I suppose it is. Well he said I'll do it.

The next day Mr. Pope got home and he was pretty sore when Ed told him. I suppose you know what it means—thousands of curiosity seekers tramping over the lawn and eating peanuts and staring at you and news photographers hiding in the oatbin. Never a moment to yourself any more. No cross no crown Wilbur said Ed. I expect it's the penalty of fame. And don't forget there'll be Hollywood scouts too. I'm not forgetting it said Mr. Pope. But what good would it be if I signed up a Hollywood contract for you? You wouldn't go through with it and let me make some money. You'd just refuse to talk again. Probably I would said Ed. But I don't see why I can't have a little fun when it comes my way. And anyway he said I promised Miss Sigsbee.

Mr. Pope was pretty upset. The good times he and Ed had had together would come to an end once the horse was a celebrity. And Carlotta would be furious at the notoriety. He walked down to the library that night to plead with Miss Sigsbee. But it wasn't any good. Anyway I couldn't stop it now if I wanted to she said. I've taken the matter up with the trustees. I hadn't anticipated that they would be so skeptical. Frankly Mr. Pope my position and even my reputation are at stake. Mrs. Dillway and Dr. Polder are the only trustees in town. Mrs. Dillway has agreed always to double any amount we take in through our little entertainments. Of course as there is usually a deficit— But as I was saying I have always considered her and Dr. Polder very good friends of mine but when I told them— Dear me it was a very stormy session. I insisted however and finally they did agree to give me a chance to prove my assertion. We have arranged to meet quite informally tomorrow evening in my garden. Now that you are back Mr. Pope you will of course come over with Ed. You see my position I am sure. If he doesn't read for them at this little dress rehearsal— Mr. Pope saw all right.

So the next evening he rode Ed over.

Mrs. Dillway was a large imposing presence. She did not believe that horses could talk as was manifest in the indignant heave of her massive bosom as she gazed on Ed. The Rev. Dr. Polder didn't believe it either. You see how people really feel toward a talking horse Ed said Mr. Pope as they paused before crossing the lawn toward the three. And here's another thing he said. When the Hollywood producers begin to bid for you I'm going to sign up with the highest bidder. I'm going to sign a bill of sale. Think that over.

What? said Ed. Hey Wilbur you can't do that. You've made your bed Ed said Mr. Pope come on. No but have a heart Will Ed protested. I'm in a spot. If I let Miss Sigsbee down now she'll lose her job. You should have thought of that before said Mr. Pope pulling him forward. Good evening Miss Sigsbee.

Miss Sigsbee got up and presented Ed and Mr. Pope to the trustees. They bowed coldly to Mr. Pope and Dr. Polder gave Ed a timid nod but Mrs. Dillway flipped open a lorgnette and gave the horse her celebrated basilisk once-over. Ed fidgeted for a second and then he threw up his head. You don't need that thing lady he said. I'll tell you what I am. I'm a horse.

Mrs. Dillway gave a strong shudder. Don't be impudent! she said. Then she turned and caught Dr. Polder by the wrist. He had been saying O dear me! O dear me! and wringing his hands. Be quiet Dr. Polder she said. No! said Dr. Polder trying to jerk away. This is witchcraft—sorcery. I cannot countenance such an exhibition. My bishop— Nonsense! said Mrs. Dillway. It's merely ventriloquism. We shall expose it.

So after a minute Dr. Polder calmed down though he continued to tremble and Miss Sigsbee took a magazine and had Mrs. Dillway open it at random and then held it up for Ed to read while Mr. Pope sat down next to Mrs. Dillway. Ed glanced at the page and shook his head. No he said I can't do it. Why Ed! said Miss Sigsbee. It's hard on you ma'am said Ed but I got to consider my own future. Come on Wilbur let's get out of here.

Mrs. Dillway's lorgnette came up again and she gave a satisfied smile. You see Doctor? she said. Simply ventriloquism. Naturally if this Mr. Pope can't see the page the horse can't read it.

O is that so! Ed burst out and Miss Sigsbee said But Mrs. Dillway the horse really can read. I've heard him. I am sorry to see you persist in this attempt to hoax us Miss Sigsbee said Mrs. Dillway. The outcome can only



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be unfortunate for you. As for you Mr. Pope it seems to me that you are carrying a silly joke dangerously far.

Well Ed said Mr. Pope resignedly I take back what I said about selling you. You better do your stuff. We're going to get a lot of unpleasant publicity out of this any way of the goods. Leave it to me boss said Ed under his breath. There won't be any public reading and these goofs won't talk either. Then he said to Miss Sigsbee What you want me to read?

So Miss Sigsbee held the page up and Ed began. *The waters of the lake he read had changed from lead to silver and from silver to rose.* Good gracious! said Mrs. Dillway he really is reading! Why this—this— Miss Sigsbee I am afraid we owe you an apology. Go on—Ed.

So Ed went on. *The first flush of surprise reddened the naked limbs of the slender—* Ed! Ed! interrupted Miss Sigsbee blushing *It's sunrise—not surprise.* Sorry said Ed This is kind of fine print for a horse. He winked at Mr. Pope and continued.

Well he read a paragraph or two more and gradually the outraged expression faded from Mrs. Dillway's face. Then Ed read *As Gregory stepped out of the canoe the girl ran to him. He seized her and kicked her passionately on the mouth then drew back and booted her in the eyes.* Kissed Ed said Miss Sigsbee. And looked. O said Ed and continued. *'Darling' she cried 'if father finds you here—' 'I have my own ways of knowing about your father' he said. 'He will not find me here for he has*

found a better thing elsewhere today.' The words were obscene and as she nestled in his embrace—

Really Ed! said Mr. Pope and Miss Sigsbee said crossly *The word is obscene—not obscene.* I'm sorry said Ed. I guess it's the company. I mean naturally I'm a little nervous. Let's see—'Gregory' she said 'Now damn you'— They wait a minute said Ed interrupting himself. I guess it's How can you?

Mrs. Dillway had got to her feet. Come Dr. Polder. We have had quite enough of this obscene exhibition. Please understand Miss Sigsbee that from today I withdraw all support from the library. Hey just a minute said Ed. He trotted around in front of the departing pair. There's something you ought to know ma'am he said before you pull anything like that. I'm giving a reading tonight down to the Elks' Hall. It'll be announced that it's for the benefit of the library and of course you'll have to stick to your agreement and match what we take in. You're giving no such disgraceful performance for any library I am connected with said Mrs. Dillway angrily. How you going to stop it? asked Ed and as Mrs. Dillway glared he said Now ma'am I don't want to be mean but we got to raise money. If you want to hand Miss Sigsbee a check for double what me and Wilbur estimate tonight's gate at—well we'll call the reading off.

Well Mrs. Dillway was practically speechless. This—this is extortion! she said. Yes ma'am said Ed Shall we say fifteen hundred? No! shouted Mrs. Dillway but Dr. Polder drew her aside and after a few minutes came back to say that she agreed.

O DEAR said Miss Sigsbee when they had gone it is wonderful about the money of course but I am afraid my position is gone. Pooh! said Ed They won't either of them dare say a word about this. No said Mr. Pope they can hardly go around complaining that they were insulted by a horse. Vulgar but effective—that's Ed. Yeah said Ed and the same thing could be said of Shakespeare. Dear me said Miss Sigsbee I never thought of it that way. But it's true. Just the same said Ed that fifteen hundred smackers will buy a lot of Edgar Wallace. O wait a minute lady he said I know I know. But part of it you're going to get Edgar Wallace with aren't you? If you want to make the world better you got to stop trying to improve people's minds and start improving their dispositions. Speaking of which Wilbur how about a can of beer? O excuse me ma'am for mentioning it. Not at all said Miss Sigsbee archly. After all Shakespeare also drank beer. I wonder—

She hesitated and Ed winked slowly at Mr. Pope. After all he said there can't any of us ever say anything about this evening in public can we? So it might as well be a good one. Wilbur let's creep over to Horley's and bring back half a case.

THE END

JUNE 1,
1940

Liberty

5¢



**THE
SMARTEST MAN
IN BASEBALL**

MARRIED A LATIN by GRACE HEGGER LEWIS

Ed SHOOTS IT OUT

BY WALTER BROOKS

He's in again—A joyous
tale of our talking horse

READING TIME • 15 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

WHEN anybody tells you that animals are just stupid and haven't any initiative you tell them about Wilbur Pope's horse. I guess you've heard about him. His name was Ed and he lived with Mr. and Mrs. Pope up in their little country place near Mt. Kisco. That is of course Ed lived in the barn. Mr. Pope had bought him so he could ride Saturdays and Sundays when Mrs. Pope was giving cocktail parties. And he was just as surprised as you or I would have been when he found out that Ed could talk.

Well of course being an advertising account executive Mr. Pope's first thought was of how he could cash in on Ed's gift. But Ed said nothing doing. So Mr. Pope had to give in and afterward he was glad he did. They ambled around Westchester stopping now and then for beer or to talk or take a nap under a tree and it settled down into a nice friendship.

Well one of Mr. Pope's neighbors was Senator Watson Kirby who had a big place on a hill overlooking several reservoirs. Senator Kirby had a noble head and the kind of eloquence that can take two from four and leave six and so he was being spoken of as the next governor. He had a daughter named Wilma who was a large healthy girl fond of the kind of sports that make you sweat. She usually wore breeches and stood with her feet apart when she talked to you. Mr. Pope liked her fine at first and when she dropped in one Sunday when she



Shouts of delight hailed the brilliantly spotlighted embrace.

was out riding he talked to her and showed her Ed and by and by they went for a ride.

Well Miss Kirby was one of the hearty kind who say what they think and in the first half mile she told Mr. Pope what she thought. Were those people all your friends? she said and when Mr. Pope said Why yes didn't you like them? she said No didn't they ever do anything week-ends but sit around and drink? What they need is more exercise and less whisky. You could do with a little more exercise yourself she said giving Mr. Pope's figure a critical looking over. Suddenly she startled Mr. Pope by exclaiming But man alive! Why don't you pull up your girth? Why I could get both hands under it. Eh? said Mr. Pope blinking at her and fumbling with his belt. Saddle girth said Miss Kirby. O said Mr. Pope Why Ed don't like it tight. Pooh said Miss Kirby get down and let me show you. You're riding for a bad fall.

So they both dismounted and Miss Kirby put one knee against Ed's side and hauled on the strap until she had it tight enough to suit her. You have to pull 'em tight she said. A horse always swells himself up when you're saddling him. Though strictly speaking she said eying Ed doubtfully I don't think this is a horse at all. Look at the angle of that pastern. And those withers.

Mr. Pope who didn't know what a pastern was and for whom withers were merely something that were better unwrung mumbled faintly.

WHEN he had left Miss Kirby at her gate Mr. Pope steered Ed homeward. We'll stop at Jake's and have some beer he said. Get off and loosen that girth first said Ed. Do my eyes look funny Wilb? I can feel 'em bulge and I don't believe I can hold 'em in much longer. So Mr. Pope loosened the girth. So I ain't strictly speaking a horse at all eh? said Ed. Well if you ask me she ain't a girl. She's one of these sadists you hear about. O she's all right said Mr. Pope. Yeah? said Ed. Well you keep away from her Wilb. I don't like the way she looks at you. Hungry. Like you was a lump of sugar.

Well it wasn't long before it began to look as if Ed was right. Miss Kirby dropped in nearly every Sunday and then she and Mr. Pope would take a ride which usually ended at the Kirby place where there were comfortable chairs and mild but cooling drinks. Mr. Pope rather enjoyed it. Miss Kirby's conversation put no strain on the intellect as it was all about horses and skiing and golf and mountain climbing so that it was easy to follow. Also he met the senator and discovered that he was the largest stockholder in Corbetson-Ives which was one of his best accounts.

The riding part wasn't so much fun. It was cross-country and had fences and walls in it. The first time Ed was put at a wall he refused point-blank. Damn it Wilbur he said I can't jump over that thing. It's—well it's

illegal. Go on! said Mr. Pope What are you giving me? Well said Ed it's suicide. And that's against the law ain't it? But by coaxing and threatening Mr. Pope finally got him to try it in a low place. After that they did better and as Miss Kirby was usually some distance ahead it was nearly always possible to scramble over or to find a way around. But it was tiring.

By August Miss Kirby was almost a daily caller and nearly all Mr. Pope's spare time was taken up with some form of sport. Not mild sport either. Even croquet at Miss Kirby's hands was a game to be pursued with steamy energy. The least strenuous was shooting at a mark with the .22 automatic rifle that Mr. Pope kept out in the barn to discourage rats.

BUT at last Mr. Pope struck. It was on a Sunday. A cross-country ride had been followed by eighteen holes of golf and after lunch at the Papes' they had had six sets of tennis at the Kirbys'. Mr. Pope lay gasping like a hooked trout on the grass. Come on Wilbur said Miss Kirby gaily. Sets are three all. We'll play it off and have a swim. More likely a funeral said Mr. Pope. No Wilma I'm through. I just can't keep it up. Nonsense my dear man! said Miss Kirby. Exercise never hurt anybody. You've sat around too many years lapping up highballs—that's what's the matter with you.

At that moment Senator Kirby came across the lawn. Ah Pope he said with a nod and then to his daughter Well child having a pleasant game? Wilbur wants to quit said Miss Kirby. You're dead right he does Wilbur said. Doesn't she ever get tired sir? She is a true Kirby said the senator. Sound old American stock Mr. Pope that plays as it works—strenuously. The pioneer strain sir that has never learned to cry Hold! Enough! Well you know this isn't a battle senator protested Mr. Kirby. You young fellows are too soft today said Mr. Kirby. Why when I was a young man . . .

On the way home Ed said to Mr. Pope I don't see why you played those extra sets after you said you wouldn't. I had to said Mr. Pope defensively. It's policy for me to stand well with the senator Ed. Corbetson-Ives is one of my best accounts. Anyway he went on I enjoy a certain amount of it. And I like Wilma. She's restful. Sure said Ed when she's sitting still. But just the same you look out for her. Go on—laugh. You wait and see.

Ed was worried about Mr. Pope all right but he was worried about himself too. He wanted the old peaceful days back. There was too much galloping and coming home in a lather and too many stone walls and woodchuck holes in these rides. Also he was uneasy about the suggestions Miss Kirby kept making that Mr. Pope buy a better horse. Wilbur's so darn easy to influence he said to himself. I guess I'd better take steps.

Well having been brought up in a stable Ed's methods were pretty di-

rect. A couple of days later they were out riding and they came down through a wood lot into a pasture and there right in front of them was a large stern-looking bull. Miss Kirby said Hey Wilbur let's have a bull-fight! and urged her horse into a canter right across the bull's bows. The bull put his head down and made a short run toward her and Miss Kirby laughed and circled around him and came across from the other side and the bull did it again. Gosh Ed what'll we do? said Mr. Pope. She'll get into trouble. But to his surprise Ed suddenly took the bit in his teeth and headed at a gallop straight for the bull. Olé shouted Ed. Here comes Wilbur the Matador!

Well of course Miss Kirby thought it was Mr. Pope who had entered into the spirit of things and she turned in the saddle to smile encouragement just as Ed swerved sharply and cannoned into her mount. Looking back as he swept by Mr. Pope saw her topple from the saddle. Stop Ed! he yelled and tried to pull up and then as Ed kept right on going he kicked his feet free and dropped off. He ran back to Miss Kirby but she had kept hold of the rein and was already mounting. Quick! she said Get up behind me! But the bull instead of rushing them gazed for a moment with grandfatherly disapproval then turned aside and picked a mouthful of daisies.

Later Mr. Pope had it out with Ed. At least he tried to. But Ed said he hadn't meant anything. I just slipped he said. And anyway he said I didn't think you'd jump off. I suppose you didn't think Wilma'd fall off either said Mr. Pope. That bull might have killed her. Ed gave a hypocritical leer. Yes he said I should be more careful Wilbur. Dear me I don't know what came over me.

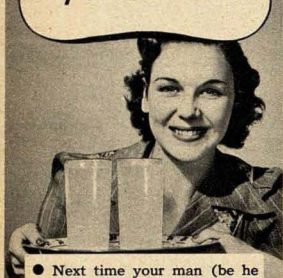
A COUPLE of nights later the Papes had a party. Miss Kirby and Mr. Pope spent most of the evening at a ping-pong table up in the barn loft. About half past ten they stopped playing but halfway down the stairs Miss Kirby said Don't let's go out with all those people. Can't we sit somewhere quietly? I won't put the light on then said Mr. Pope. They felt their way down and Mr. Pope pulled an old bench out into the barn doorway and they sat down facing out toward the lawn. It was a hot night and most of the party was out on the lawn. We can see them and they can't see us said Miss Kirby. I like that don't you? Gosh! she said suddenly What's that behind us? It's only Ed said Mr. Pope. I don't tie him up. It seems mean to confine him in a stall. Hello Ed he said. Hot tonight isn't it?

Ed didn't say anything. He had a plan. And the first time Miss Kirby turned her head a little away from Mr. Pope he put it into operation. He stuck his head forward and kissed Miss Kirby lingeringly on the cheek.

O Wilbur! cried Miss Kirby. Don't be mushy! Mushy! exclaimed the

(Continued on page 32)

Easy way to please your men folks!



● Next time your man (be he four or forty!) wants something good to drink, give him a cool glass of that *tangy* juice that comes from Florida grapefruit.

Everyone loves its refreshingly clean taste. Best of all, this juice is good for the health—loaded with vitamins and minerals that help build up resistance to colds and other illnesses.

FLORIDA CANNED GRAPEFRUIT JUICE

FLORIDA CITRUS COMMISSION, LAKELAND, FLORIDA

More Winners Liberty's \$2000 Stargazing Contest

(Continued from May 25 issue)

Spencer D. Gartz, Salt Lake City, Utah; Marian Gaskell, Albany, N. Y.; Mrs. Nicholas Gilman, Youngstown, Ohio; W. F. Gilmore, Canton, Ohio; Florence Gooder, Casper, W. T.; Dorothy Grainger, Lawrence, N. Y.; Mary Green, Boston, Mass.; Joyce Greenlee, Davenport, Ia.; Clement F. Grosch, Hagerstown, Md.; Mrs. John Gullis, Black River Falls, Wis.; Arthur H. Gunter, Chicago, Ill.; Grace Hain, Salem, Ore.; Ernest Hall, Philadelphia, Pa.; Lee Hamilton, Louisville, Ky.; Mrs. Joe Hardisty, Memphis, Tenn.; Spencer Haas, Kankakee, Ill.; Edward H. Haydock, Chicago, Ill.; Lucy M. Hayes, Edgewood, R. I.; R. B. Hill, Honolulu, T. H.; Clara Hillis, Louisville, Ky.; Nina R. Hoffman, Sioux Falls, S. D.; Herbert H. Howling, Chicago, Ill.; Marjorie Hughes, Chicago, Ill.; Gertrude Humphrey, Charlotte, N. C.; Paul L. Irby, Port Angeles, Wash.; Mrs. A. S. Jessup, Cheyenne, Wyo.; Agnes T. Johnson, Cadillac, Mich.; Nellie M. Jolley, Portland, Me.; Lucy Jones, Milford, Ia.; Myrtle M. Jovag, Oshkosh, Wis.; John Karolus, Stratford, Conn.; Mrs. K. L. Kennedy, Washington, D. C.; Ramona A. Kerr, Fort Wayne, Ind.; Ruth Kerr, Parsons, Kan.; S. V. Kinead, Chicago, Ill.; Margaret Koopke, Lakewood, Ohio; Albert Kobylars, Clifton, N. J.; H. Douglas Krueger, Denver, Colo.; Dorothea Kuntz, Peoria, Ill.; Mrs. F. X. LaCroix, Oak Park, Ill.; Evelyn Landis, Tipton, Ind.; Lella Lawrence, New York, N. Y.; Dr. L. M. Legatelli, College Station, Tex.; H. S. Lewis, Washington, D. C.; Mrs. C. A. Lieurance, Chicago, Ill.; Charlotte M. Livie, Lake Geneva, Wis.; Mildred E. Lott, Carlinville, Ill.; Mrs. James M. Loving, Austin, Tex.; Mildred P. Lubrano, Auburn, N. Y.; William A. Lynk, Jr., Kansas City, Mo.; Marjorie M. Lytle, Minneapolis, Minn.; Estell McCully, Jefferson City, Mo.; J. A. McDonald, Astoria, N. Y.; Eunice McGinnis, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. Paul McGuire, Bucyrus, Ohio; Mrs. J. McInerney, New York, N. Y.; Gertrude McKinnon, Riviera Beach, Md.; Lena M. McMahon, Oelrichs, S. D.; Jerry Meador, Everett, Wash.

(Continued in an early issue)

(Continued from page 30)

stupefied Mr. Pope. But before he could say any more she threw her arms around him and embraced him with an athletic fervor that drove the breath out of him. O Wilbur! she said I *knew* that you cared! And at that moment Ed seized in his teeth the string of the big floodlight that hung over the barn door and pulled.

Shouts of delight hailed the brilliantly spotlighted embrace. The party crowded up around them as they sprang apart. Three to one on Wilbur! said some one. I'll take it said Jed Witherspoon. He hasn't a chance poor chap. Are you doing charades darlings? asked Mrs. Pope sweetly. Why didn't you tell us so we could guess? And then Mr. Pope found the light and turned it off.

WELL Mr. Pope found Miss Kirby as she was getting into her car and she was pretty mad and said he ought to be horsewhipped for putting on the light but he finally persuaded her that he hadn't done it. No she said I guess I know you couldn't have. Not after kissing me like that. And let's be straight about this Wilbur. I've known for a long time that you cared for me. Now why don't you divorce Carlotta and marry me?

But good guess sputtered Mr. Pope how can I—why I love Carlotta. Nonsense my dear man said Miss Kirby you can't. She's not your type. Besides I know you couldn't have kissed me as you did if you didn't care. Perhaps it did come as a shock to you. But you've got to face the truth Wilbur. You and I were made for each other. And she seized him and kissed him terrifyingly and then drove off.

Don't say it boss—don't say it said Ed as Mr. Pope came into the barn. I can't say it now replied Mr. Pope. There are too many people around. But I suppose you know you're looking the auction block right in the eye? I was only acting in your best interests said Ed. When you started hugging and kissing that wench—I started! exclaimed Mr. Pope. Why yes said Ed. Didn't you? I couldn't see very well. I don't know just what did happen said Mr. Pope. But I'm in a sweet mess now. And your putting on that light—I did it all for the best said Ed. I thought if Mrs. Pope saw you it would make her jealous and she'd keep the girl away from you. Instead of which—well she thought it was funny. He snickered. Well damn it Wilb it *was* funny. Bah! said Mr. Pope and left the barn.

Mrs. Pope didn't think it was so funny next day when Miss Kirby came to see her and asked her to give Mr. Pope up. She told Mr. Pope about it at dinner. She's crazy! said Mr. Pope bitterly. Well I don't know said Mrs. Pope. She seems quite sane to me. You can't be asking me to believe that she made the whole thing up? Of course she did said Mr. Pope. O no Wilbur Mrs. Pope said. This thing has been going on a long time. If you want to marry her I won't stand in your way. I've never interfered with

you as I told her and if you want a divorce—O my heaven said Mr. Pope. I'm going over to see her father.

But the senator greeted him with a depressing cordiality. Ah Pope he said Well my girl tells me you've arranged it all between you. Congratulations my boy. Eh? said Mr. Pope. But Mr. Kirby don't you understand—I'm already married. I understand Pope I understand replied the senator. Your agitation does you credit. But divorce is no disgrace nowadays as long as it's accomplished quietly. And I understand your wife will offer no objection—But my dear senator interrupted Mr. Pope I don't want to—I haven't any intention of marrying Wilma.

What's this? demanded the senator and his brow began to build up voltage. If you've been playing fast and loose with my little girl—Then the brow cleared. I think I understand he said. But nowadays an uncontested divorce can have no effect on a young man's prospects. And surely if I in my position am not concerned you hardly need be. He laughed throatily. Tut-tut Mr. Pope he said. I hope you agree that my little girl—our little girl—must get what she wants?

Well Mr. Pope stayed a while but he didn't get anywhere so he went home and talked to Ed. That Wilma's a tough baby said Ed. You were right trying to work on her old man but you worked on him the wrong way. Now if he thought your wife might make a scandal—It's perfectly plain Carlotta wouldn't said Mr. Pope. I'm not so sure said Ed. But anyway—Well the guy wants to be governor doesn't he? I think I got an idea. Well said Mr. Pope what is it? I got to think it out said Ed. By the way Wilbur I saw a couple rats last night. Is that rife of yours loaded? Mr. Pope took the rifle down from its hook. Yes he said. Then he looked suspiciously at Ed. I hope you're not planning any shooting? he said. Me shoot? said Ed. With hoofs? Don't be silly.

MR. POPE alleged pressing business and spent the next three nights in town. The first two evenings Mrs. Pope went out but the third she stayed home and went to bed early. About eleven o'clock Ed got busy. He had stolen a pink felt hat of Mrs. Pope's that she had left in the garden a day or two before and he got that and then he carefully took down the rat rifle from the hook and with these two things held firmly in his mouth he started for the Kirbys'.

He came through the Kirby property from the back and worked up close to the side of the house under cover of the shrubbery. There was a light in Miss Kirby's room but the downstairs rooms were dark. Ed dropped the hat on the lawn and propped the gun against a stone bench and pushed it around until it pointed at the window next the lighted one. He managed to get the safety catch off with his teeth and then he stood still and watched the window which

wasn't although the shade was down. Pretty soon Miss Kirby's shadow moved across it and Ed called in a high falsetto voice Wilma!

Miss Kirby raised the shade and looked out. Who is that? she said. O there you are you husband snatcher you! yelled Ed. Take that! And he leaned down and pushed the rifle trigger with his nose. There was a bang and a crash of glass and Miss Kirby herself let out a very creditable yell. And Ed gave a wild shriek of laughter and then trotted off into the bushes where he hid and watched.

Pretty soon lights flashed on and Miss Kirby and her father and a couple of disheveled servants came tumbling out with flashlights and pokers and walking sticks. Soon one of the servants found the rifle and the hat. Heavens! said Miss Kirby That's Carlotta Pope's hat. That's Wilbur's rat rifle too.

The senator came down and examined the relics. Mrs. Pope's? he said. But child you assured me— He stopped and pulled himself together and then managed a hollow laugh. All right Hicks he said You and Wallace go in. I know all about it. I'd forgotten for the moment. It's just a—a bet. A joke.

When the servants had gone he said to his daughter You heard that shriek. The woman is plainly crazy. Good heaven if I'd had any idea of this— But there must be no scandal. But I must find Wilbur Miss Kirby said and tell him. I think you will not be seeing Wilbur again said the senator. Come in at once. So they went in and Ed went home.

THE next evening Mr. Pope came out. Mrs. Pope acted funny at dinner he thought. But at last she said Queer the Kirbys dashing off on a South American cruise so suddenly wasn't it? The senator called me up to tell me. Said he thought it might set my mind at rest. You mean they've really gone? said Mr. Pope. Mrs. Pope showed him the item in the evening paper. My gosh what a break! he said. Then he looked at her mournfully. Or isn't it a break for you? Mrs. Pope got up and came over and sat on the arm of his chair. Darling she said sometimes I think you're just a little stupid. And she kissed him. When she was through Mr. Pope said dazedly Gosh! Yeah.

Later he went out to see Ed and tell him the news. Well now that's something said Ed. Yeah said Mr. Pope and how is that idea of yours coming? Idea? said Ed. O I gave that up. Nothing to it. Mr. Pope looked at him suspiciously. You act funny Ed he said. And the Kirbys dash off without any explanation— O sure sure said Ed bitterly. If something happens you blame it on me and if nothing happens you blame that on me too. Gosh I don't know why I don't join the navy.

O. K. Ed said Mr. Pope. My apologies. I've got some new Bourbon in the house. I'll bring you a bottle.

THE END



My guests raved about
these new "dinner"
size frankfurts!



They're so juicy and fine-
flavored, and unbelievably

tender!



Simmer—do not boil—
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and serve immediately.
Accompany with new po-
tatoes combined with peas
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AUG. 3,
1940

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THE WAR DAYS OF QUEEN ELIZABETH by MAVIS COX
WHAT I THINK OF HITLER by MAHATMA GANDHI
BROADWAY QUIZ by WALTER WINCHELL

ONE good thing about having a horse that can talk is that there's always somebody to discuss your personal worries with. This Wilbur Pope I was telling you about used to talk over nearly everything with his horse Ed—even things he couldn't talk over with Mrs. Pope. He felt that a horse could be more objective about some things than a wife could. Of course Ed wasn't any too sympathetic sometimes. He was pretty hard-boiled. He never let the conventions inhibit his actions and he wasn't much of a hand for the nuances either. Hell Wilbur he'd say I admire your good manners all right but they're a terrible handicap. When a guy insults you you give him the soft answer. Me I kick him in the stomach. Thank heaven I wasn't brought up right.

So when Mr. Pope told Ed that Mrs. Pope's Aunt Edith was coming for another week's visit Ed just said Well tell her she can't come. But I can't do that Ed said Mr. Pope because you see—well I just can't. What's she got on you? said Ed. You don't understand said Mr. Pope. It isn't that she's got anything on me. But after all she's Carlotta's aunt. And Carlotta's fond of her. Besides she's trustee for the money Carlotta inherited from her other aunt. I thought it would boil down to money sooner or later said Ed. Well said Mr. Pope Carlotta gets a couple hundred a month from it and if Aunt Edith got sore she could cut it off. She has complete control. And it would mean Carlotta's doing without a lot of clothes

and other extras. It does seem little enough to do—for me to be pleasant to Aunt Edith.

Sounds all right when you put it that way said Ed. Only I guess you forgot Wilbur that you told me about how this aunt woman threatened to cut the money all off last year unless your wife divorced you. No I didn't forget that said Mr. Pope. She's sort of down on men. When she was young she had a lot of money and the fortune hunters were after her and the worst one in the lot pretty near got her. She found out in time that he was suspected of having murdered his first wife. Too bad said Ed but there's always some busybody around. So you see went on Mr. Pope she'd try to break up any marriage that Carlotta made. And when she heard I'd said I had a horse that could talk—You did kind of stick your neck out on that put in Ed. I wouldn't have said Mr. Pope if you'd backed me up. But that's neither here nor there now. The trouble is I suppose she'll start the old divorce campaign again and if I could only think of some excuse to be away while she's here it would be a lot easier all around.

H'm said Ed. Don't you have to go out and see that National Utility account of yours in Peoria? But Mr. Pope said no—he couldn't stay there a week and anyway Mrs. Pope might find out. H'm said Ed again and then he looked at Mr. Pope and said You know Wilb I can't ever seem to think very good when I'm thirsty. O K said Mr. Pope and he went in the house and came back with half a bottle of Scotch. Ought to be enough here to give us an idea he said.



The Midnight Ride of Mr. Pope

**Laughs! The funniest adventure
yet for Ed—our talking horse**



After the second drink Ed said You know Wilb I've made a discovery. I've discovered what makes the Scotchman talk that kind of dialect. It's from having a bottle in your mouth. Here take a swig and try saying Ha'e ye no' anither bottle? So Mr. Pope tried it. Why you're right he said and then he started on Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon but only got to the second verse when Ed said Hey! My turn! So Mr. Pope handed over the bottle and Ed tried It's a braw bricht moonlicht nicht.

When the bottle was empty Mr. Pope said hopefully Well Ed have you thought of anything? Sure I have said Ed. Why don't you get your friend Dr. Kendall to send you to the hospital? By George said Mr. Pope I believe you've got it! You needn't act so shook up about it said Ed. Why don't we ride over and see him right away and we can stop at Barney's for some beer. I'm still thirsty.

So they rode over. When's your aunt coming? Dr. Kendall asked and when Mr. Pope told him next Friday he said Well we can throw you in for observation. We can't let you have anything serious because you don't want to worry Carlotta. I guess buritis is the thing for you. We'll make it your shoulder. You'd better begin complaining about its being lame and Thursday it gets so sore you can't move it and you come over and I'll send you to this new hospital we've got out here. It's only a few minutes' drive from Mount Kisco so it'll be handy for Carlotta. Will she bring the aunt to see you? Not if I groan a lot said Mr. Pope. She hasn't much patience with sick people. Groaning's

O. K. said Dr. Kendall. You'd be in some pain. And you ought to have a temperature. But we'll arrange that. Otherwise you'll have nothing to do but sit around your room and keep your shoulder quiet. Only one thing—when you go into the hospital try not to smell so strong of beer.

Well everything went fine and Thursday night Mrs. Pope drove Mr. Pope and a couple of dozen detective stories over to the hospital. She was so sympathetic that he felt pretty ashamed and would have backed out but of course it was too late. I'm sorry not to be on hand to welcome Aunt Edith he said. But you just go ahead with your plans with her and don't bother about me. I'll have to say Mrs. Pope but I'll get over every day.

Well the first two days were wonderful. His room was on the ground floor and there was nothing to do but sit in the window and read and wait for the next meal to be brought in. He had put his arm in a sling so he wouldn't forget and use it when anybody was in the room. He always had

the responsibility. Mr. Pope felt very happy and carefree.

But that did not last long. On the third day just after breakfast he went to get something out of his bag on the wardrobe shelf and he was standing there with both arms over his head when a nurse came in. My goodness Mr. Pope said the nurse can you get your arm up like that? Mr. Pope was pretty confused and he stammered and said well he guessed it was a lot better. The nurse said it certainly must be and then she told him that Dr. Kendall was ill and wouldn't be in to see him that morning but that Dr. Coleman who was taking his work would be in. And by and by Dr. Coleman came. He was a dark suspicious-looking young man and there was a false heartiness about him that worried Mr. Pope. I can't trust this guy he said to himself.

Dr. Coleman had Mr. Pope's chart in his hand and he looked from it to Mr. Pope and back again as if he was comparing a police handbill with a criminal in the line-up. Arm's a lot better this morning the nurse tells me he said. Seems to be said Mr. Pope. What's wrong with Bill? Acute appendicitis said Dr. Coleman. He was at a party in town last night and was taken sick and shot right into St. Luke's and operated on. They got it in time fortunately. And without pausing for comment he whipped out a thermometer and jabbed it into Mr. Pope's mouth. Mr. Pope was resentful. Darned unfair! he thought. Unfair to organized deception.

Now let's have a look at that shoulder said Dr. Coleman and he snatched the thermometer and after glancing

BY WALTER BROOKS

a hot water bottle handy and when it was about time for the nurse to come in and take his temperature he would put it on his shoulder and lean his cheek against it and this ran the thermometer up so he appeared suitably feverish. Dr. Kendall ran in and brought gossip and stories and nurses flitted in and out with different gossip but the same stories and it was all very much like the office only without

As Ed with his rider clattered up the steps they yelled and dived.



at it began manipulating Mr. Pope's arm. Mr. Pope tried wincing a few times but noticed that Dr. Coleman's eyebrows went up each time and gave it up. After all he had had no instructions on that point from Dr. Kendall.

Well doctor he said how soon can you get me out of here? O a few days I think said Dr. Coleman. You're perfectly contented? Getting a good rest eh? Mr. Pope said he was. So Dr. Coleman said he'd stop in tomorrow and nodded to the nurse and they went out. But the door didn't latch and as it swung ajar again Mr. Pope heard him say to the nurse Does Dr. Kendall ever send any psychiatric patients to this hospital? The nurse said something and Dr. Coleman said H'm. Then he said Isn't this the Mr. Pope who— But the door swung shut and Mr. Pope didn't hear any more.

Well Mr. Pope was kind of worried. Maybe I ought to have told the guy he said to himself. But he's so stuffy he'd think Bill had been unethical or something in sending me here. I can't let Bill down.

Pretty soon Mrs. Pope and Aunt Edith came. Aunt Edith was large and smooth and encrusted with diamonds. She said she was sorry he was ill. Mr. Pope shifted his position and groaned. Painful? said Aunt Edith hopefully. Mr. Pope smiled bravely. It's much better he said. Isn't it too bad about Bill? said Mrs. Pope. Yes said Mr. Pope but Coleman says he's going to be all right. Aunt Edith knows Dr. Coleman. Isn't that nice? said Mrs. Pope. He's the son of a very old friend said Aunt Edith. A brilliant young man and very well connected. And she told them about Dr. Coleman's connections.

Mr. Pope groaned some more and Aunt Edith got restless and said finally Well Carlotta we mustn't tire Wilbur. So they left.

LATE that evening Mr. Pope was reading when somebody outside the window said Psst! Good Lord said Mr. Pope is that you Ed? and he jumped up and went to the window. Hi Wilb said Ed. Thought I'd slip my halter and trot over and see if I could find you. I stuck my nose in every window on this floor. Boy! There's a guy two doors down in blue pajamas—he'll never be the same. And Ed began to laugh. Sssh! said Mr. Pope. O K said Ed. Look Wilb—I thought maybe you'd like to sneak out for a ride. A midnight ride to get some beer like Longfellow says. There's a nurse out at the desk now—cute little trick. Whyn't you ring your bell and get her in here and we can take her along. I can carry you both. But hold on a minute he said. You can't get out—this window's barred. Well I'll be darned said Mr. Pope I hadn't noticed that. But anyway Ed I couldn't go. They'd miss me. How's everything at home?

Not so good said Ed. That's one reason I came over. I think you ought to come home Wilbur. Aunt Edith is certainly stirring up the mud. She got your wife to ask that guy Coleman to dinner tonight. He brought up that

old business about your bragging how I could talk. I was just outside the window—I'm keeping an eye on your interests Wilb. Anyway he was kind of hinting around—in a sort of a nasty joking way you know—and then auntie jumps in with the whole story. Your wife tried to shush her but auntie says Now Carlotta it's as well to face the facts. I've had a little talk with Dr. Coleman. He says there's nothing wrong with Wilbur's arm. And of course as he can't talk to Dr. Kendall he thinks it's important to find out just why Dr. Kendall sent Wilbur to the hospital.

And then this Coleman squirts his poison. He says as far as he can see you are O. K. physically—and then he kind of pauses and says You see Mrs. Pope I am responsible now and if there are any little ways in which Mr. Pope has seemed to you—well—eccentric— Well there's one thing I'll say for your wife Wilb—she certainly sticks up for you when you're not around. Boy did she put that guy through the mangle! They came out on the porch about then so I had to duck and didn't hear any more.

WELL said Mr. Pope to tell you the truth Ed I don't like this much.

Neither do I said Ed. They've got you headed for the booby hatch if you ask me. Why don't you get out of here? I couldn't get by the desk tonight without a row said Mr. Pope. I'll wait till tomorrow and have it out with Coleman. Maybe that's best said Ed. Well I ought to start back. I want to have another peek at that fat guy in the blue pajamas. You'd have died if you could have seen him Wilb. I don't want him to see you Ed said Mr. Pope. You'll get us in trouble. I won't let him see me said Ed I just want to give him a giggle. Like this. And Ed giggled.

Well just as he did so although Mr. Pope didn't know it a nurse came into the room. She saw Mr. Pope's back as he stood at the window and she heard that shrill inhuman giggle and she put the two together and fled. Mr. Pope shushed Ed and got back into bed just as she came in again. There was an older nurse with her. Did you—we thought we heard you laughing said the nurse uncertainly. O yes said Mr. Pope I heard it too. Out in the grounds somewhere I think. They looked at him steadily and the older nurse said It's pretty late—oughtn't you to try to get some rest? Perhaps you're right said Mr. Pope. So they cranked his bed flat and put out the light. But when they went out they left the door open.

Well Dr. Coleman came in early next morning and Mr. Pope went right at him. Look here Coleman he said do you think I'm crazy or something? My dear fellow! said Dr. Coleman laughing. What an odd question! My shoulder's all right now said Mr. Pope. I suggest that you let me go home. As far as your shoulder goes that's a perfectly reasonable suggestion said Dr. Coleman. But you see I'd have to have Dr. Kendall's approval. I hope to talk to him tomor-

row. Well Mr. Pope argued but Dr. Coleman was firm. Another day's rest won't hurt your shoulder a bit he said.

Yeah? said Mr. Pope when he had gone. Well I'm going anyway. But when he went to get his clothes they weren't there. Good Lord he said this is serious! To go wandering around Westchester in pajamas would be just handing his sanity to Aunt Edith on a silver platter so he started another detective story. The thing to do was wait and tell Mrs. Pope the truth when she came that afternoon. But she didn't come. Instead Aunt Edith showed up. Carlotta wasn't feeling well she said so she'd come over to see if there was anything he wanted.

I WANT to get out of here said Mr. Pope but this man Coleman's acting very strange about it. He's even had them hide my clothes. Well Wilbur said Aunt Edith I do hope you're not going to be difficult about it. I felt it was so sensible of you to come in here voluntarily. It is unfortunate that you have taken such a dislike to Dr. Coleman. He says that if you could only bring yourself to be as frank with him as you have been with Dr. Kendall it would be so much better for you.

I see said Mr. Pope—you all think that I told Bill I was cuckoo. Then he laughed. I must say he said you were rather courageous to come here. I suppose Coleman told you I wouldn't get violent. But frankly I don't think he understands my case very well. Sometimes you know it just comes over me all at once. Mr. Pope glared at her and got slowly to his feet. I remember he said for how many years you've been trying to break up our marriage and then— He raised his hands slowly and Aunt Edith gave a low howl and bolted.

That was a silly thing to do said Mr. Pope to himself. Now what in blazes can I do? But the day dragged on and he didn't think of anything. So he read some more and had dinner and at last at nine o'clock he heard a Psst! and Ed was at the window.

Look Wilb said Ed you got to get home right away. That aunt woman and the doc have been working on your wife. He's there to dinner again. And she's been cryin' all afternoon. That doc's been telling about a lot of cases just like yours—people that thought spirits talked to 'em and so on. It's pretty convincing. Gosh I have my doubts about you now myself. But here—get busy on these window bars. I brought you this screwdriver.

Well it took half an hour but they weren't interrupted and as soon as the bottom screws were out they bent two bars apart and Mr. Pope was off and away. Ed went cross-country and nobody saw them. Boy! he said I'm glad to get you out of that place! Well throw a scare into Aunt Edith that'll explode her pompadour. No funny business now Ed said Mr. Pope. Eh? said Ed. No no of course not. Just drop me off at the side door so I can sneak in and get some clothes on said Mr. Pope. O sure sure said Ed.

But Ed had his own ideas about

how things should be done. Aunt Edith and Dr. Coleman were sitting on the porch talking in low tones when there came the thud of hoofs on turf and a shrill screaming neigh. They jumped up and then as Ed with his pajama-clad rider clattered up the steps toward them they yelled in caution and dived—Aunt Edith under the porch hammock and Dr. Coleman over the rail into the night.

Well Mrs. Pope had been up in her room and she rushed down just as Mr. Pope having sent Ed off to the stable was trying to coax Aunt Edith out from under the hammock. Wilbur! she exclaimed and threw herself into his arms. It's all right darling he said. That fool Coleman wouldn't let me out of there so I got someone to bring Ed over. Look—you don't think I'm cuckoo do you? O Wilbur said Mrs. Pope. I don't know what to think! It's—it's so confusing and queer! I can straighten it all out said Mr. Pope but I must get dressed.

So he went upstairs. While he dressed he heard a good deal of talking and moving around in Aunt Edith's room which was on the ground floor under his bedroom and when he went down Mrs. Pope came out to him. I don't know what to say Wilbur she said. I wish you hadn't come back in quite this way. It looks—Sure said Mr. Pope it looks queer all right. But Bill can explain when he gets well. I got him to send me to the hospital so I wouldn't have to be here while Aunt Edith was staying with you. Only we can't tell them that. It wouldn't be fair to Bill. But what on earth *can* we tell them? said Mrs. Pope. We'll have to stick to it that I really did have a bum arm said Mr. Pope. You try to quiet Aunt Edith down while I go out and rub Ed down. We galloped all the way.

Ed wasn't in the stable but Mr. Pope found him finally behind some shrubbery peering into the open window of Aunt Edith's room. Come come Ed he whispered you ought to have more dignity than to be going in for this Peeping Tom stuff. Gosh you certainly messed things up! I'm afraid I did Wilb murmured Ed. But do a little peeping yourself. Listen!

AUNT EDITH was standing in the room and as Mr. Pope crept closer he saw the door open and Dr. Coleman come in. I got Dr. Bancroft on the phone said Dr. Coleman and I'll drive over to the hospital now and pick him up. But said Aunt Edith you can't leave us alone in the house with that madman! I'm sure he's quite harmless said Dr. Coleman. You just stay in your room. But he must be put under restraint immediately! said Aunt Edith. Of course said Dr. Coleman but Bancroft will have to see him first with me. You just leave it to me.

Ed nudged Mr. Pope and they walked over to the stable. Looks like they'd got you in the grinder Wilbur said Ed. Anyway until Kendall gets on his feet again. Say listen. I've got an idea. You go on in the house and leave this to me said Ed. And as it was all he could do Mr. Pope did.

Mrs. Pope was in the living room and Mr. Pope sat down beside her. Thank heaven you don't think I'm a lunatic anyway Carlotta he said. Well you've certainly acted like one said Mrs. Pope and what on earth we're going to do about this psychiatrist that Dr. Coleman's bringing—The worst thing is she said that you threatened Aunt Edith. Mr. Pope remarked gloomily that the whole situation looked like the worst thing to him.

Pretty soon a car swished into the drive and a minute later Dr. Coleman came into the room followed by a tall gray-haired man. The Papes got up and Dr. Coleman introduced them to Dr. Bancroft who fixed piercing eyes on Mr. Pope and said Now suppose

take the rap for her. You see he went on she's always had this odd idea about a horse. The things she told you about me Dr. Coleman were merely a transference. I don't know much about these things but as I get it she transfers her own hallucinations to me somehow.

Dr. Bancroft nodded at him. O yes he said it's not at all uncommon. Well Coleman if she's coming around I think—unless Mr. Pope would like us to stay for a little? Not at all necessary said Mr. Pope. Carlotta will get her to bed and she'll be quite all right in the morning. I'm sure she will said Dr. Bancroft who was plainly anxious to go. Come Coleman he said sharply and the younger man still looking very puzzled said an unwilling good night and they left.

WHEN Mr. Pope came back from the door Aunt Edith was sitting up and Mrs. Pope was holding her hand. You must get me into town she was saying. I wouldn't spend another night in that room. Now Aunt Edith said Mr. Pope I do hope you're not going to be difficult. You know he said I'm afraid Dr. Coleman feels that you haven't been perhaps any more frank with him than I was. Funny isn't it how the horse sort of came home to roost?

Aunt Edith glared at him. I begin to see she said tightly. That horse that spoke to me—it was some abominable hoax. Well I warn you Wilbur—Let me warn you Aunt Edith interrupted Mr. Pope. We have two doctors—one a psychiatrist—as witnesses that you claim to have been injured by a horse. In that case I think any further pressure on Carlotta to get rid of me would be most unwise. Also there's another point. A person who hears horses talking would hardly be considered capable of administering a trust fund. I suggest therefore that it might also be unwise to withhold on any pretext any part of the full amount of interest earned for Carlotta each quarter.

Well Aunt Edith continued to glare but Mr. Pope faced her calmly and after a minute she threw up her hands. Help me pack my bag Carlotta she said. I'm leaving.

When Mrs. Pope had taken Aunt Edith to the station Mr. Pope went out to see Ed. Well I've got to hand it to you Ed he said and told him what had happened. But what did you say to her? he asked. Nothing said Ed I just stuck my head through the window and wagged my ears and gave her the old giggle. But you said something insisted Mr. Pope—something horrible. She said you did. Yeah? said Ed. Well maybe I did Wilb. You know how I am—always polished and courtly. And being alone with a lady in her bedroom—well maybe I did pay her a compliment or two. Gosh! said Mr. Pope I hope not. I know your compliments. Ed winked at him. You don't know this one Wilb he said and you never will. Mr. Pope decided that it was better to let the matter drop.

THE END

GABRIEL HEATER

ON THE AIR
for

Liberty

Every Thursday and Saturday

DRAMATIZING
INTERNATIONAL
NEWS SITUATIONS!



	P.M.		P.M.
Baltimore . . .	WBAL 9:00 E.S.T.	Los Angeles . . .	KHJ 7:30 P.S.T.
Boston . . .	WAAB 9:00 E.D.T.	Minneapolis . . .	KSTP 9:15 P.S.T.
Buffalo . . .	WGR 10:00 E.D.T.	New York . . .	WOR 9:00 E.D.T.
Chicago . . .	WGN 9:00 E.D.T.	Philadelphia . . .	WFL 9:00 E.D.T.
Cleveland . . .	WHK 9:00 E.S.T.	San Diego . . .	KGB 7:30 P.S.T.
Detroit . . .	WXYZ 9:00 E.S.T.	San Francisco . . .	KFRC 7:30 P.S.T.
	St. Louis . . .	KWK 7:00 C.S.T.	

we just sit down and talk things over quietly. And at that moment from behind the closed door of Aunt Edith's room there came a high inhuman giggle followed by a shriek.

Good heavens! said Dr. Bancroft and Dr. Coleman rushed to the door and tried to pull it open but it was locked on the inside. And then again came the insane giggle followed by the sound of a gabbling voice—or two voices—it was hard to tell. Then the crash of an overturned table and frantic rattling of the doorknob and the door flew open and a disheveled Aunt Edith plunged into Dr. Coleman's arms. O doctor that terrible horse! she panted. He said things—horrible things. And then *laughed!* O! and her eyes turned up and she fainted.

Dr. Bancroft stepped quickly to the door and looked in. Then he turned with raised eyebrows and a shrug to Dr. Coleman who was bending over Aunt Edith. Nothing there he said. Of course there's nothing there said Mr. Pope. I'm very sorry this happened gentlemen he went on. We've rather tried to protect Aunt Edith. Even to the extent he said with a faint smile of my almost having to

SEPT. 21,
1940

Liberty 5¢

El Gilchrist



UNEXPECTED UNCLE A NEW HILARIOUS NOVEL **BY ERIC HATCH**
IS IT GOOD-BY COLLEGE FOOTBALL?

Just a Song at Twilight



Laughs! . . . A new, hilarious adventure
of our ineffable Ed, the talking horse

READING TIME • 21 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

THIS Wilbur Pope was an advertising account executive with Ingman Anger Basterson & Klee. Or maybe it was Fenton Finigan Tashman & Clunk. I can't remember except that it was in that meter and anyway it doesn't matter because it has nothing to do with the story. It's just so you'll remember about him being the one that had the talking horse. And the rest of his permanent establishment consisted of a beautiful temperamental wife named Carlotta and an equally temperamental female whom they hired at a star copy writer's salary to live in the kitchen and cook and put nicks in the best Sèvres dinner service. It's this last party the story is mostly about. Her name was Carrie.

The Popes had had new cooks every month or so but Carrie was the first good one they had ever had. Her soups were collectors' items and her soufflés were so light that they would float in the bathtub. But she was not contented. She'd always lived in the city and she was lonesome in Mount Kisco. She had no gentleman callers at all. Though I think the fault was with Carrie rather than with Mount Kisco. The way to a man's heart may be through his stomach but the way

to his stomach is through his face and if he won't face you in the first place you haven't much chance of getting him to try your cooking. So Carrie began to talk about leaving.

So Mrs. Pope was talking about it one evening. O dear she said if Carrie leaves I guess we'll just have to give up the house and take an apartment in town. Well Mr. Pope did not want to leave Mount Kisco for many reasons and one of them was that he wouldn't be able to keep his horse Ed in the city. Of course Mrs. Pope didn't know that Ed could talk and she was always at Mr. Pope to get rid of him because he was such an awful looking horse. And indeed Ed was not handsome. But he was darned good company and Mr. Pope was much attached to him. So he began to depict the advantages of Mount Kisco and being an advertising man he ranged freely among the adjectives and he was just getting going good when somewhere out in the night a hoarse voice began to sing:

"O my darling Carrie!
The girl I'm going to marry!
Every evening just at eight,
Standing by the garden gate—"

Good heavens said Mrs. Pope is that Carrie singing? Not unless her


voice is changing said Mr. Pope. I've heard her singing at her work.

"O what bliss
For just one kiss
From Ca-a-arrie!"

The voice ended with a roar. Good Lord! said Mr. Pope I'd better go see. The kitchen was dark and he went through it and out into the garden. There seemed to be nobody there. Then a voice from an upper window said That was right pretty Mr.—I guess I don't know your name. Mr. Pope looked up. Is that you Carrie? he said. O excuse me Mr. Pope said Carrie with a heavy giggle. I thought you was him. Him? said Mr. Pope. Who? I don't know said Carrie.

We don't seem to be getting anywhere said Mr. Pope. That wasn't you singing was it? Me? said Carrie Lord no sir I can't even carry a tune. This fellow could carry one all right said Mr. Pope though I don't know where he carried it to. He seems to have disappeared. Yes sir said the cook I guess he heard you come out. She giggled again. I kind of thought she said that he was—well kind of serenading me like. I see said Mr. Pope. An anonymous admirer.

So he went in and told Mrs. Pope. Heavens! she said do you think this



Look Ed said Mr. Pope
let's not go into what
I think of your voice.

BY WALTER BROOKS

is to be a regular feature? I don't think so said Mr. Pope. No human throat could stand the strain. But if it makes Carrie happy! O if it makes her contented said Mrs. Pope I'd accept a fife and drum corps.

Well before going to bed Mr. Pope went out to say good night to Ed. He kept a bottle in the barn and he and Ed usually had a nightcap together. Well Wilb said the horse how did you enjoy the concert? O so you listened to that too? said Mr. Pope. Listened to it! said Ed Hell I gave it! You what? said Mr. Pope. Gave it said Ed. You see Wilbur that Carrie—she's kind of starved for romance the way I figure it. And when I see somebody that's unhappy—well I have to try to make things a little easier for them. You take a funny way to do it said Mr. Pope. I suppose it seems funny to you said Ed seeing you ain't got a fine natural baritone like I have. Never had a lesson in my life—would you believe it?

Look Ed said Mr. Pope let's not go into what I think of your voice. What surprises me is the age of your repertoire. That Carrie song is a moss-back. When you've lived around stables as long as I have said Ed you'll know a lot of songs. Some of 'em ain't exactly the kind you sing to ladies though. Listen Wilb—ever hear this one? It goes Stampede stampoodle stianti go foodle—Yes interrupted Mr. Pope I know it and I'm surprised at you Ed. I'm going to bed. And no lullabies please.

WELL the next evening Ed serenaded Carrie again. *Stars of the summer night* crashed in a blitzkrieg on the eardrums of the Papes as they sat at bridge with the Hoveys. Really we can't have this said Mrs. Pope. Wilbur go send that person away. So Mr. Pope went out and found Ed among the syringas under Carrie's window. She sleeps! Ed roared. My lady sleeps! Like hell she does said Mr. Pope. Through that hullabaloo! Well said Ed the guy that wrote the song didn't really expect her to sleep or he wouldn't have sung it. Psst! There she is!

A wide shape appeared at the window and something was tossed out and fell on the grass. It's a rose whispered Ed. Pick it up for me will you? Mr. Pope hesitated but Carrie could not possibly recognize him in the darkness so he stepped out from the bushes and retrieved the rose. My beloved! said Ed tenderly. I shall always cherish this flower next my heart. Carrie giggled. O you she said. Wait she said. I'll be down. No no said Ed I cannot reveal myself to you. Not yet. O I guess you can said Carrie. I've got half of a nice cherry pie for you. Wait. She vanished.

I've got to go back in Mr. Pope said to Ed. Now be careful. We don't want to lose Carrie. Neither do I want to lose her said Ed. Anybody that passes out pies.

Well the next day was Saturday and Ed and Mr. Pope went for a ride. They never rode very far. Today as

usual they got as far as the nearest tavern where they had some beer and then they found a shady place and sat down and talked. How did you come out with Carrie? asked Mr. Pope. O I got the pie said Ed. Yeah. She came out on the back porch with it and I says Hey don't come any farther. I don't want you to recognize me. I've got a special reason I says and if you'll sit down I'll tell you about it. So she sat down in her rocker and I come up closer to her behind all that woodbine and then I told her that I was a friend of yours that came to the house regular and that I had sort of fallen for her but I didn't want her to know who I was yet because it would be embarrassing for both of us—her waiting on me and us pretending not to know each other and so on. But I said I'd like to serenade her and talk to her and then I said when the time was ripe I'd disclose myself. And I left it sort of vague what would happen after that. I should think so! said Mr. Pope.

Well I don't know said Ed. You see how it'll work don't you? I'll come around and give her a sort of romantic interest in life and she won't talk any more about leaving. And when you have company she'll make a special effort because she'll think maybe it's me. I expect she'll pick on Bill Wesson said Mr. Pope. He's got a voice something like yours. She left the pie out for me when she went in said Ed. 'Twasn't exactly a balanced meal with your Bourbon she poured out for me to wash it down with but it set like a feather.

Well I guess it was the next Sunday the Wessons came to dinner. They all had a few drinks and then Mr. Wesson went in to the piano. He had kind of a bass voice. His low notes sounded like a bus going over a bridge. He struck a chord and rumbled into *Asleep in the Deep*.

O JUDAS! said Mr. Pope and he pulled his chair around so that he could see into the living-room window. After a minute Carrie came and stood in the doorway gazing at the singer with heavy rapture. Beware! So beware! thundered Mr. Wesson. It was a better voice than Ed's but had the same quality. That was lovely Mr. Wesson said Carrie. Why thank you Carrie I'm glad you liked it said Mr. Wesson. Carrie came closer. Look Mr. Wesson she said the folks are all outside. Aren't you—the one? said Mr. Wesson. I don't get you Carrie. Well you—you could Mr. Wesson said Carrie coyly. Then she said Shucks you don't have to be afraid of me. I won't give you away.

Well I don't know what Mr. Wesson had been up to but he turned pale. I—I don't know what you mean he said. And then Mr. Pope who had been practically cataleptic with amusement and horror came and stuck his head in the window. Oughtn't you to be looking after the dinner Carrie? he said. And Carrie squawked and left.

So they had dinner and nothing

happened except that everybody noticed the sheep's eyes that Carrie served with every dish to Mr. Wesson and Mrs. Wesson said Bill seems to have been turning the old charm on again. But after the Wessons had gone Mrs. Pope told Mr. Pope that Carrie had given notice. Notice! said Mr. Pope why I thought she just decided that she wasn't lonesome any more. Well she's changed again said Mrs. Pope.

Well that's a fine thing! said Mr. Pope. But later he got the explanation from Ed. She thinks I'm that Wesson guy said the horse. And she thinks if she gets another job with people who don't know me I won't be afraid to come around and see her.

SO Ed's scheme to keep Carrie backfired. He felt pretty low. But there was one thing about Ed—he never gave up hope and the day Carrie left he overheard her give the expressman the address to which she wanted her trunk sent. Ed knew the house for the Witherspoons who were friends of the Papes had lived there. The present tenant was a Mr. O'Malley. So the next night which was a Wednesday he slipped his halter and at 3 A. M. he was in the O'Malleys' back garden and at 3.02 he burst into *O my darling Carrie*.

But instead of singing *Every evening just at eight* he changed the lines and sang—

Monday evening just at nine
Meet me where the grapevines twine.

For there was a grape arbor at the lower end of the garden. He sang those lines twice over and then he trotted off home. Over his shoulder he could see lights springing up in the house.

So Friday morning at two he sang *O Promise Me* in the O'Malleys' garden and Saturday morning at four he sang *In the Gloaming* and Sunday at 1.45 he sang *Juanita* and was struck on the rump by a brick thrown by the enraged O'Malley. And on Monday evening at nine he was concealed behind the grape arbor. Presently through the glimmering scented dusk came Carrie. Psst! Mr. Wesson! Carrie whispered. I'm behind the arbor said Ed. Well come out where I can see you said Carrie. I want to talk to you. She didn't seem in a very good humor. Listen said Ed I'm not coming out because I don't want you to know who I am yet. You see I know the O'Malleys just as well as I do the Papes. But I know who you are said Carrie You're—No interrupted Ed I'm not Wesson and how you could ever mistake his voice for mine I don't know.

Look here said Carrie you've got to stop this singing. Waking everybody up like you've been doing! Why I'm sorry if I've bothered the folks said Ed. But you know how it is—when I get feeling romantic it don't matter what time of night it is. I just have to pour my soul out in song. Well you'd better pour it out some-

where else said Carrie. Land sakes! When I come here I thought you'd quit being afraid to show yourself. But all you want to do is sit out and sing like a bird in a bush. O I like your singing all right but I like my job better and this O'Malley ain't a softy like that Mr. Pope. He come out in the kitchen this morning and he said if it happened again out I go.

Ed gave a snort. The man's dead to romance he said. Glorious summer night and a full moon and a mysterious singer in the garden. What more could the guy want? He could maybe want to sleep said Carrie. Anyway like it is now all I know about you is you got a voice and an appetite. Now I want you to promise me you won't do any more serenading.

There isn't hardly anything I wouldn't promise you Carrie said Ed but that's the one thing I can't. The song is in my heart and when it seeks expression I cannot deny it. It just comes bubbling out of me like beer out of a bottle. You just want to lose me my job then said Carrie. Well said Ed you can always go back to the Papes. I heard them talking about you only the other day, and wishing you'd come back.

WELL Ed was so pleased with himself that he told Mr. Pope all about it. O'Malley's sore all right he said and I think a couple more good rousing serenades will do the trick and he'll fire her. Then she won't dast go anywhere else, and she'll have to come back here. But Mr. Pope said No. You've done enough Ed he said. You're pointed for trouble. This O'Malley is president of some municipal board or other. He's in politics. You know what that means. Tough guy eh? said Ed. You mean he might plant somebody in the rhododendrons with a cannon? You can't knock off a guy just because you don't like his voice. But to make things certain Mr. Pope bought a new halter Ed couldn't slip out of and tied him securely in his stall.

At least he thought he tied him securely. But about two next morning something awoke him. He went to the window and saw movement in the shadows by the stable. Mr. Pope dressed and went out. Ed's stall was empty and the halter rope gnawed in two. He got in his car and drove over towards the O'Malleys'. The darned old fool he said if I don't round him up he'll get his silly hide full of buckshot. He was really worried.

Mr. Pope knew the layout of the O'Malley grounds. He drove down a back road and stopped and got out. When he had stumbled across two fields he was behind the hedge at the foot of the O'Malley garden. And just too late. A hoarse voice blasted the night. *She was only a bird in a gilded cage . . .*

Mr. Pope swore and scrambled through the hedge. Ed! he said. Come out of there you fool! The song broke off and Ed came trotting up. Hi Wilb he whispered. Glad you came. This is better with two voices.



RAILWAY EXPRESS SYMBOL OF DEPENDABLE SERVICE... USES DEPENDABLE **CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS!**

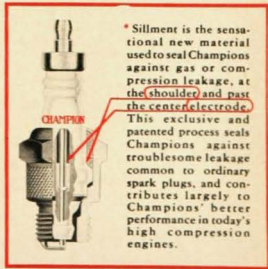
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BLOSSER'S MEDICAL CIGARETTES

Suppose you could take the tenor? But before Mr. Pope could answer flashlights flickered through the leaves and a voice said You take the other side Joe. We got him cornered.

Quick Wilb! said Ed. Back through the hedge and lie low. I'll fox 'em. And as Mr. Pope obeyed he moved down along the hedge making a good deal of noise. Mr. Pope saw the flashlights converge to his right and then there was an exclamation and another voice said Hey O'Malley we caught a horse. Got a broken halter. Well I don't know how he got here said O'Malley but that wasn't any horse singing. The fellow must be right here. He can't get away except across the field. Go outside Canby and watch if he breaks through the hedge.

Ed had wandered off with the intention of creating a diversion by bursting into song on the other side of the house. But Mr. Pope didn't know that and fearing to be cut off he bolted. In the open field the flashlights picked him up. He stopped running and walked slowly back.

You can take those lights out of my eyes he said. I'm only looking for my horse. All right boys said O'Malley. I know him. You're Wilbur Pope aren't you? And may I ask what the hell you are doing serenading my cook? I don't know anything about your cook said Mr. Pope. My horse got away tonight and a fellow told me he saw him up in this field so I came up after him. So you say said O'Malley. But I guess we've got you Mr. Pope. We were laying for you tonight. If you hear some one singing and you go out and catch a man running away and there isn't anybody else in the garden you're pretty sure you've got the right man.

AT that moment another man came up leading Ed. Here's my horse now said Mr. Pope. You can see he's not saddled for riding. You could ride him bareback said O'Malley. I guess you'd better come in the house Mr. Pope and we'll have a talk with the cops. Canby give Lieutenant Payson a ring will you?

The interrogation that followed was minute. Mrs. O'Malley who was a pretty dark-eyed girl was present and seemed to find it amusing but O'Malley was dead serious. Finally Carrie was brought down. She admitted that she had worked for the Pops—that she had been serenaded while there. Did it ever occur to you said O'Malley that it might be Mr. Pope who was doing the so-called singing? I protest against these idiotic questions O'Malley said Mr. Pope. You're making a fool of yourself. Somebody's making a fool of himself said O'Malley but it's not me. Answer please Carrie. Why no sir Carrie said but— But what? said O'Malley You say you never saw the singer? Well sir I did once said Carrie and giggled. Just sort of faintly when he—when he picked up a rose I threw him. A rose! murmured Mrs. O'Malley. Did he look like Mr. Pope? asked O'Malley. Why sir now you

speak of it said Carrie he did—sort of. Yes sir it could have been him Only— Only what? said O'Malley Well said Carrie it wasn't his voice Disguised said O'Malley I thought that all the time. No human could have a natural voice like that.

The bell rang at this point and two state troopers were shown in. Following them came Joe rubbing his arm. The horse got away Mr. O'Malley he said. He bit me in the arm. Well he'll find his way home I daresay said O'Malley. Sit down boys he said to the troopers. Then he turned to Mr. Pope. I don't want to be too hard on you he said. Maybe we haven't a charge strong enough to hold you on but I'm convinced you're the man and whether we can hold you or not the newspapers—well you know what they'd do to you. So I'm giving you a choice. Either I turn you over to these boys here or you'll write out a full statement admitting the singing and all the rest of it and—

JUST a minute! said Mr. Pope jumping up. I've told you the exact truth O'Malley. I came after my horse. I haven't been singing to your cook or in your garden. You've called me a liar and tried to make me out a lunatic. I know you're sore and I don't blame you. But I think you are a vindictive rat and before I'd sign—

Suddenly through the window came a dreadful raucous voice.

"Pale hands I loved
Beside the Shalimar-har . . ."

For a moment they sat paralyzed. Then the entire room rose and flung itself at the door.

Mr. Pope had waited on the porch and presently they trooped back to him. With the help of the state police they had combed the garden but had found nothing—nothing but a flock of mosquitoes and Ed who was peacefully cropping the grass beside the drive. I apologize Pope said O'Malley heavily. I—what can I say? This thing has got me nuts. It certainly has said Mr. Pope. I just hope the newspapers you mentioned don't get hold of it. They'll ride me plenty said O'Malley. I'll do anything Pope—Then keep your mouth shut about it said Mr. Pope. I don't want anything.—Yes what is it Carrie? he said as the cook came up to him.

Well Mr. Pope said Carrie I guess I'd like to come back if you and Mrs. Pope'll have me. She turned to O'Malley. You'll excuse me sir but I have to say it. Mr. Pope's a nice man. And you ain't treated him like a gentleman. I don't like to stay in a house where folks act that way. O'Malley shrugged and walked away. Mr. Pope grinned. Why Carrie he said we'll be glad to have you. You call up Mrs. Pope tomorrow. He went down the steps and catching hold of Ed's halter jumped on his back and trotted off down the drive. They sang part songs all the way home.

THE END

MARCH 1, 1941



Liberty 5¢



GIRL STICKS OUT NECK: A Joyous New Novel by Donald Barr Chidsey
GREAT NEWS ON CANCER by Morris Markey

THERE was a Mr. and Mrs. Hastings that bought a big place near the Wilbur Papes outside of Mount Kisco. You take the White House and dwindle it a little and add a patio, a dash of Tuscany, set it in thirty acres of park and you get the idea. Mr. Hastings manufactured springs for railroad cars. Mrs. Hastings communicated with spirits.

Well the Papes got acquainted with them and they dined at each others' houses occasionally. But Mr. Pope

And what's the matter with passing the plate? Nothing—nothing at all said Ed. Many a young man's made his start that way. Nickel here and a quarter there—it all counts up.

Well said Mr. Pope I don't deny that if Hastings made anything the public bought I might try to pry an appropriation out of him. But car springs! The most they'd do would be notices in trade papers. Well you're always talking about educating the public said Ed. Make 'em car spring conscious. Make 'em demand Hastings springs. Your mind

to wear at the Farnhams' party Mr. Pope asked what had become of some onyx cuff links he claimed to have lost. So Ouija jumped around and spelled out Pitty pitty links. Yes they're very pretty Edie said Mr. Pope and where are they? In oo dresser said Edie—in teeny weeny box. Really? said Mr. Pope. Are you sure? Edie sure said Edie. Twoss her heart. Sorry Edie said Mr. Pope I guess I fooled you that time. I haven't got any onyx links.

O Mr. Pope said Mrs. Hastings reproachfully you shouldn't fool Edie



holds a seance

and Mr. Hastings sort of took to each other. Sunday afternoons when Mrs. Pope's friends had gathered to drink cocktails and give their egos a workout Mr. Pope would jog over on his horse Ed for a long talk with Mr. Hastings. Mrs. Hastings didn't bother them much because the spirits were more active on Sunday and she stayed in at her Ouija board. Sometimes she pushed it around alone but usually a Mr. George Talcott who had introduced her to the mazes of the other world dropped in to assist her.

Well this was nice for Mr. Pope but Ed didn't like it much. Sunday afternoons were the time when he and Mr. Pope used to ramble around Westchester trying different kinds of beer and sitting in the shade to gossip. Because Ed could talk. Only nobody knew it but Mr. Pope and Ed wouldn't talk in front of anybody else. Because he said once an animal let on he could talk where was he? In a circus that's where he was.

Now Mr. Pope was an advertising account executive but although Mr. Hastings was a manufacturer Mr. Pope's liking for him was pretty disinterested. Of course Ed who always put the worst construction on everything thought it wasn't. You can't like the guy as much as all that Wilb he said. Man who passes the plate in church. He just ain't your kind. Why he wouldn't say damn if— I sometimes think said Mr. Pope that if there were a little less damn and a little freer flow to your conversation it might be more acceptable.

is free for higher things when traveling on Hastings springs—ain't that what you call inspirational copy? It doesn't inspire me much said Mr. Pope. Anyway it's no use.

Well Mr. Pope did think about Ed's suggestion and even tried a sort of low pressure sales talk. But Mr. Hastings was one of those men who like to make up their own minds and always say no at the first sniff of salesmanship. So Mr. Pope stopped.

Sometimes on Sundays when they got tired talking they would go in and take a whirl at Ouija with Mrs. Hastings if Mr. Talcott wasn't there. She was sort of sensible about Ouija if you can be sensible about such things and didn't mind their skeptical remarks. Mr. Pope was a little afraid of her partly because she was so familiar with the other world and partly because she was so ornamental a part of this one. I guess like most men he was always a little scared of beautiful women though as Ed said he kind of enjoyed his terror.

One of the most persistent of the message bearers from the other shore was a child named Little Edie who talked baby talk. Of course Ouija had to spell everything out and you wouldn't have thought a five year old child could manage any spelling at all much less baby talk. But Edie did. Which makes her quite a remarkable child even for a spirit.

Well one Sunday the Hastings and Mr. Pope were pushing Ouija around and after Mrs. Hastings had got some advice from Little Edie about what

that way. O look! she said. For Ouija was darting all over the board. Naughty bad mans it spelled. Oo makes fun of oos 'Little Edie. Go way bad mans! O come Edie said Mr. Pope I'm sorry. I— Edie do way spelled Ouija. Never tum back. And though they coaxed her Ouija wouldn't move again.

Well said Mr. Hastings I'm sorry Edie's gone. But suppose you try some of your other familiars Evelyn. So Mrs. Hastings tried. She called them by name and pleaded and cajoled but Ouija wouldn't move. This is curious she said. I've never known— Isn't there any one here who wants to communicate? And a deep voice over by the window said Dom Pedro Milan is here.

Mrs. Hastings gasped and turned pale and her hands went to her mouth but the two men didn't notice. They jumped up and ran to the window. But there was nobody there—nobody that is except Ed who was standing looking off with a wistful expression across the summer landscape. Darned funny said Mr. Hastings. Did you hear what I heard Pope? Sounded like a voice said Mr. Pope but I don't know what it said. Queer thing—acoustics. With conditions just right I suppose a voice down by the garage would sound almost as if it was in the room. Didn't you hear it Evelyn? said Mr. Hastings. I—I heard something said Mrs. Hastings. Not clearly. I—really it startled me so dear that I think—if you'll excuse me— And she left the room.

Suddenly there was a thump of hoofs and a terrific war whoop.



Well the two men talked about it for a while but didn't get anywhere and Mr. Pope left. When he and Ed were out of the drive he said I hope you're not going to start doing spirit voices Ed. What was the idea of that outburst? I'm sorry Wilb said Ed but I just couldn't hold in any longer. Look. If you'd been tied outside that window all these Sundays when Mrs. H. and that Talcott guy were getting the dope on their former lives together—well you'd bust out too. Not that Talcott ain't smart. He's figured the only way to get anywhere with Mrs. H. is by some of this mystic hocus-pocus and boy has he got good connections on the other side of Jordan! He's got her convinced that he and she was lovers back in former lives only a cruel fate always parted 'em. Usually the cruel fate was a guy about her husband's height and general get-up. I see said Mr. Pope—and this Dom Pedro? He's the head spirit who passes out most of the informa-

tion said Ed. Spanish priest or something who was just going to marry 'em in fifteen-something when a guy hammers on the door. In the King's name! So they drag Talcott up to the palace and the King says My boy Cortes and his mob are just starting out to take over Mexico and you're drafted. You got just about time to get to the dock.

I see said Mr. Pope. So he sailed away and never came back. Not until just recently said Ed. Only now he's Talcott instead of Don Balthazar Parmesan. Go on said Mr. Pope Mrs. Hastings couldn't swallow all that stuff. O she laughs at it some said Ed but she's sold on it. Sure. The guy's come back to claim his bride. O he's got something all right. Why

Laughs! Here's that talking horse again in some new, blithely hilarious skulduggery

Wilb when old Dom Pedro comes through on the Ouija board and Talcott begins remembering things—you know—the throb of the guitar and the swooning scent of the what's-it in the velvet Spanish nights—I dunno Wilb. It's kinda like being in church.

Mr. Pope couldn't think of anything to say to this so he said it. He was worried though. If Talcott's line was good enough to impress a cynical old horse like Ed it must be pretty hot. And Mr. Hastings wasn't the man to grab Talcott and twist his head off. He'd just sit back proud and silent until Don Balthazar ran off with his wife. But there isn't anything I can do he said.

He didn't know he'd spoken aloud until Ed said O I don't know. All

those Spanish cavaliers were always galloping around on horseback weren't they? He's remembered so much he certainly hasn't forgotten how to ride in four hundred years. Coax him out and let him try my paces. Ed giggled. Boy I'll jolt some of the grandee out of him. No said Mr. Pope we mustn't interfere between husband and wife. It isn't done. Hell said Ed what's Talcott doing? Anyway you're so fond of this Hastings— But Mr. Pope said no again firmly and Ed didn't say any more.

Well a few evenings later the Hastings came over and after dinner they were all walking around in the garden and just as Mrs. Hastings and Mr. Pope went past the door of the barn where Ed lived a voice said Hey oo naughty bad mans how about my supper? Mrs. Hastings gave a little shriek and her hands went up to her mouth. Mr. Pope ran into the barn. Shut up you fool he whispered as he dumped a measure of oats in the manger. Mrs. Hastings is out there. I was coming out to feed you.

Mrs. Hastings had come to the door of the barn. Mr. Pope? she called. Was it—? That voice—I thought I'd heard it before. Nobody here said Mr. Pope coming out. It's a funny thing he went on that we're always hearing voices in that barn. Very odd isn't it? Yes, very odd indeed said Mrs. Hastings. That sort of baby talk too that Little Edie uses. Really Mr. Pope I think the Psychical Research Society would be very much

interested. O I'm sorry said Mr. Pope but I'm afraid that wouldn't do. That kind of publicity is bad for an advertising man. Well said Mrs. Hastings perhaps you're right. But you wouldn't mind if I just tried a little experiment would you? O no said Mr. Pope doubtfully. Not at all.

So they went a little way into the dark barn. Your horse is here isn't he? said Mrs. Hastings. They're usually so frightened of the supernatural— O Ed never pays any attention to anything any one says to him said Mr. Pope so I guess he wouldn't mind a disembodied voice. So Mrs. Hastings said firmly Is anybody here that wishes to communicate with me?

Well there wasn't any sound for a minute and then a dreadful falsetto voice said 'Little Edie dot message for Mr. Hasty. For Frank! said Mrs. Hastings. O get him will you? Or no—I'd better. He doesn't believe in this sort of thing and I'll have to persuade him. So Mrs. Hastings ran to get her husband.

Say look Ed said Mr. Pope quickly. Cut this out will you? 'Little Edie say nuts to oo Mr. bad mans Pope squeaked Ed. How'm I doing Wilb? You're doing us into one hell of a mess said Mr. Pope bitterly. Oo! said Ed. Bad mans say naughty word to 'Little Edie— What's all this Pope? said Mr. Hastings coming up.

Mr. Pope decided to play safe. Darned if I know he said. We heard some sort of voice in here and Evelyn asked some questions and apparently

got some answers though I didn't hear anything. You didn't hear Little Edie? said Mrs. Hastings. I heard something said Mr. Pope but I thought it might be mice. Mice! exclaimed Mrs. Hastings. Wolves is more like it. Listen Frank. Are you here Edie? And the voice squeaked Edie here. There said Mrs. Hastings —didn't you hear that? Sorry said Mr. Pope I didn't hear anything. By the way where's Carlotta? She ran in when that voice came said Mr. Hastings. Scared I guess.

Well Edie said Mrs. Hastings have you a message? Message for Mr. Hasty said Ed. Mr. Hastings make spwings — jouncy-jouncy? Well not too jouncy said Mr. Hastings peering about. People don't like it. Edie like jouncy—not like squeaky bumpy said Ed. Edie fink lots of mans—ride on choo-choo—like to ride on jouncy Hasty spwings. I see said Mr. Hastings thoughtfully. I suppose you can't hear any of this Pope? Do you really mean you're hearing something? said Mr. Pope. This seems rather dull. Come on. Let's go in and play cards. Not dull at all said Mr. Hastings and Mr. Pope didn't like the way he said it. Is there any more Edie? said Mrs. Hastings.

So Ed went on. He had worked up a dreadful approximation of the sort of presentation Mr. Pope might have made and he brought in the Journey Jitters that people get from riding on the wrong kind of springs and outlined a rather grandiose campaign.

**Any thrifty, well-groomed tar
Knows Thin Gillettes are best by far
For fast and easy shaves each time—
And yet four blades cost just a dime!**

**Precision made to fit your
Gillette Razor exactly!**



The Thin Gillette Blade Is Produced By The Maker Of The Famous Gillette Blue Blade

It was probably the first advertising presentation ever made in bona-fide baby talk in the United States of America. And when he got through nobody said anything for a minute and then Mr. Hastings said Is there a light in here? So Mr. Pope turned on the light and then Mr. Hastings went carefully all over the barn.

What on earth are you looking for Frank? said Mrs. Hastings. Wires said her husband. Smart of you Pope to wire your barn for sound. But frankly I'm disappointed in you he went on coldly. Good heavens man you have a perfect right to try to get me to advertise. But not in this underhand way. And I must say it wasn't very clever of you to believe I took any stock in this spiritualism.

Just a minute said Mr. Pope. I give you my word I never heard of these Journey Jitters or any of the rest of it before in my life. O said Mr. Hastings so you did hear it? I thought so. Since you probably wrote the script. The gibe stung Mr. Pope's professional pride. Listen he said. If I'd written that script it would have made some sense and it wouldn't have been in baby talk either. I don't know said Mr. Hastings. I suppose it's really clever this way. Little Edie wouldn't know much about advertising. Well we live and learn. Come along Evelyn.

MR. POPE couldn't trust himself to say anything to Ed. When the Hastings left he went in the house. Mrs. Pope was reading. It's about time she said. Why—where are the Hastings? Mr. Pope said Mrs. Hastings had had a headache so they'd decided to go home. Without saying good night or anything? said Mrs. Pope. Wilbur you didn't insult them or anything? Well said Mr. Pope, you see they thought they got some sort of spirit communication—I don't want to hear about it said Mrs. Pope. I don't believe in such things and anyway I think they're wicked and dangerous. Very queer people the Hastings.

Well for a week or two Mr. Pope didn't hear anything about the Hastings and then one day Mrs. Hastings called him up at the office. She said Mr. Talcott had been very much interested in what she'd told him about the voice in the barn and she wondered if she couldn't bring him over some evening to try it out. Mr. Pope had been pretty worried about the voice business. He knew that if Mr. Hastings repeated the story and it got around that he'd tried to get a contract through fake spirit manifestations it might ruin him professionally. If I refuse he thought they'll think the whole thing was a put-up job. So he made a date with her for nine thirty a couple of evenings later.

Mrs. Pope said she wouldn't have anything to do with it and she went out that evening to the theater with a Mr. Joshua Harrington who isn't of any importance in this story. After dinner Mr. Pope went out to see Ed and told him about it. I'm going to



GOSH! HONEY, LOOK AT THE MONEY WE'RE SAVING

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Here's how to go about it. Fill out and mail the coupon below. Get your GMAC Figuring Chart that gives you the whole financing-and-insurance story in dollars and cents.

In a few minutes you can figure out the cost of your entire transaction—based on the amount of time you want, and the amount you wish to pay monthly. Then

you will know, in advance, exactly

what you get for what you pay!

The next step is to compare the cost of the different financing plans available to you. Check them carefully for financing cost and the completeness of the insurance included. Determine which one gives you greatest value for your money. See for yourself just where and how you can save!

Write for your Figuring Chart today! Learn about the many advantages of the General Motors Instalment Plan! Fill out and mail the coupon now.

This plan is available only through dealers in Chevrolet, Pontiac, Oldsmobile, Buick and Cadillac cars.

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take you over to Barney's he said and tie you up and have him look after you for the night. Aw heck Wilb said Ed I don't see why I should have to move out just because somebody feels like throwing a séance. Nevertheless you're going said Mr. Pope.

Mrs. Hastings and Mr. Talcott were a little late and it was good and dark when they went into the barn. This seems an extraordinary thing Pope said Mr. Talcott. To get any communication by voice you have to have a medium. Yet from what Evelyn tells me this voice seems to come from nowhere. Let's try said Mrs. Hastings. And then in a loud clear voice she said Is there any one here who wishes to communicate? There was no answer. Aren't you here Little Edie? she asked. And a deep muffled voice said Edie eatum too much supper. Edie got belyache. No can come. She send friend. Me big Chief Umslapooey.

Great Scott! said Mr. Talcott. What a voice! That's no control we've ever worked with Evelyn. Mr. Pope had been as startled as the others when the voice boomed out. But he recognized it. He saw at once that Ed had got loose and was now standing outside by the back wall of the barn looking in the window. He started to go round him up and then thought better of it. They'll just think I'm going to fix the machinery he thought. I'd better stay. And he said aloud Sounds like utter nonsense to me. Probably some local hobbledoing having fun with us. O I don't know Pope said Mr. Talcott. The Indian chief is a quite common control.

TELL us who you are said Mrs. Hastings. Me big Injun Chief Umslapooey said Ed. Me killum many paleface—drunkum blood. Wow! He ended with an Indian yell. All right, all right said Mr. Pope crossly. No need to rouse the neighborhood.

This is really remarkable said Mr. Talcott. Even with a medium I've never heard anything like it. Have you a message for us? he asked. Me got message said Ed. Many people got message. Dom Pedro here too. You know somebody name Don Balthazar? Mr. Pope heard Mr. Talcott give an exclamation of surprise and Mrs. Hastings said Why of course! Dom Pedro say ask him if he remember when he sail away from big ship from Cadiz said Ed. Of course I do said Mr. Talcott and then to Mr. Pope he said This seems to be part of a story that we got from Oujia in which Evelyn and I were—well sort of actors. It's amazing George! said Mrs. Hastings. How could any one know? No one could but us whispered Mr. Talcott. But listen.

Dom Pedro say Don Balthazar and Doña Inez much in love said Ed and added a couple of explosive kisses by way of illustration. Well—goodness! said Mrs. Hastings. You remember why he go in ship? asked Ed. Let me see said Mr. Talcott obviously trying not to give too much away to Mr. Pope. Wasn't it that the King wanted

her to marry somebody else and so he had Don Balthazar forcibly arrested and given command of one of Cortes' ships? That what Don Balthazar say said Ed—Dom Pedro say different. He say put-up job. He say Doña Inez want to marry Don B. But Don B. already got wife in Burgos—nother in Toledo. Don B. scared. Go to King and say Give me ship. Sure say King. King glad to get Don B. out of country. He make pass at Queen too.

Ed stopped and nobody said anything for a minute. I don't remember anything like that said Mr. Talcott finally. You're making this up. How could any one George? said Mrs. Hastings. Nobody could know the first part of it but us. Are you still here chief? Ugh! said Ed. How do we know you're telling the truth? she asked. You turn on light said Ed. Look on floor.

SO Mr. Pope put on the light. On the floor before them was a rose.

Good heavens said Mrs. Hastings picking it up it's from my garden! One of our very choicest blooms—a Mme. Humphrey Schlumberger. Now how on earth—I've seen that done before said Mr. Talcott. It's one of the stock tricks. Yes but George—from my own garden! said Mrs. Hastings. Mr. Talcott seemed a little rattled. Put out the light Pope he said. I want to ask a few questions.

So the light was snapped off and Mr. Talcott said See here chief. From all we've heard of Don Balthazar he was an upright and honorable man. Upright like a snake said Ed. When he sail away he stealum Doña Inez' jewels. When he go to Mexico he forgetum all about Doña Inez—have big harem—all Injun. He kill many Injun brave—take their wives. Mrs. Hastings laughed suddenly. You see Evelyn said Mr. Talcott like all spirit communications it's more than half nonsense. You have to pick out what's of any use. I think you're understating said Mrs. Hastings. I'm beginning to see how much nonsense there really is. O it's inexplicable all right. I thought at first maybe it was a hoax and Mr. Pope was responsible. But nobody could have known of the Don Balthazar story because we've never spoken of it to any one else. Really George I think we'd better drop it. As you wish Evelyn said Mr. Talcott with simple dignity. How about a light Pope?

Wait! said Ed. Me big Chief Umslapooey. Why you think me come here? Me want revenge! Revenge on Don Balthazar who steal my squaw. O come chief said Mr. Talcott nervously. Don Balthazar step outside said Ed. We fight duel. Not on your life said Mr. Talcott. I've seen some of these poltergeist manifestations and I'm just not having any. Throwing rocks and so on.

Mr. Pope began to see light. O let's go out he said. We aren't afraid of a voice are we? Come on Talcott. Mr. Pope bad mans said Ed. Swear at little children. But brave man. Ugh! Not like the white-liver Talcott. O

all right said Mr. Talcott nervously.

The two men went outside. It was as dark there as inside the barn. Mr. Talcott shivered. And suddenly there was a thump of hoofs and a terrific war whoop and a huge white shape careened around the corner of the barn and bore down on them. Mr. Talcott gave a yell and fled. And as Mrs. Hastings came out of the barn door her husband's voice said For heaven's sake Pope what was that?

I—I haven't any idea said Mr. Pope. Hello Hastings. I thought you—well after what happened here before—Forget it said Mr. Hastings. I certainly didn't intend to come but you remember the voice that Sunday at my house? I heard it about an hour ago. I was reading and I thought I heard some one down in the rose garden. I stuck my head out and that voice said Better go over to Popes'. So I drove over. I've been here quite a while.

O said Mr. Pope. Yes said Mr. Hastings. And after all I've heard—well perhaps I've been wrong and there is something in this spiritualistic stuff after all. Not that I pretend to understand it. But I do think perhaps I was a little hasty that day. Evelyn? O there you are. I don't think it's much good for you to wait for George. And Pope—come over Sunday. Maybe we could work out some angle on that advertising.

BY and by Mr. Pope went back into the barn. Hey Wilb said Ed's voice get this damn thing off the old chief will you? Mr. Pope snapped on the light. Ed stood in his stall with his head through a hole in a sheet which was draped over his withers. Stole this off the line and tore a hole in it said Ed. Darn near broke my neck when I stepped on a corner of it coming around the barn. Good Lord! said Mr. Pope. It's one of those monogrammed things that Carlotta—Yeah said Ed. You'd better hide it. Look Wilb how'd you like the rose trick? Big chief pickum posy hey?

You might have spared their show blooms said Mr. Pope. A rose by any other name than Mme. Schlumberger said Ed. You know I was just thinking. Why'n't we take this spook racket up seriously? I been rambling around nights a lot lately and with what you guess and I know about this neighborhood we could tear the place wide open. Why not just straight blackmail! said Mr. Pope. It's simpler. He went to the closet and took out a glass and a bottle of whisky. He poured out a drink and handed the bottle to Ed. Here he said you communicate with the kind of spirits you understand. Ed tipped back his head. There was a diminishing gurgle and the bottle dropped to the floor. Mmm! he said big chief likum firewater. Guess you're right Wilb. All I did was try to help you and what do I get? I get to stand outside that window some more Sunday afternoons. And I still don't see what you like in that guy.

THE END

Liberty 5¢



El Gilchrist

**Why Breen
Resigned from the
Hays Office**

**BY ADELA
ROGERS ST. JOHNS**

Why Matsuoka Hates The United States

☆ THIS Wilbur Pope would have been a lot happier I guess if he hadn't had such a beautiful wife. Not that I suppose he'd have swapped her for a homely one if you could have convinced him of it. But most of the neighbors out around Mt. Kisco were in love with her and so the number of people who dropped in for cock-tails on Saturdays and Sundays you wouldn't believe. This kind of competition keeps a man on his toes and Mr. Pope was the kind of man who likes to drop back on his heels week-ends and relax.

Ed thought it was a crying shame. Ed was Mr. Pope's horse. I know that as a rule animals don't talk but Ed did. Ed said that after a hard week in town Mr. Pope ought to be able to drop back on his heels. Only if it was me he said I wouldn't drop on my own heels—I'd drop on some of those heels that are drinking up your

vited you and the missis for ten days? Mr. Pope said he had.

Look Wilbur said Ed it ain't any of my business but you've always spent your vacations right here in Mt. Kisco and we've always had a good time haven't we? You know what these big houses are—all glitter and pomp and servants giving you the down-the-nose when you drop ashes on the floor. That ain't for you. And another thing he said you know how all that stuff goes to a woman's head and already your wife is giving this Laddie boy some pretty cozy looks. You know I won't tolerate any criticism of Carlotta Ed said Mr. Pope coldly. O K O K said Ed. So I suppose you're going then? Mr. Pope just sighed. So Ed sighed too to show sympathy which he didn't feel much of because he thought Mr. Pope was a sap to put up with it. I guess Ed had never been in love. Hand me my saddle he said and let's crawl over to Barney's for some beer. So they

along Carlotta he said. We haven't any horses now so there's lots of stable room. And if he likes exploring back roads so much there's miles of them where you hardly ever meet a car. Mr. Laidlaw seldom addressed Mr. Pope directly but talked to Mrs. Pope about him. As if you was her half-witted child said Ed. Why don't you sock him one in the gobble Wilb? It would make a swell headline. Laidlaw Laid Low. Prominent advertising executive plugs playboy. O shut up Ed said Mr. Pope.

So Ed traveled down to the Cape in a boxcar. Mrs. Pope wanted Mr. Pope to hire a man to go with him but Mr. Pope said no he'd rather take care of Ed himself. So when they cantered up the drive of the Laidlaw home after twenty-four hours en route they were neither of them looking their best. They cantered right into the middle of a luncheon party on the terrace.

My heaven Laddie bury the silver!



Ed

He's in again! A sidesplitting tale of the talking horse and his most hilariously successful masquerade

likes to be beside the

BY WALTER BROOKS

Seaside

good liquor. Take this guy they call Laddie—Mr. Laidlaw to you horse said Mr. Pope. That's right said Ed twit me with my parentage. Well thank heavens I'm a horse if this Laddie is a human. What's the guy got Wilbur that they all bow down and mumble when he shows up? Money said Mr. Pope—money and a swell big house down on the Cape that they all want to be invited to. Yeah? said Ed and I gather he's in-

did. And after the third bottle Mr. Pope said Anyway Ed I promise I won't go to the Cape unless I take you along.

Now Ed was the kind of horse that when you looked at him you were reminded of milk wagons rather than of pink coats and Mrs. Pope was ashamed of him. And so maybe he wouldn't have got to the Cape after all if Mr. Laidlaw hadn't backed Mr. Pope up. Sure let him bring the horse

said some one It's Mosby's guerrillas! And some one began to sing John Peel. But Mrs. Pope who had driven down the day before jumped up and she and Mr. Laidlaw hustled Mr. Pope into the house. So when he'd had a bath and a change he came out and was introduced. Most of the party seemed to be neighbors but there were some house guests—a couple named Cameron who quarreled a lot and a languid girl

CHARLES

After a minute Ed said,
Hey for cat's sake Wilb
What's going on out
there? Mr. Pope looked.



ILLUSTRATOR
CHARLES LA GALLE

named Lily something. And then there was Mr. Laidlaw's mother who was formidable as several bushels of inherited bonds could make her and believe me that is pretty formidable. She looked at Mr. Pope as one might look at a doubtful oyster. Of course that makes you feel like a doubtful oyster and Mr. Pope did and acted like one too. They couldn't get anything out of him about his trip down and so by and by they got tired of making fun of him and talked of something else.

The something else was a sea serpent that some local fishermen claimed to have seen. According to all accounts it had a sort of dragon head on a long neck that stuck up out of the water and a long snakelike body—usually submerged. One man had mistaken the head for a buoy and tried to moor to it one night and the head had bitten a big piece out of the gunwale. Then it had swum away hissing. Mr. Laidlaw said he guessed it was just the natives having their usual fun with the summer people but Lily said it was queer then that their descriptions all agreed so exactly. I know said Mr. Laidlaw. Big expressionless dull eyes and a green mane. The conventional sea serpent of all old sailors' yarns. The real one is quite different. They've got one up at Yale—a 42-foot giant squid with eight arms and two 30-foot tentacles—Goodness Laddie stop it! said Mrs. Pope. You know how I love sea bathing. You'll scare me so I shan't go near the water. Well hang your clothes on a hickory limb said Mr. Cameron and we won't complain.

Well they talked about the serpent for a while but when it came to go swimming nobody seemed scared that he might join them. They dressed in the house and walked down through the garden and across some dunes to the Laidlaw beach and there were chairs and parasols and a little pavilion containing food and assorted firewater. They threw off their robes and dashed into the water with glad cries and Mr. Pope dashed in after them only without the glad cries. He didn't like swimming much because water always got in his ears and roared. Lily who was startling in a bathing suit that so closely matched the color of her skin as to be practically invisible seemed to have decided that he needed encouraging. She had shaken off her languor with her clothes but Mr. Pope having spent the previous night in a boxcar was not feeling vivacious. He apologized for his dullness and excused himself and went ashore. As he started Lily dove and caught him by the ankles and upset him. And he got water in his ears.

He dropped down beside Mrs. Laidlaw who somehow managed to look formal even in a beach chair. Your wife is very pretty said Mrs. Laidlaw. Mr. Pope supposed it was a compliment and wondered how she managed to make it sound like a snub. He said he guessed she was. Mrs. Laidlaw

(Continued on page 41)

didn't say anything more and the next thing Mr. Pope knew he was waking up. He blinked at the sea and saw the bathers far out and he blinked at Mrs. Laidlaw who was apparently not enough aware of him to know that he'd been asleep. And then he got up and went into the little pavilion and had a giant drink of Bourbon and felt better.

But he still didn't feel enough better to tackle Mrs. Laidlaw again and so he thought he'd go get dressed and then call on Ed in his new quarters. Ed would appreciate a slug of that Bourbon he thought. So he slid the bottle under his robe and started out and tripped over a rug and the bottle fell into the sand and when he went to pick it up there was Mrs. Laidlaw looking at him. You don't need to take that whisky with you Mr. Pope she said. Just ring for anything you want when you get to the house. Mr. Pope felt his ears getting hot and he said O I was just—I mean the bottle didn't bake—I mean—I quite understand said Mrs. Laidlaw and she gave him the doubtful oyster look again only this time there wasn't any doubt. And Mr. Pope put the bottle back and went.

★ WELL gosh it didn't look as if Mr. Pope was going to have much fun. He dressed and waited around in his room until Mrs. Pope came back from the beach and then he said Look Carlotta do we really have to stay here ten days? These people get me down. They make me feel as if I were in trade or something. Mrs. Pope said he was too sensitive. Sure I am said Mr. Pope. That's part of my charm. Look Carlotta he said if you're so hipped on sea bathing—Hipped! exclaimed Mrs. Pope I do wish you wouldn't use such obsolete terms. O K said Mr. Pope if we can't talk about it we can't talk about it. Guess I'll take Ed for a stroll before dinner.

Well the days went by like a dream—one of those dreams you have after a heavy late supper. They were spent mostly on the beach and in the tepid water for it was very hot and in the evenings Mr. Pope had to admit that it was pleasant to splash about and cool off. His first unfortunate entrance on Ed had evidently decided the other guests that he was negligible so they didn't bother him much. Mr. Pope didn't mind. It left him free to take long rides on Ed.

There was a cove full of fishing boats a mile or so from the house and sometimes he would ride down there and talk with the fishermen. The fishermen didn't seem to think there was anything funny about Ed and they were delighted with the way he could take a bottle of beer in his teeth and tip up his head and let it gurgle down his throat. They had a theory about the sea serpent too. One of them showed Mr. Pope a clipping from a two-year-old paper about a

sea serpent scare on the Breton coast. We sort of figure he said that it's the same critter. Probably all the shooting over there got on his nerves and he's come here for a spell of quiet.

On the fourth day Ed and Mr. Pope had come back from the cove along the beach and were about to go up to the stables by a sandy roadway that turned in a hundred yards east of the pavilion. Nobody was on the beach. Wait a minute said Mr. Pope and he dismounted and walked over to the pavilion and got the Bourbon. Then he and Ed sat down behind a dune and Mr. Pope pulled the cork. This is the life! said Ed. You know Wilb if we could contact that sea serpent and get him to patrol this beach we'd have the whole place to ourselves every day. I wonder if we could coax him up here. What do you suppose he likes to eat? Probably horse said Mr. Pope. Pooh said Ed I don't go in for self-deprecation as you know but nobody eats horse if he can get anything else. O-o he said peering out from behind the dune. Look who's here.

Mrs. Pope and Mr. Laidlaw had come down the path in their bathing suits and were splashing into the water. After a minute Ed said Hey for cat's sake Wilb what's going on out there? Mr. Pope looked. O nothing he said. Laddie's teaching her to float I guess. Ed gave a grunt. Looks more like he was teaching her to wrassle he said. He turned and looked at Mr. Pope. You sure Wilb she ain't kind of drifting away from you? he said. O quit worrying about Carlotta Ed said Mr. Pope. Carlotta knows what she's about. That's what I mean mumbled Ed and Mr. Pope said sharply What's that? I said A beautiful scene said Ed hastily. Referring to the blue empyrean and the bounding billows and what not. Let's go back Wilb I'm sleepy.

★ SO when Ed had been stabled and unsaddled Mr. Pope went around to the terrace and sat and watched the fog blur the garden shrubbery. Everybody else was indoors. And he'd been there about fifteen minutes when a shout came from the beach and then Mrs. Pope's voice screaming Help! Wilbur!

Mr. Pope did the commuter's sprint down the path. He couldn't see anything when he got to the beach but there was a lot of splashing out in the fog and in a minute Mrs. Pope and Mr. Laidlaw came prancing through the shallows. Mrs. Pope flung herself into his arms. O Wilbur! she gasped. the sea—the serpent! It's out there! Nonsense! said Mr. Pope trying to hold her off. Quit it Carlotta—you're ruining my clothes. What's all this Laddie? he asked looking at Mr. Laidlaw over her shoulder.

My heaven it's true said Mr. Laidlaw speaking directly to Mr. Pope for the first time. He seemed even more scared than Mrs. Pope and his

teeth were chattering. It's just as they described it—the dragon head and long neck and so on. And those terrible eyes! He shuddered. Nonsense! said Mr. Pope again because he couldn't think of anything else. It isn't nonsense said Mrs. Pope. I guess if you'd seen it—O listen she said it's making that noise again. Through the fog came a queer low whimpering giggle and then a splash. H'm said Mr. Pope. Something out there all right. But I don't know what we can do about it. Get in the house Carlotta. And you too Laddie—you look all in. Mr. Laidlaw tried to pull himself together. I suppose you think I'm a frightful coward Pope he said challengingly. Since I don't know what you saw how can I say? said Mr. Pope. Come on. Inside.

★ THERE was a lot of talk and kidding but they stuck to their story. Next day Ed said So the old serpent came in and hissed at our two pretties yesterday eh? How'd you hear about it? Mr. Pope asked and Ed said O downstairs talk. You know Wilb the keyhole to listen at if you go in for such things is the kitchen one—not the parlor one. Boy do the servants collect the dirt! I don't care to hear it said Mr. Pope firmly. I know darn well you wouldn't said Ed so I'm not going to tell you. He snickered. D'you know Mrs. Laidlaw wears balbriggan union suits? Mr. Pope grinned slightly but he said Not interested. Who would be? said Ed.

Well that afternoon was the hottest yet and Lily and the Camerons and Mr. Pope said they were going to swim anyway serpent or no serpent. So they did. Mrs. Pope and Mr. Laidlaw were finally shamed into going in and they romped around in the ripples for a while under the cold eye of Mrs. Laidlaw but gradually ventured farther out. The sea serpent didn't show up.

So that evening was too hot to do anything but just loll around so they all did except of course Mrs. Laidlaw who belonged to the earlier generation which does not loll. Mr. Pope wondered if long underwear was the reason why the earlier generation disliked lolling. It was probably too stiff. Maybe it itched. Thinking about it made him still hotter and at last he said My it's hot.

Well I suppose you think this wasn't much of a remark but it was the first unsolicited one he had made since he had been in the house. It was like baby's first sentence. They all stared at him. And after a minute Mr. Cameron said Why don't we go for a swim? Mrs. Pope said O! and looked at Mr. Laidlaw who said a little stiffly I suppose you all think we have been kidding you about the serpent. I assure you there's something—something out there and I'd rather be a lot more hot and uncomfortable than I am than to see it again. Hallucination said Mr. Cameron. It was not! said Mrs. Pope. I saw it too. Collective hallucination said Mr. Cameron. When people are en rapport you

know they see the same things. Goodness said Lily you must have been *en grand rapport* to have a sea serpent appear to you. But of course you two are! she said and her eyes flickered towards Mr. Pope.

Mr. Pope didn't like the undercurrent in this talk and he said shortly Well I'm going in anyway. Mrs. Pope started to protest but Lily and the Camerons got up and said they'd get ready and Mrs. Laidlaw said she'd join them on the beach. And you will go to look after me Laddie she said. Mr. Laidlaw shrugged and said Yes mother and Mrs. Pope said Well I'll get into my bathing suit anyway.

☆ IT was one of those hot dark blue nights and the water was still and tepid and Lily and the Camerons and Mr. Pope waded right out into water deep enough to swim in which in those regions is quite a wade. Lily insisted on Mr. Pope keeping his arm around her because she said otherwise she couldn't keep her feet and Mr. Pope said that was all right but how was he to keep his head then? and this bit of persiflage so encouraged Lily that she kissed him. Mr. Pope liked this all right and he looked back to see if Mrs. Pope was safe but even though the night was clear the starshine on the water was deceptive and he couldn't see her. He couldn't even see the Camerons who were only a little way ahead of him.

Hey Laddie you and Carlotta come out here called Mr. Cameron. O come on! added Mrs. Cameron. There isn't any serpent around—I guess it isn't his night to hiss. I have to stay with mother shouted Mr. Laidlaw.

Mrs. Laidlaw's voice came clearly over the water. You have to do nothing of the kind she said. Dear me Laddie are you really afraid of this mythical creature of yours? Well—said Mr. Laidlaw doubtfully. 'Fraidy cat!' said Lily. Really Laddie! said Mrs. Laidlaw. Well—come on Carlotta said Mr. Laidlaw and Mr. Pope heard them splashing towards him. Then he heard Mr. Cameron say to his wife in a low voice He really is scared of the damned thing! and Mrs. Cameron murmured Nonsense it's just an excuse to stay away from us with the girl friend.

Well they all swam around for a while and played various games—most of which seemed to involve ducking Mr. Pope so that he got water in his ears again. Mr. Laidlaw seemed rather on edge and he kept peering into the surrounding darkness and once when there was a loud splash not far from them he said nervously Listen! what's that? But Lily said Look Laddie this is an ocean we're in. What would be queer would be if you didn't hear splashes. And Mrs. Pope said You know Laddie maybe that thing really was some kind of a hoax. I think you— And then she stopped. For from very close by came some even louder splashes and a kind of tremulous giggling. And as they turned to that direction something came towards them out of the night.

Lily's scream was the loudest but Mr. Laidlaw was the most despairing. As Mr. Pope joined the frantic rush for shore he had a glimpse of a dragonlike head on a neck perhaps two feet of which rose above the water. There was also a mane of what looked like seaweed and a very nasty expression. But halfway to the beach Mr. Pope heard a cry behind him. Wilbur! Wilbur! Wait for me!

He stopped swimming. Hey Laddie—Cameron! he called. Wait for Carlotta. She can't keep up. For Mrs. Pope wasn't much of a swimmer. But neither of the men paid any attention. You darned rats! he said and then turned back. All right old girl he called. Take it easy. And he caught the sobbing Mrs. Pope by the arm and pulled her to her feet. You'll make better time walking he said. Put your hand on my shoulder. He glanced once behind him. The monster was following but slowly. Behind the head he caught the steady star reflection on a sleek body. Take it easy he said He's not coming.

On the beach Lily and the Camerons were standing looking out into the darkness and ready at a moment's notice to dive into the path to the house. Mrs. Laidlaw had got to her feet and was shaking her son. I don't care if it was a battleship she said sternly. This is the Laidlaw beach. You shouldn't desert a guest.

Mr. Pope wrapped a robe around his trembling wife. Go up to the house he said. I'll be up presently. I've got an idea. And he turned and walked back into the sea. Pope! For heaven's sake! said Mr. Cameron and Lily said We're all safe Wilbur. Don't be a fool. But Mr. Pope waded steadily out towards the uncanny giggling sound.

☆ PRESENTLY the head loomed up. It turned as he came closer and the big teeth smiled. Hi Wilb said Ed cautiously. Meet the Terror of the Deep. How'm I doing? You've scared us all half to death you fool said Mr. Pope. For heaven's sake go on back to the stable. If they find out they'll think I arranged this and that would be just dandy. And I wish you'd stop that giggling. Can't help it said Ed. There's some little fishes that keep pecking at me and they tickle. But lookit Wilbur. You don't realize what I've done for you. You been kind of a dope all the time you've been here and I've made you a hero. Like the Bible says thou hast bound Leviathan with a hook. And you didn't even have a hook—you did it with your bare hands. Look. I'll thrash around and scream and then you go back and tell 'em you strangled me. You can take some of this seaweed back to prove it. Looks real pretty in my mane don't it? though I had a hell of a time winding it in.

Mr. Pope thought a minute. I can't tell 'em of course he said. But I guess we'll do without the strangling act. Go on back. I'll think of something. O. K. said Ed. Maybe you'd better not say anything at that. Just be kind of

modest and pull a blush on 'em. Strong silent man. Let Laddie boy do the explaining. Boy did he pull the plug on himself when he won that race to the beach! O go on back to the stable said Mr. Pope. Sure boss said Ed I hear and I obey. But let me give 'em a little scream first. And before Mr. Pope could stop him he screamed.

Mr. Pope had never heard a horse scream before. He knew it was supposed to be a pretty terrible sound but it was a lot more so than he had imagined. He looked at Ed and although the horse grinned at him Mr. Pope felt suddenly scared of him. He wanted to get back on dry land. He turned quickly and started wading inshore.

Only Mrs. Pope and Mrs. Laidlaw were on the beach. O Wilbur! said Mrs. Pope and clung to him. Take it easy said Mr. Pope. Everything is under control. Mr. Pope said Mrs. Laidlaw I have to apologize for my son. He has been guilty of a serious breach of hospitality for the first duty of a host is to protect his guests. O please said Mr. Pope. It wasn't—well anybody'd have been scared. I want to go home Wilbur said Mrs. Pope. I thought you— She shuddered. And Laddie wouldn't go to help you she said. He told me it was useless—you were foolhardy and there wasn't anything he could do. O I hate him!

Mrs. Laidlaw looked at Mr. Pope for a moment. I think perhaps it would be better if you did go she said. You'll have to drive most of the night. But I will have a responsible man bring your horse on. And speaking of horses Mr. Pope have you ever heard a horse scream? Mr. Pope frowned. Yes he said. Once. I have several times said Mrs. Laidlaw and it is horrible—and unmistakable. So aside from the apology I offer for my son I offer you one for myself. When you rode out that first day I misjudged you completely. You are a very clever man. Under happier circumstances I should have enjoyed talking with you.

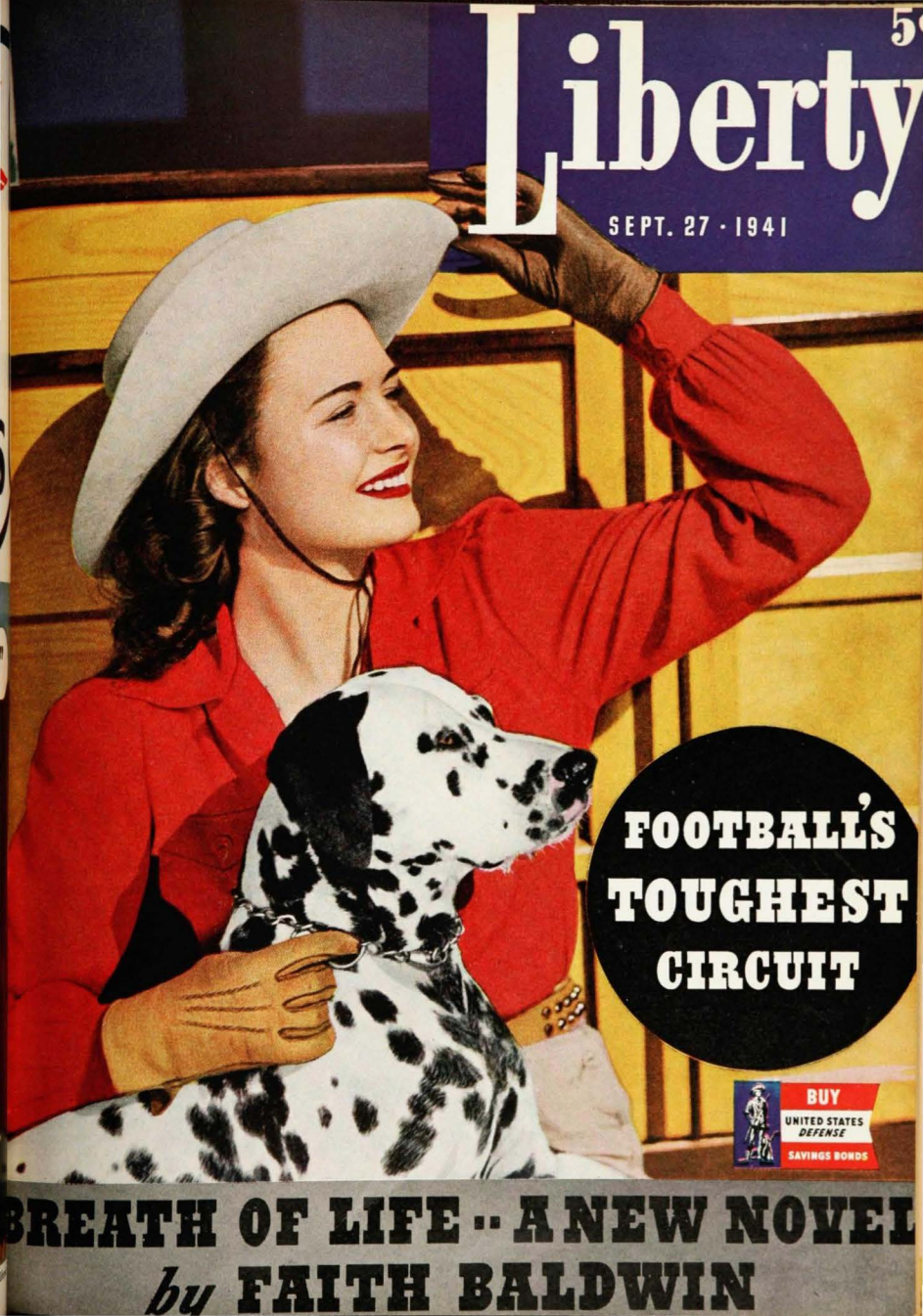
☆ WELL said Mr. Pope I think I owe you an apology too though just how to frame it— Mrs. Laidlaw shook her head. People of wealth are not necessarily fools Mr. Pope she said. And I think you've done a good enough job of framing. Good night and good-by she said and turned and went up the path.

What's she talking about? said Mrs. Pope as they followed slowly. You were so brave Wilbur—but why does she think you're clever? Just a minority opinion said Mr. Pope. Forget it and let's go pack. That is if you really want to go? You bet I want to go said Mrs. Pope and I never want to see that Laddie again.

They were close to the house now and through the open window Mr. Pope could see the bathing party standing in the hall. What's that? he said. This water in my ears—I can't hear you. I say repeated Mrs. Pope in a loud voice that I never want to see that coward Laddie again. Mr. Pope said O.

Liberty

SEPT. 27 · 1941

A woman with dark hair, wearing a light-colored cowboy hat and a bright red long-sleeved shirt, is smiling and looking upwards. She is holding a Dalmatian dog with black spots on its white fur. She is also wearing tan leather gloves. The background is a warm, yellowish-brown color with some wooden paneling.

**FOOTBALL'S
TOUGHEST
CIRCUIT**



BREATH OF LIFE .. A NEW NOVEL
by **FAITH BALDWIN**

★ WHEN Mrs. Pope's Aunt Amelia died Mr. Pope didn't feel very bad. How could he?—he'd never even seen her. Of course I don't mean that he felt good about it either. All of Aunt Amelia's money went to her stepson Laurence Hammersley. And although she had left instructions that her famous string of pearls should go to Mrs. Pope there wasn't much for Mr. Pope to feel gay about in that because while they would look nice on Mrs. Pope he knew she would look just as nice in a ten cent store string which didn't have to be insured for \$10,000. So as I say he didn't feel either one way or the other about it and he wore a black necktie and looked solemn for a day or two and that was that.

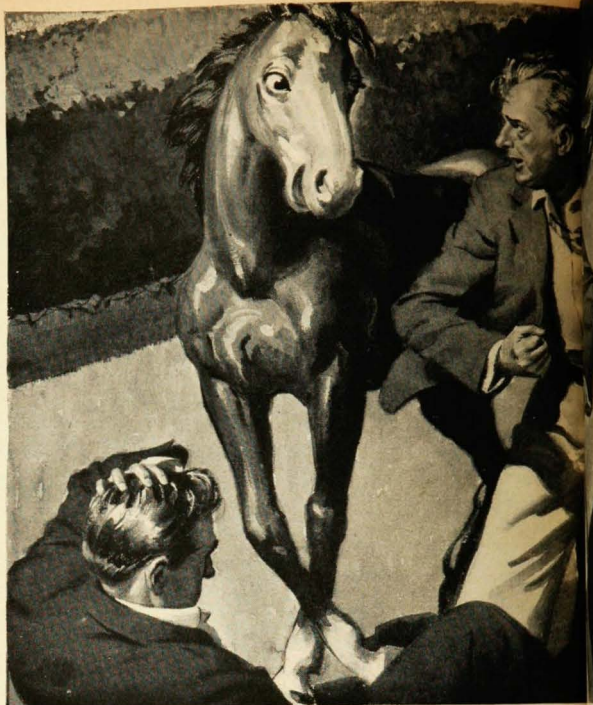
Of course Mrs. Pope went to the funeral which was in Philadelphia and when she got back to Mount Kisco Mr. Pope asked her about the pearls. O I expect Laurence will send them along soon said Mrs. Pope. But didn't you ask him about them? said Mr. Pope and Mrs. Pope said Why Wilbur at a time like that you can't talk about such things! And Mr. Pope said O.

Well a month went by and nothing was heard from Mr. Hammersley. Mrs. Pope wondered about the pearls some but Mr. Pope didn't say anything because the longer she didn't have them the longer he wouldn't have to pay insurance on them.

And then one day Mr. Pope was walking across Fifty-second Street and he ran into Mr. Hammersley. Why hello Hammersley he said I didn't know you were in town. Mr. Hammersley said a case he was working on had brought him to New York for a few days. Well you must come out to Mount Kisco said Mr. Pope. Carlotta'll want to see you. Mr. Hammersley was kind of evasive but Mr. Pope knew that Mrs. Pope would skin him alive if he let Mr. Hammersley escape so he insisted and finally pinned Mr. Hammersley down to the following evening. And then he said casually I suppose you brought along the famous pearls. The pearls? said Mr. Hammersley. O why no—no I didn't. O said Mr. Pope. Well Carlotta will want to see you just the same I guess. I'll expect you at the office then around four thirty tomorrow.

So Mr. Hammersley came out and they had a nice dinner and Mrs. Pope made a fuss over him and Mr. Pope tried to be entertaining but Mr. Hammersley was about as responsive as a hoptoad and neither of them thought it was a good time to bring up the matter of the pearls. They thought maybe he'd bring it up. But he didn't and so along about midnight Mrs. Pope said Well Laurence I hope you brought Aunt Amelia's pearls along with you.

Ed? said Mr. Hammersley and he looked puzzled and annoyed and then he said Dear me I'm afraid this is all rather awkward. I really wouldn't have come out if I'd realized that you



Well! said Mr. Pope and looked around at Ed. The horse winked.

were still under a misapprehension about the pearls. But perhaps it's as well that you brought it up so that we can clear it away.

Mr. Pope had swallowed so many yawns that he was beginning to have indigestion but now he woke up. What misapprehension? he said. Why as you know said Mr. Hammersley mother's entire estate was left to me. There was nothing in the will Carlotta—you heard it read—which stated or even implied that there were any exceptions. What? said Mrs. Pope incredulously. You mean you're keeping them yourself? But good heavens Laurence Aunt Amelia told me repeatedly—I have heard you say so said Mr. Hammersley and I will admit that once or twice she made a more or less vague statement to that effect to me. But after all we can only go by her intentions at the time she made her will.

O come Laurence put in Mr. Pope everybody in Carlotta's family knew she was to have those pearls. I know there was such an impression said Mr. Hammersley coldly but unfortunately it was not founded on fact. As executor of the will I have no choice—but to take something that doesn't

BY WALTER BROOK

belong to you! interrupted Mrs. Pope bitterly. Why Laurence I never heard of such a dishonest thing! Wilbur what are you going to do about it?

Well I don't know Carlotta said Mr. Pope. If Laurence wants to grab them I don't see how we can stop him. I suppose maybe if you can get some witnesses who heard your aunt say the pearls were to go to you—I won't have a family lawsuit interrupted Mrs. Pope and if that's all you can think of—why Wilbur I'm amazed at you! Can't you stick up for me in anything? Well I don't know Carlotta said Mr. Pope again but Mrs. Pope didn't let him finish. No! she said contemptuously. You never do! O if I were a man I'd make Laurence hand over those pearls if I had to break every bone in his body! I think you can be thankful said Mr. Hammersley that Wilbur is not the kind of man who would care to attempt anything violent. If you ask me he is being very sensible. Mrs. Pope glared at him a moment and tried to think of something to say but all she could think



guess you know about Ed. He was Mr. Pope's horse. Mr. Pope used to ride him week-ends. When he found the animal could talk it was quite a surprise though a pleasant one for while Ed wasn't exactly cultured he had sense and everybody knows that horse sense is better than any other. I suppose it is what you call common sense. And Lord knows Ed was common.

So Mr. Pope told Ed about the pearls. There were eighty-six of them he said. Graduated. Wouldn't you know it? said Ed. You wouldn't catch that guy traveling around with a lot of common pearls. Pearls from educated oysters I suppose. Well they aren't cultured pearls anyway said Mr.

oyster he said. You aren't much help Ed said Mr. Pope. There ain't any help for you Wilb said the horse because you want people to think you're polite. Underneath you're just as vulgar as I am. Of the earth earthy—that's us Wilb. But you got a kind of veneer onto you and you're afraid of gettin' it scratched. Now if it was me I'd go down to Philly and sock that guy in the nose and raise such a public howl that he'd rather give you the pearls than have a scandal. Sure maybe you'd get thrown in the can but how do you think he'd like that? Only you won't do it. Mr. Pope said no that was out. Well there you are said Ed.

Prepare for laughs . . The
talking horse is in again!

So a month went by and Mrs. Pope stayed pretty irritated about the pearls and I guess she'd have been more irritated if she hadn't had something else to be irritated about. This something was a man who had taken the Haight place. His name was Jelks. But Mrs. Pope didn't mind this so much. What she minded was that the Haight place—which was a three-room cottage with a big studio—was shoved right tight up against the Pope place so that if you sat in the Haight garden when the Popes were in their garden you were practically a member of the Pope family circle. And Mr. Jelks was not possessed of those endearing qualities which might make him acceptable as a member. He was a wiry young-old man with a derisive expression which was at once reinforced and made ambiguous by a bad squint. And it was his pleasure to sit in his garden in the cool of the evening and stare at the Popes—now and then laughing quietly to himself.

Mr. Pope maintained that Mr. Jelks was merely smiling gently at his own thoughts. Mrs. Pope said she didn't doubt it and that merely showed what kind of man he was to have that kind of thoughts. And as for staring at you said Mr. Pope nobody but a trained oculist could tell what he was staring at. You could tell quickly enough if you wanted to said Mrs. Pope. Maybe

Ed Takes The Cockeyed *Initiative*

of was Bah! so she said it and jumped up and left the room. Well said Mr. Pope after a moment perhaps we had better go to bed.

So Mr. Hammersley left in the morning before Mrs. Pope got up and Mr. Pope left with him. Mr. Pope was not very happy about the affair. He couldn't say to himself that he hadn't done anything because that was just what Mrs. Pope was mad at. She made him feel that he'd been pretty weak-kneed. He talked to Ed about it. I

Pope and then he had to explain the difference between cultured and natural pearls and how in both cases it was an irritation in the oyster that produced the pearl. Ed thought that if an oyster handed out a pearl every time it got irritated it might be a good idea to get some oysters and tease them. I wish Cousin Laurence was an

you don't mind that gargoyle sitting there snickering at us but if you had any consideration for me you'd make him stop it. O come Carlotta said Mr. Pope you can't prevent him sitting in his own garden. I admit he's a nuisance but I understand he's only taken the place for two months. We can put

(Continued on page 38)

ED TAKES THE COCKEYED INITIATIVE

Continued from Page 27

up with him that long. Mrs. Pope said she guessed she'd have to if her husband was too big a coward to protect her from insults. But Mr. Pope didn't see what he could do.

Ed had no use for Mr. Jelks either and he had even less for his man Tom. Tom was a big jovial red-faced man and although he cooked and answered the door he called Mr. Jelks Pete which isn't standard practice between servant and employer in Mount Kisco. Ed objected to that and he objected to Tom's drinking beer with Mr. Jelks in the garden evenings which isn't standard practice either. But what made him really mad was the way they made fun of him. I don't make no more pretense to beauty than what you do Wilb he said to Mr. Pope but I ain't going to be laughed at. If I ain't got more class than that Tom I'll go over to the boneyard and give myself up.

★ MR. POPE had been a little sore himself at the giggles and overheard remarks that had been passed every time he appeared on Ed. But he didn't see what he could do and he certainly didn't want the horse to start anything. Ed's methods were pretty direct. So he tried to rouse sympathy for Mr. Jelks' infirmity—telling Ed what a terrible inferiority complex such an eye must give the poor man and how bad it must make him feel. Yeah? said Ed. Well it ain't anything to the way it makes me feel. The guy's so cockeyed it makes my head ache to look at him. O sure I'm sorry for him. I been thinking how I could help him. Do you think a good bat side the head might jolt that eye back into position? If you want to keep on eating at my expense said Mr. Pope firmly you'll let those two strictly alone.

This threat usually worked with Ed and having bound him over to keep the peace Mr. Pope felt easier. It was bad enough having Mrs. Pope at him to avenge fancied insults without having to worry about what Ed might do. But Ed was behaving pretty well. At least he seemed to be although there were one or two odd things. Mr. Pope noticed that when they started out for a ride now Ed kept his head turned toward the Haight garden and if Mr. Jelks and Tom were there was as usually the case there were no more snickers. Instead the two men stared menacingly at the horse and seemed to be cursing under their breath. Wonder what's the matter with them? said Mr. Pope but Ed said innocently that he couldn't imagine.

Then on weekday evenings when Mr. Pope got back from the city he noticed that Ed usually seemed to be standing close to the hedge that separated the two gardens. Ed had the run of the place and was never tied up so there wasn't anything out of the way about that. But for some reason Mr. Jelks didn't seem to like it and one

evening just as Mr. Pope drove into the yard he jumped up suddenly and threw a beer bottle at the horse.

Well of course this was too much and Mr. Pope got out of the car and went over to the hedge. Look here he said angrily you can't do that sort of thing. Ah shut your mouth snarled Mr. Jelks and he turned his back and walked toward the house but Tom grinned and said You mustn't mind Pete. He's kinda touchy about his eye and that horse of yours has spent the last week looking cross-eyed at him. O come said Mr. Pope a horse can't look cross-eyed. Well maybe that animal ain't a horse said Tom. We had our doubts about him. But I'm telling you mister whatever he is he can look as cross-eyed as an old maid in a thunderstorm. And if you taught him that trick— Nonsense said Mr. Pope I hope I have something better to do than teach a horse how to look like your friend.

Tom's grin wasn't so genial and his eyes began to bulge. All right mister he said I'm warning you. He stared at Mr. Pope a minute and then he laughed. Hell he said I guess we're both saying more than we meant to. Pete's a good guy—got a heart of gold. He wants to be neighborly same as you do. Tell you what—you come over and have some beer and I'll get Pete to come out and apologize to your horse. Mr. Pope said no thanks—he merely wanted it to be understood that there was to be no more bottle throwing if Mr. Jelks wished to avoid trouble with the police.

So Ed had sort of drifted off around the corner of the barn and Mr. Pope went after him. As he got to the corner Ed stuck his head around it and said Hey lookit Wilb—who's this? And he crossed his eyes. So that's what you were doing? said Mr. Pope. No wonder he threw the bottle and I wish he'd hit you. You know what I



"I can't wait till I'm drafted! I'll be able to sleep until five thirty!"

told you—if there was any money business you wouldn't eat. Aw Wilb said Ed I couldn't help it. You know how it is when you're with some guy that stammers and pretty soon you begin stammering too? Well it's the same with this guy. When I look at him my eyes just seem to cross of their own accord. Anyway he said there's something funny about those two galoots. What I mean there's lots of funny people in Mount Kisco an' around but there's one thing they don't any of them do—they don't any of 'em wear their city clothes on Sunday. They'll wear things that a monkey would blush to be seen in but you won't ever catch 'em in city clothes. But this Jelks—you get him out on the lawn on Sunday and what's he got on?—city clothes. It ain't natural.

Well of course Mrs. Pope had seen the whole thing from the window and she went right after Mr. Pope. She said O sure he could protect his horse all right but when his wife was insulted what did he do about it?—he did nothing that's what he did and if he cared more for his horse than he did for her— Mr. Pope said Don't be silly Carlotta. I don't think it's silly said Mrs. Pope if you place your horse's welfare before your wife's. Well said Mr. Pope Jelks threw a bottle at Ed. When he throws a bottle at you let me know. I promise I'll do something about it. How like you Wilbur! said Mrs. Pope contemptuously. And then I suppose you'll write him a letter. So the argument went on. Though not as long as usual for it had lasted only three days when something else happened.

★ ONE evening when Mr. Pope came in Mrs. Pope rushed to meet him. O dear! said Mr. Pope. What now? Connie Winslow called me up today said Mrs. Pope and she said she saw Laurence in New York. She said he was in Tiffany's showing somebody some pearls and so I called up his hotel and asked him to come out Sunday. I was very nice to him. I said I'd thought over what he'd said and perhaps he was right and he said he was glad I'd seen that it was the only thing he could do and then he told me he'd brought the pearls up to have them restrung. So I said I'd love to see them and wouldn't he bring them out. You don't mean he's actually going to bring them! said Mr. Pope. Of course said Mrs. Pope. He thinks I'm resigned. He hemmed and hawed but when I said that since I wasn't to own the pearls I thought it was the least he could do he gave in.

But I don't see—began Mr. Pope. No said Mrs. Pope I didn't think you would. Laurence will have the pearls with him—the pearls he has practically stolen from me—and yet you don't see. Well Wilbur this is your last chance. I want those pearls and you will have to get them for me.

Well Mr. Pope talked it over with Ed but Ed wasn't very sympathetic. You're trying to stand in with both parties he said. One of these appeasers. Either sock Cousin Laurence

and take the necklace away from him or sock your wife and tell her to shut up.

So Mr. Hammersley came out Saturday night. There were a lot of Mrs. Pope's noisy friends around and nothing was said about the pearls until Sunday morning when they were having breakfast on the terrace under the uncertain eye of Mr. Jelks. Laurence said Mrs. Pope suddenly tell me about the pearls—did you have to have them restrung? Fortunately not said Mr. Hammersley. They told me in Tiffany's that it wasn't necessary. He reached in his pocket and drew out a flat case. I want to say Carlotta he went on that I think you're taking this very sensibly. What else was there for me to do? said Mrs. Pope and smiled so sweetly that Mr. Pope felt everything curling up inside him. And just then Ed stuck his head around the corner of the barn and motioned urgently for him to come. Excuse me said Mr. Pope and walked hastily off the terrace without looking at his wife.

★ LOOK Wilb said Ed I just found out something. That guy Jelks comes from Philly. My gosh said Mr. Pope is that all you got me out here for? Ain't that enough? said Ed. This Cousin Laurence and his pearls come from Philadelphia don't he? And we figured Jelks was maybe a crook didn't we? Yes and I'll tell you something more. He does lip reading. That's why he stares at you. All those remarks your wife thought was cracks was just him translating for Tom. And look—look at that sap Hammersley—holding the pearls right up in plain sight.

Mr. Hammersley was indeed doing just that. And Mr. Jelks certainly was showing a good deal of interest. But Mr. Pope shook his head. You read too many detective stories Ed he said. Just explain to me how Jelks could have known Hammersley would come out here and bring the pearls?

Anybody said Ed in Hammersley's office could have known about the pearls and that your wife claimed them. Mr. Pope objected that Mr. Hammersley didn't know himself that he was going to come to Mount Kisco. Maybe he intended to come all along said Ed. Maybe he hoped to get a quit claim or whatever you call it from your wife and these guys found it out. You got to quit stalling Wilb. You got to act.

Mr. Pope said he didn't see quite what he could do. I ain't told you the worst of what I heard said Ed. Just now when I was up by the hedge Tom says There they are. What are we waiting for? And he went into the house.

O well I suppose you could be right said Mr. Pope. But do you see me calling the police on the evidence of what a horse heard somebody say? And Laurence isn't going to believe me if I tell him. He'll think it's some trick to get possession. Sure said Ed. And Jelks ain't going to give you time for any smart stuff. All he's got to do is stroll over here in the next fifteen minutes and take the pearls and be-



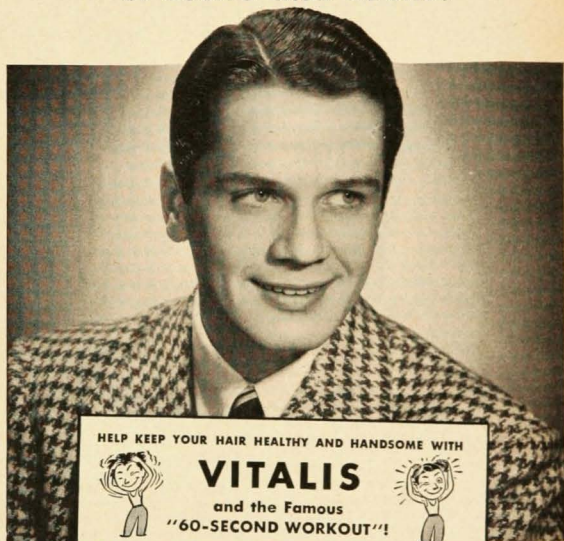
No matter what your game, the hot sun that fills you with pep and vitamins, gives your hair a terrific beating—saps its vitality and vigor—leaves it straw-like, unruly—hard to comb.



Your quick, refreshing plunge completes the damage. Drenching waters wash away the last of natural oils—sap your hair of its vigor, its lustre, its natural good looks.



Scorching Sun and Soaking Water rob your Hair of Lustre and Looks!



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1 50 Seconds to Rub—Circulation quickens—flow of necessary oil is increased—hair has a chance!

2 10 Seconds to Comb and Brush—Hair has a lustre—no objectionable "patent-leather" look.

SOAK UP the summer sun—build up your reserve of vitamins and resistance for the winter ahead! But give your hair a chance! Baking summer sun saps its lustre and natural vigor—drenching waters wash away natural oils—leave it parched, brittle, lustreless!

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USE VITALIS AND THE "60-SECOND WORKOUT"

Mr. Pope stepped out from behind the barn and looked over the hedge.

For a moment the two men stood in what must have seemed to Mrs. Pope a surprisingly affectionate embrace. A closer view however would have shown that Mr. Jelks was expressing his regard by trying to throttle Mr. Pope and that Mr. Pope was responding with some very effective pokes in the torso. Then Mr. Jelks flung Mr. Pope off and attempted to kick him in the stomach. This act brought to Mr. Pope confirmation of his suspicion that Mr. Jelks was not a gentleman. He leaped wildly backward and fell over a chair and before he could recover Mr. Jelks hit him squarely on the bridge of the nose.

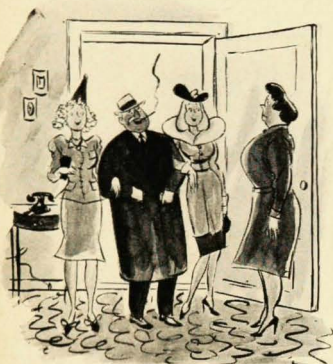
The apparent determination with which Mr. Pope entered the studio was due entirely to Ed's final shove but it put the finishing touch on Mr. Jelks. Mr. Pope was not the soft-muscled office worker he had supposed. Mr. Pope had bounced up after a knockdown and felled him with a blow so lightning swift that he hadn't even seen it coming. Mr. Pope had then chased him into the house and had easily kicked in a door that would have kept an elephant out. Mr. Pope was not a person to be trifled with. Mr. Jelks sat in a chair with his head in his hands.

Tom too had seen the door kicked in. He had been taking off his coat preparatory to going into action but he was now prudently putting it on again.

Well Pope what do you want now? said Mr. Jelks wearily. Want? said Mr. Pope. He felt pretty good. Maybe Ed was right about this taking the initiative stuff that he got out of the papers. I'll tell you what I want he said. I want you to quit annoying me and my wife. Is that clear? If we were annoying you why didn't you say so instead of coming over and picking a fight? said Mr. Jelks reasonably. At least it sounded reasonable to Mr. Pope but he knew better than to admit it. I'm saying so now he said. Furthermore he said you might as well give up the idea of getting those pearls. I've laid all the information before the police and— Pearls? said Mr. Jelks. What are you talking about? And Tom looked at Mr. Pope and shook his head pittingly.

O don't stall said Mr. Pope. I know you could understand what Mrs. Pope and I were saying by reading our lips and— Brother said Mr. Jelks I can't even understand what you say when you yell in my ear—say nothing of— He broke off as voices came from outside and a state trooper came through the doorway. What's wrong here? said the trooper. Hello Mr. Pope. Your wife sent for me—

Behind the trooper were Mrs. Pope and Mr. Hammersley. They peered fearfully then Mrs. Pope rushed in. O Wilbur! she cried throwing her arms around her husband. O are you all



"Look, dear,
I brought
home
some refugee
children."

Mr. Jelks was sitting alone and staring apparently in several directions at once but almost certainly with one eye at least at Mrs. Pope and Mr. Hammersley.

Well Mr. Pope had no intention of acting on Ed's advice but he felt it just possible that there might be something in what the horse suspected and he thought if he went over and talked to Mr. Jelks he might be better able to size up the situation. So he started to push through the hedge. And just behind him Ed said in a loud voice Hey Jelks! and as Mr. Jelks faced about the horse made that unmistakably insulting noise known as the raspberry.

Now a raspberry performed by a horse is in range and vulgarity to a similar human expression as ten to one. It brought Mrs. Pope and Mr. Hammersley to their feet in horrified amazement. And of course it infuriated Mr. Jelks. He leaped to his feet. Hey what's the matter with you? he demanded advancing upon Mr. Pope. Get back off this property.

Mr. Pope realized that apology was futile and denial absurd. But he raised his hand. Please Mr. Jelks he said I assure you that I— And then Ed

Mr. Pope thought as he felt that this was just what Ed had predicted. The blow had temporarily blinded him and as he bounced to his feet again he could do nothing but swing hopefully at the place where Mr. Jelks ought to be. He took a blow in the ribs and felt his own fist thump on something solid and then his eyes cleared and he saw that he was swinging at the empty air and that Mr. Jelks was lying flat on his back on the lawn.

Well! said Mr. Pope and looked around at Ed. The horse winked at him. Well played Mount Kisco! he whispered. Yeah said Mr. Pope but did I—? Keep your eye on the ball said Ed sharply. For Mr. Jelks had scrambled up and was running toward the house. After him! said Ed.

Mr. Pope was still a little dazed or he would have disregarded Ed and gone back home. But as he hesitated Ed nudged him forward. What's the matter with you? said the horse. You've seized the initiative and now you want to sit down and talk about it and lose it again. You read too many newspapers said Mr. Pope feeling cautiously of his nose but he allowed himself to be herded up to the Jeks front door.

right? But Mr. Pope was in no mood to be cuddled. Everything's under control Harvey he said to the trooper. Just a little disagreement. He went over and looked at the bruise on the side of Mr. Jelks' head. You ought to get something on that he said. I'm sorry I hit you so hard. The trooper also looked at the bruise then curiously at Mr. Pope. You must have a punch like the hind leg of a mule he said admiringly. The hind leg of a mule! said Mr. Pope thoughtfully. But the trooper touched him on the shoulder and motioned him aside. Maybe you'd better go back to your house for a while Mr. Pope he said. This guy may want to make charges and if he does I'll have to take you in. But I might be able to talk him out of it and I can do it better if you aren't here.

Ed was slouching on three legs outside the door. Mr. Pope caught at his halter and fell back to allow his wife and her cousin to go on ahead. Funny thing Ed he murmured that the marks of my knuckles on the side of Jelks' head look as if they had been made by a horseshoe. Yeah that is funny at that said Ed. You might have killed the guy said Mr. Pope. In war said Ed sentimentously humanitarian principles must be subordinated. The individual human life— My Lord! interrupted Mr. Pope I wish you'd skip the editorial page just one morning. O. K. said Ed but it's sound sense just the same. Like what I said about initiative. You still got it you know. And now's the time if you want your wife to have that jewelry. It's all in the timing Wilb. A drive on Cousin Laurence now you've cleaned off the Jelks offensive and your prestige is up—

☆ O quit teaching me newspaper strategy and go back to your stall said Mr. Pope. You've got me into a nice mess. Go on he said—beat it. Ed grinned and said I go master I go. And what's more he went.

Well they went back on the terrace and sat down and Mrs. Pope fussed over Mr. Pope in a most gratifying way and wanted to put something on his nose which was turning purple and she said O Wilbur—your voice when you shouted at that Jelks man! Why I never supposed you— Skip it said Mr. Pope I've got other matters to see to. They looked at him inquiringly and he got up and stood over Mr. Hammersley and said Laurence don't you think you'd better hand those pearls over to Carlotta now?

Mr. Hammersley looked up and showed his teeth and said My dear Wilbur! I had hoped that it wouldn't be necessary to reopen what can only be for all of us a rather unpleasant subject. Surely I explained— So you did said Mr. Pope and you're pretty sure Carlotta can't get the pearls by due process of law. You wouldn't mind such a lawsuit either. You could make it look like a grab and it wouldn't hurt your standing in Philadelphia. But suppose it comes out in another way. Suppose you've got in a fight with me and been beaten up—not be-

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and the new school year



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* * *

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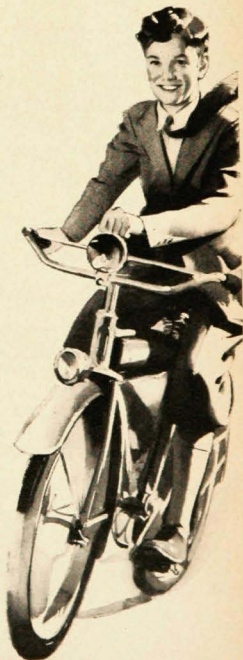
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AMERICAN MEAT INSTITUTE
Chicago

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cause we wanted the pearls but because we thought you'd done a crooked trick. We acknowledge your legal right to the pearls but we knock the stuffing out of you. And then tell everybody why—hey?

Mrs. Pope put her hand on his arm. Really Wilbur she said hesitantly I don't think this is the way—Shut up said Mr. Pope. Now Laurence?

Mr. Hammersley was quite cool but there was dew on his forehead. As a person who has just made an unprovoked and murderous attack on an innocent neighbor he said I doubt if any statement you might make would carry much weight. Remember Wilbur that I was a witness to that attack and that I shall certainly testify in court as to what I saw. O Wilbur said Mrs. Pope let the pearls go. She put an appealing hand on his arm.

Mr. Pope hesitated. If Jelks made charges and Hammersley's testimony

bore him out— But at that moment Mr. Jelks accompanied by the trooper pushed through the hedge and came up on the terrace. The trooper was smiling and Mr. Jelks rushed up and seized Mr. Pope's hand. Brother he said I been to the best specialists in New York these last two months but it took this good right hand to do an operation that none of 'em said was possible. Operation? said Mr. Pope. What's all this? Why he exclaimed your eyes are straight! That's what I'm telling you said Mr. Jelks and he looked straight at Mr. Pope. That sock fixed 'em. He turned to Mrs. Pope. Hell lady he said I'm ashamed of all those smart cracks I and Tom made about your husband and his horse.

If there's ever anything Pete Jelks can do for him—

Wait a minute said Mr. Pope. He turned to Mr. Hammersley. Well

Laurence? he said. Do I knock the stuffing out of you or does Carlotta get her pearls? The dew on Mr. Hammersley's forehead was a good deal heavier but again he showed his teeth. And suppose he said that you found yourself incapable of—as you put it—knocking the stuffing out of me? Frankly said Mr. Pope I hadn't thought of that. Because frankly it isn't possible. You saw what happened to Mr. Jelks. He was cross-eyed and I knocked his eyes straight. It is within the bounds of possibility Laurence that I might knock you cockeyed. Sock him! said Mr. Jelks suddenly. Sock him brother and I'll pay the costs. It's worth it to see that trick done again.

But Mr. Pope did not sock Mr. Hammersley. He reached down suddenly and seized him by the necktie and jerked him out of his chair. Come on he said hand them over. They kind of eyed each other for a minute and then Mr. Hammersley drew the case from his pocket and dropped it on the table. He shook Mr. Pope's hand from his tie and turned away but Mr. Pope called him back. Sit down there said Mr. Pope and write out an acknowledgment that the pearls belong to Carlotta and that you are carrying out her Aunt Amelia's wishes and so on. And when the paper was written Mr. Jelks and the trooper witnessed it. But I wish you'd socked him said Mr. Jelks regretfully.

☆ SO Mr. Pope left them and went down to the barn. Look here Ed he said those fellows were no more jewel thieves than I am. They weren't lip reading.

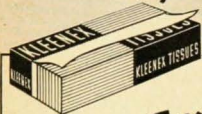
You don't say? said Ed. That's funny now isn't it? Very funny said Mr. Pope. Yeah said Ed I suppose you think I made the whole thing up? Well I tell you Wilbur—I expect I could have misunderstood what I heard 'em say. But honest—Don't perjure yourself said Mr. Pope. But I'll just ask you to look what you got me into. I won't be able to show up at the office for a week.

Ed stamped impatiently. O what you bellyachin' about? he said. Your wife thinks you're a hero don't she? You got her pearls didn't you? My gosh isn't that worth a sock in the nose? Well said Mr. Pope thoughtfully maybe you're right Ed—we'll say no more about it. Just as you say said the horse. Only I was hoping it had taught you a lesson. It's like I said about the initiative. Once you lose it the other side's got you by the whiskers. You must therefore constantly maintain it—by action—by surprise attacks even though they be of little tactical value. One sees evidence in the current situation in the Near East—

Mr. Pope groaned and going to the harness closet brought out a whisky bottle. Look Ed he said if you'll shut up—and keep shut—I'll split this with you. That's the only smart word you've said today said Ed. Pass it over Wilb. This here strategy is dry work.

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STRONG!

(from a letter by O. E. D.,
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(from a letter by G. K., Portland, Ore.)

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NOV. 8 • 1941



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UNITED STATES
DEFENSE
SAVINGS BONDS

EXEMPTED!

A SHORT STORY BY
FANNIE HURST

JACK BENNY'S
TEN BEST GAGS

BY HITLER MAKE PEACE NOW? BY PIERRE

Ed Gets a Mother Complex

☆ IF you didn't know the inside facts like I do most all you could say about that horse of Mr. Pope's was that he was a horse. People in Mount Kisco used to laugh like anything when he went clumping by with Mr. Pope sort of crouched on his back and some of them even got mad about it. My goodness they said that Wilbur Pope must make ten thousand a year and he's got a fine house and a wife that makes most other women look as if they'd just been rescued from drowning and he ought to be ashamed to ride around on that revolting old plug! But Mr. Pope didn't care. He'd bought this horse so that week-ends he could get out where it was quiet instead of staying home and pouring drinks for Mrs. Pope's friends. And he'd got pretty fond of him. The horse's name was Ed.

Well of course plenty of men have horses or dogs they are fond of and even prefer to human society and it's easy to see why. A horse will never give you an argument and a dog will listen to your troubles without interrupting to squawk about his own sufferings. He's man's best friend because he has no comeback. But Ed could talk. And in spite of that Mr. Pope was fond of him. Ed had his opinions and they were good sensible ones though perhaps sometimes his language was a little coarse. But Mr. Pope had been to college so he didn't mind that.

Of course Ed's being able to talk was sometimes embarrassing. Like the time Mr. Pope went to that auction up near Mount Kisco. They'd been out riding that Saturday and had stopped in several taverns for beer. They'd had enough for the time being and were sort of ambling up a back road when they came to a white house on a hill and a lot of cars around it and about forty people sitting on the lawn in undertakers' chairs in front of a man who was standing on a table and yelling. Everything in the house had been brought out and stacked on the porch and I don't suppose it was any funnier a lot of junk than your or my personal property would be if it was all dragged out into the sunshine. But Ed and Mr. Pope thought it was funny and they went and stood under a tree a little back from the crowd and watched.

Well the first thing they saw sold was a glass dish which the auctioneer said was a hobnail pattern and a genuine antique and the bidding started at a quarter and went right up to four dollars and ten cents. Gosh it must be an antique at that said Ed though what anybody'd want with a dish with warts all over it I dunno. The woman who'd bought it turned around and looked angrily at Mr. Pope and Ed laughed and said something which I can't repeat because it was slightly off color and the woman didn't turn around again but sat very straight and her ears got red.

Shut up you fool! whispered Mr.

Pope. Everybody thinks I said that and I'm not going to have your smart cracks fathered on me. Smut cracks Wilb—smut cracks said Ed and began to giggle. Not bad hey? he said. Just one more good or bad and we go home said Mr. Pope crossly so Ed didn't say any more.

The next thing was a parlor organ in good condition except that it wheezed badly when the auctioneer played a few chords on it. The bidding started at a dollar and went rapidly up to a dollar and a half and it was sort of hesitating there when Ed yelled suddenly One seventy-five!

One seventy-five from the gentleman with the horse said the auctioneer and he's a musician himself or I miss my guess for he's got a voice could sing Asleep in the Deep to the queen's taste. Everybody laughed because Ed had yelled his bid in a voice that could have been heard over on the other side of the hill. For heaven's sake Ed! murmured Mr. Pope.

The organ sold finally for six dollars and when attention had turned to a tin footbath filled with old books Mr. Pope said What on earth got into you Ed? I dunno said Ed, I thought it would be kind of nice to have in the stable and you could accompany me and I could sing some of the old songs. It would go with your voice all right said Mr. Pope with that wheeze in it. And how did you suppose we'd get it home? Hadn't thought of that said Ed. Well said Mr. Pope you'd better think of it.

So Ed was quiet for a while but Mr. Pope could see that he was getting auction fever which comes upon even hard-boiled old plugs like Ed and makes them lose all sense of values and bid as long as anybody can be found to bid against them. Come on Ed let's be going said Mr. Pope. But Ed was too intent on the bidding to hear him. And suddenly he shouted Twenty-five!

Well it was a picture Ed was bidding on and it was pretty terrible. It showed a square-headed little girl with curls sitting in a big chair with

and ponders antiques: "Why don't folks bust their own clocks and save money?"

ILLUSTRATOR
CHARLES LA SALLE



spectacles on and a smirk and the name of it was I've Dram'ma. Ed for heaven's sake! said Pope. Cute ain't it? said Ed and as an old gentleman with tobacco-stained whiskers raised the bid to thirty with a truculent look at Mr. Pope the horse called Thirty-five!

But when the old gentleman went to forty Mr. Pope shook his head violently at the auctioneer. Going at forty cents—last call said the auctioneer. But Mr. Pope was staring menacingly at Ed who didn't dare bid again. Aw what's the matter with you Wilbur? said Ed as the next picture A Yard of Pansies was put up. My gosh forty cents! It isn't the forty cents and you know it said Mr. Pope but I'm not going to ride home like a border reaver with the spoils of war in the

At this point there was some innocent gaiety caused by the tobacco-stained old gentleman who bought what he thought was a bundle of pillowcases which when opened turned out to be six pairs of old-fashioned drawers trimmed with Hamburg lace. I can't never take them things home! he said and began distributing them to the ladies in his vicinity most of whom took the joke in good part. But one large pink woman in a garden hat stared coldly at the ribald old gentleman and said I do not think that is funny. You and her Wilb muttered Ed. My gosh what do folks come to an auction for if it isn't to have some fun? Don't pout said Mr. Pope it isn't becoming. Anyway he

Mr. Pope turned and looked at the horse. Say what's the matter with you Ed? he said. He hesitated a minute and then took hold of the bridle and led Ed over close to where Mrs. Lamson was sitting. How do you do Mrs. Lamson? he said. Mrs. Lamson turned and smiled graciously. Oh how do you do Mr. Pope? she said. You've been riding? Mr. Pope said yes he rode a good deal week-ends. How nice said Mrs. Lamson and then she looked at Ed and frowned slightly. And this is—er—your horse? Mr. Pope said it was. He wished Ed would stand up straighter and not leer. He was sure that Ed was standing knock-kneed on purpose.

I used to hunt a great deal said Mrs.

She looked at Ed and frowned slightly. This is—er—your horse? Mr. Pope said it was.



BY WALTER BROOKS

shape of I'se Dram'ma at my saddle-bow. You might better come home with some nice pictures said Ed than with some other things. I guess your wife would rather see you roll home carrying I'se Dram'ma than carrying the kind of load you did last Sunday. That was a right pretty picture but if you grudge forty cents for me to have something like that hung up over my stall to give me pleasure I got nothing more to say. Fine said Mr. Pope. If you've got nothing more to say we'll stay.

said I don't want to spoil your fun. But I know that woman. She's the wife of Lamson who's head of our firm. It won't do to have her reporting to him that I'm eccentric and a lot of things would look eccentric to her that you and I would think were fun. Like buying I'se Dram'ma. She hasn't much humor in her. Yeah said Ed I know what you're trying to say. You're ashamed of me. You want to get out of here because you're ashamed of being seen by her with an old nag like me.

Lamson. I was practically brought up on horseback. Back home in the Genesee Valley. Then she said I gather you're interested in antiques?

Mr. Pope wasn't sure whether she had changed the subject or not but he said O no he had just been passing by and stopped out of curiosity. Mrs. Lamson said There is nothing of any value here—except possibly that break front. But the rest of this rubbish! She made what in her girlhood she had practiced as a little move. Nowadays it was just a face. Mr. Pope

led Ed back to the shade of his tree.

I take it all back said Ed. You wasn't ashamed of me. Just the same you ought to have slapped her down for the looks she gave me. What the hell is a break front Wilb? Search me said Mr. Pope. But see here Ed. If you want to buy something so much I won't stop you. Provided it's something we can carry home.

Well the first thing Ed bid on was a feather bed which he thought would be more comfortable to sleep on than the rather inferior grade of straw which he accused Mr. Pope of providing for him. Or I could wear it over my shoulders winter mornings he said—like a sort of negligee. But the ribald old gentleman bid on it too and Ed had taken a fancy to him after the episode of the drawers so he let him have it.

★ AND then the auctioneer put up a picture of a race horse. This is a hand-painted oil painting ladies and gentlemen he said and I don't know when I've seen a nicer painted one. Almost as clear and sharp as a colored photograph. Who'll say a dollar to start it? A dollar! called Ed.

Why didn't you say a quarter you dope murmured Mr. Pope. No sense throwing my money away. I'd be ashamed to make such a bid said Ed. Well I don't see—Mr. Pope began. It reminds me of my mother said Ed simply. O said Mr. Pope I beg your pardon Ed.

Somebody bid two dollars and Ed promptly bid three. Three from the gentleman over by the tree said the auctioneer and if I may say so sir the horse in this picture kind of favors that horse of yours—she does indeed. Every one turned around and there was some laughter. I expect maybe when you were young said Mr. Pope looking thoughtfully at Ed. What was your mother's name? And when Ed said it was Nellie he called to the auctioneer and asked him if there was any name on the picture. Something here on the back said the man. Here 'tis—Jenny Lind—owned by Colonel E. P. Rockway. Four dollars. Four and a half. Do I hear the five?

Not your mother after all said Mr. Pope. Yeah? said Ed. Well I guess I ought to know my own mother. Far as I know she never stood for her portrait. Too busy on the milk route. But folks always said she was pretty as a picture and this must be the picture she was as pretty as. Had four white stockings just like the picture too. Well you were going to collect stockings said Mr. Pope so here's your chance. But I guess somebody else has got the same idea. For the bids had now reached six dollars. Half! called Ed. Well some one bid seven and Ed went the half and they bid eight and Ed went the half again and Mr. Pope said Gosh Ed! and then he shrugged his shoulders and said O well I can take it. And then all at once he saw that the person who was bidding against Ed was Mrs. Lamson.

Well I don't know that the whole of Mr. Pope's life passed before his eyes

in that instant but an interview he had had with Mr. Lamson passed before them all right. For there had recently been a shake-up in the firm and it was Mr. Lamson who had been doing the shaking and although Mr. Pope had not like two of his friends been shaken right out of his job he had been made to feel pretty insecure. Mr. Lamson had seriously criticized his handling of two of his best accounts. They can't show a profit and neither can we if you allow them continually to reduce their appropriations said Mr. Lamson. You have got to use more business sense Wilbur and more firmness. And so if you are to continue with us—as I hope you are—

Well Mr. Pope was thinking about



"It's a relief to know you can get something without vitamins in it these days."

this interview and did not realize for a minute that Mrs. Lamson had turned around and was beckoning to him. So just as Ed bid twelve dollars he walked over to her. I just realized she said that it is you who are bidding against me. Have you a particular reason for wanting to own this picture Mr. Pope? Why it's on account of Ed said Mr. Pope and then as she looked puzzled he said That is Ed is my horse you know and as the picture looked rather like him—I can't see that it looks particularly like him interrupted Mrs. Lamson and so as it seems to be merely a whim of yours to bid it up I will tell you that I want to bid it in for my collection. You collect horse pictures? said Mr. Pope. Record holders said Mrs. Lamson. You see when harness racing was so popular most of the old-time trotters had their portraits painted and I've been able to find a great many of them.

I had twelve madam said the auctioneer catching her eye. Will you bid thirteen? Just a moment said Mrs. Lamson and turned back to Mr. Pope. I found a portrait of Maud S. last week she said. She held the record in 1885—two minutes eight and three quarters seconds. I'm extremely anxious to get Jenny Lind. She held

the record only part of one season and so not being a famous horse like Goldsmith Maid for instance it seemed unlikely that there would be a portrait. Well in that case said Mr. Pope. Thank you said Mrs. Lamson I felt sure you'd be reasonable about it. Thirteen! she called.

But as Mr. Pope walked back to where he had left Ed standing under a tree the horse bid fifteen.

Mrs. Lamson turned in angry amazement. Sixteen! she said. Stop it you fool! muttered Mr. Pope. Twenty! shouted Ed. Twenty-one! said Mrs. Lamson. Twenty-five and I've only begun to bid! yelled Ed.

Mrs. Lamson got up and turned around and walked slowly over to Mr. Pope. You can have it Mr. Pope she said furiously. But I think you will regret it. And she walked off to her car.

Mr. Pope didn't say anything to Ed until they were a mile or two along the road home. He had looped his arm through the wire on the back of the picture which he was carrying like a shield. Well he said finally you fixed me all right. O shucks Wilb don't be such a sourpuss said Ed. What's twenty-five bucks to a man in your position? I haven't got any position said Mr. Pope—not after she tells Lamson that I said I'd let her have the picture and then went on bidding. You saved him twenty dollars said Ed. He's an advertising man said Mr. Pope. He believes you should encourage people to spend—not save. Why couldn't you have kept your mouth shut? I dunno said the horse I guess it was when she said you were just bidding it in for a whim and you let her get away with it. It ain't any whim wanting my own mother's picture. Sounds like a whim to me said Mr. Pope. All right said Ed all right—call it a whim then. But if it had been me in your place and your mother's picture I'd promised to buy for you believe me I'd have bought it.

★ THEY got the picture into the stable without Mrs. Pope seeing it and hung it over Ed's manger. And that evening Mrs. Pope looked out the window and said Wilbur you left the light on in the stable. So I did said Mr. Pope because he didn't want to tell her that Ed had probably turned the light on so he could see his new family portrait. Well go turn it out said Mrs. Pope. O let it burn said Mr. Pope. What's two cents' worth of electricity? But Mrs. Pope gave a sniff and before he could stop her went out to the stable. And in a minute she called Wilbur! Wilbur!

So Mr. Pope went after her. What's this picture over Ed's manger? said Mrs. Pope. O said Mr. Pope I bought that for Ed. I thought it would sort of—you know—dress up the place for him. Dress it up for him! exclaimed Mrs. Pope. A horse! Wilbur have you gone stark staring— But she didn't get any further because just then Carrie came out to tell them that they had callers.

Well Mr. Pope was glad of the in-

terruption but he wasn't so glad when they went into the house and found Mr. and Mrs. Lamson there. Good evening Mr. Pope said Mrs. Lamson. We've come over to see if we can't come to some agreement about that picture. I've talked it over with Mr. Lamson and we both feel that we want to be fair and that perhaps you didn't understand—What is all this Wilbur? said Mrs. Pope. So Mrs. Lamson explained. Well goodness Wilbur said Mrs. Pope if you told Mrs. Lamson you weren't going to bid against her and then went right ahead with your bidding the only decent thing to do is give the picture to her. Mr. Lamson didn't say anything but just looked as he did when there was trouble in the office.

Well Mr. Pope was in a quandary not to say a dilemma but he saw all at once that there was one thing he could not do—he could not let Ed down. For Ed was his friend but Mr. Lamson was just his boss. So he said I'm sorry but I'm afraid I can't give the picture to you Mrs. Lamson because it doesn't belong to me now. I bought it to give to a friend and I've already given it to him. Why Wilbur Mrs. Pope began but Mr. Pope said Please Carlotta! and so she didn't say any more—then.

So then Mr. Lamson spoke for the first time. Perhaps if your friend knows the circumstances he said—if he knows how important it is for Mrs. Lamson and—he added after a slight

pause—for for you to have the matter settled in a friendly way—perhaps he'd be willing to give it up. Mr. Pope said doubtfully that if they'd wait a few minutes he'd go ask him. And he went down to the stable.

But Ed had no intention of giving the picture up. Go ahead he said angrily. Go ahead! Give the old fool the picture. Don't let my feelings stand in your way. Don't bother about me. I'm only a horse. I'm only the one you gave the picture to. O gosh Ed said Mr. Pope be reasonable will you? I'll get you another horse picture—I'll get you half a dozen. I don't want any others said Ed. Would you trade your own mother's picture in for that of some other old plug? Don't be rude said Mr. Pope and anyway she isn't your mother. Jenny Lind ran in the seventies and your mother couldn't have been alive then. Well so it's my grandmother then said Ed. What's the difference? I see Dramma murmured Mr. Pope. But Ed looked up at the picture and said in a husky voice I never knew my mother Wilb. I missed all that—the tender care a mother lavishes on her little son. And this—this lifeless picture—it cannot speak to me—tell me all the loving things that she must have murmured to me when I was too young to understand. Yet it is all I have of her Wilbur. Would you take even that away from me?

O gosh Ed said Mr. Pope exasperatedly you know perfectly well she's

not your mother. I can't be mistaken said Ed shaking his head. Instinctively one recognizes his own. Rats! said Mr. Pope. Rats for you no doubt said Ed. Horses for me. No no Wilbur he went on. This surge of filial emotion I feel when I gaze upon that picture—

He rolled his eyes sentimentally then choked up and a large tear slid down his long nose. And just as Mr. Pope started to reply Mr. Lamson's voice behind him said Ah there you are Wilbur. We had to be getting along and Mrs. Pope said she thought we'd find you here. Has your horse got a cold? he asked as Ed gave a loud sniff. I'm sorry to be so long Mr. Pope began but Mrs. Lamson rushed forward. Why there's Jenny Lind! she exclaimed. O then you have her back! No said Mr. Pope unfortunately I haven't. My friend refuses to give it up. May we ask your friend's name? said Mr. Lamson but Mr. Pope said No it wouldn't be any use.

See here Wilbur said Mr. Lamson you must realize that this all has a rather unpleasant look to you. You say the picture has been given away yet we find it in your possession. You refuse to give the name of the owner. You don't explain why you continued to bid after promising that you wouldn't. I don't like that Wilbur. Perhaps you remember a little talk we had a day or so ago? Mr. Pope said he did. Well said Mr. Lamson I have been hoping that it might

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bear some fruit in the shape of a more vigorous attitude toward your work. But your obstinacy in defending an indefensible position is not very encouraging. Nevertheless I am prepared to overlook it and to offer you exactly twice what you paid for the picture—fifty dollars. Is it a deal? Mr. Pope looked Mr. Lamson straight in the eye and said No!

Well Mr. Lamson looked at Mrs. Lamson and they both began to swell up as if they were going to explode but before they could Carrie came out and said Mr. Pope was wanted on the phone. So he went in and it was a Mr. Sproul who said he'd learned that Mr. Pope had bought a picture of Jenny Lind. Mr. Pope said Yes he had and Mr. Sproul said Well I intended to go to the auction and bid on that picture but I was detained but I think I can make you an attractive offer for it. And when Mr. Pope said it wasn't for sale Mr. Sproul said Well he could go to \$250.

Well when Mr. Pope heard that he swallowed and said it did indeed sound attractive and he might consider it only would Mr. Sproul mind telling him just why he wanted it. Mr. Sproul said not at all for he was a dealer and he had several clients who were collecting portraits of early trotters and this was the only known portrait of Jenny Lind. So Mr. Pope said he'd call him in the morning and went back to the barn.

☆ WELL Wilbur said Mr. Lamson is your answer final? Mr. Pope glanced at Ed who was looking kind of worried and the horse shook his head at him but Mr. Pope said Absolutely final. Very good said Mr. Lamson and I think you know what to expect. I suppose you mean my job said Mr. Pope who was now good and mad. Well that's all right with me for I don't particularly care to work with a man who would try to pull a fast one on one of his employees. I don't understand you said Mr. Lamson. Perhaps it will clear it up for you if you tell me why Mrs. Lamson didn't raise my last bid said Mr. Pope. Why what perfect nonsense! said Mrs. Lamson. Is it? said Mr. Pope turning to her. I suggest he said that you thought I did not know the real value of this picture and that you stopped bidding because you thought Mr. Lamson could buy it from me at a fraction of its worth. Why I never heard anything so ridiculous! said Mrs. Lamson. What do you think it is worth? Well said Mr. Pope I would consider an offer of three hundred dollars. Well everybody gasped including Ed but Mr. Lamson who had been looking more and more worried put his arm on Mr. Pope's shoulder and gave a laugh that would have been jovial if it hadn't cracked badly in the middle and said By George Wilbur you caught us out nicely and I must say you have passed our little test with flying colors. What little test? said Mr. Pope and Mr. Lamson said Why you remember in the little talk we

had I said I felt that your lack of firmness in business dealings with your clients was a handicap? So I arranged this little test with Mrs. Lamson. I made it obvious that we were trying to force a bad bargain on you but you saw through it and then turned the tables neatly. I congratulate my boy. And we are offering three hundred dollars for that picture.

Mr. Pope thought a minute and then he said H'm yes—I see. But my business sense still tells me that it would be a mistake to close tonight. Suppose I give you my answer tomorrow? So Mr. Lamson said that would be fine and Mrs. Lamson looked sort of bewildered but she said good night politely when Mr. Lamson nudged her and they went.

Why Wilbur! said Mrs. Pope I thought you were—Why you were wonderful! I was indeed said Mr. Pope. But right now I need a drink so let's go in. Ed coughed meaningly but Mr. Pope went on out of the barn. But a little later he came back with a bottle and gave Ed a generous slug of whisky. Boy that's the stuff! said Ed. Got a wallop to it like having a tree fall on you. Where'd you get it? It's Old Stormy said Mr. Pope. Fifteen years old and I can get it for three fifty a bottle. If I hadn't spent so much for that picture of your mother today I could get us a few bottles tomorrow. Yeah said Ed but the picture's mine now. All yours agreed Mr. Pope. But of course if you took Lamson's offer—let's see—after paying me back you'd have two hundred and seventy-five dollars. That would be—hell I'm no business man—around eighty bottles.

☆ EIGHTY bottles said Ed dreamily. You know Wilb I've been thinking—this talk about a mother's influence and as the twig is bent and so on—well it's a lot of baloney. I ain't saying anything against mothers. They're all right in their place and I suppose you have to have 'em. But this is a man's world. So I've heard said Mr. Pope. Yeah said Ed and too much mother's influence turns out sissies. All this crying into your beer because you never had a mother's care. . . . Well look at me—I turned out all right without it didn't I? I guess you wouldn't have been any different said Mr. Pope.

Ed looked at him suspiciously for a minute then turned and looked up at the portrait. I dunno Wilb he said. Something seems to have gone out of that picture for me. Now if it was really my mother's picture—Instinctively one recognizes one's own murmured Mr. Pope. Well a guy can be mistaken can't he? said Ed. O.K. said Mr. Pope. Let's take it down and I'll accept Lamson's offer for you. Maybe it would be better said Ed. Keep it here and it would only soften me up all the time. And we can't afford to be soft life being what it is. When can you get delivery on that liquor Wilb?

THE END

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EDGAR SNOW REPORTS FROM CALCUTTA



Mr. Pope Rides Again

By WALTER BROOKS

An incredible nag named Ed—who talks, drinks beer, and has a hankering for peace and quiet—knew just what to do when Wilbur was caught with his arm around Richard's wife.

THIS Wilbur Pope had a horse named Ed that he used to go riding on Sundays. Mr. Pope was an advertising account executive five days a week, and on Sundays he liked to get a little peace and quiet, so, after he had had breakfast and read the paper, and before his wife's friends began dropping in, he would saddle Ed and take to the hills. There are plenty of back roads around Mt. Kisco if you know where to find them, and lots of taverns full of ice-cold beer too. Ed liked peace and beer and quiet as much as Mr. Pope did, so it was a nice arrangement.

Well, there was an abandoned orchard a couple miles from Mr. Pope's house, and after they had had enough exercise and beer, they used to go up there and take a nap in the shade. And one Sunday when they came ambling through the gap in the stone wall they saw a buckskin pony tied under their favorite tree, and beside him in the grass sat a girl.

"Hell!" said Mr. Pope, and started to turn Ed to go back, but the girl jumped up and waved and called, so he thought he had to go over.

"Why, Wilbur Pope!" said the girl. "Isn't this nice? I was just wishing someone would come along and talk to me, but I hadn't hoped it would be you!"

Ed turned around and rolled his eyes at Mr. Pope, but Mr. Pope pretended not to see him.

"I didn't know you rode, Mrs. Niles," he said.

"I haven't for years," she said, "but now that tires are so scarce, Richard won't let me use the car Sundays when he plays golf, so I got this pony."

"Didn't I hear he was on one of the tire-rationing boards?" said Mr. Pope. "He ought to have tires."

"He has six brand-new ones in the garage," said Mrs. Niles, "but he doesn't feel he should use them yet. . . . But why so formal?" she said, smiling at him. "My friends call me Nita."

Well, Mr. Pope was not any special friend of the Nileses', although they lived just over the hill back of his house. But he had met them at several parties which had been anything but formal, and for all he knew, he might have got on quite disrespectful

terms with them, for it wasn't always easy to remember exactly what had happened at parties. So he said, "Sorry, Nita. The formality, I guess, was merely a recognition of the fact that you might not want to be disturbed here."

"That's very subtle of you, Wilbur," said Mrs. Niles, "but whether you disturb me or not, I leave to your intuition." And she smiled at him with her eyes, which were large and blue.

Well, Mr. Pope had no objection to talking to a pretty girl, but he had come out in search of peace and quiet, and, after all, by this time on Sunday afternoon his own home would be full of pretty girls, if that was what he wanted. Not to mention Mrs. Pope, who was one of those dark Spanish types that are so terrifying to men, or would be, if the men knew anything. So he said he was afraid he must be getting back.

So Mrs. Niles said she must, too, and she would ride back with him. And she did, and Mr. Pope wasn't bored at all, because she had a trick of turning everything he said into a compliment to herself, and that was a kind of back-handed flattery that made him feel how clever and fascinating he could be even when he didn't try. Ed was pretty bored, though. But of course he couldn't say anything, because he never did to anybody but Mr. Pope, and nobody else even suspected that he could talk.

Well, Mrs. Niles left them at her gate, and they rode on toward home, and neither of them said

ILLUSTRATED BY PETER ARNO

anything for half a mile. And then Ed said disgustingly, "Pah!"

"Pah yourself," said Mr. Pope. "What's the matter, Ed?"

"Oh, you make me sick," said Ed, "sitting up there watching over your conquest."

"What conquest?" said Mr. Pope self-consciously. But Ed just shrugged his shoulders so Mr. Pope's hat fell over his eyes, and then they were home.

Well, the next Sunday when they turned in to the orchard, there was Mrs. Niles under the apple tree, and Mr. Pope didn't see how he ever got away without being impolite, so he sat and talked to her quite a long time. He tied Ed on the other side of the tree, but, although the horse couldn't see, he could still snort derisively, and every time Mr. Pope said anything, he did. Mrs. Niles didn't think anything about it, except to wonder once if Ed had a cold, but anybody who has ever suspected a timid brother behind the davenport while handing out his best line will know how Mr. Pope felt. He was pretty short with Ed on the way home.

On the following Sunday, when Mr. Pope led Ed out of the barn, the horse said, "Hey, look, Wilb, if you're going to meet the girl friend again, take the car. I leave me home, will you? Because I just can't take it."

"You can't take what?" said Mr. Pope. And Ed said, "That fancy talk you hand out, and where you get it I don't know—you sound like a third-rate Maugham novel."

"I'll pass over that crack," said Mr. Pope, "because I haven't any intention of running into Mrs. Niles today, if I can help it, and I thought we'd go up past Jerry's and through Patten's Woods."

"You mean that?" said Ed, and Mr. Pope said, "Of course I mean it, for I want to have a nice quiet time as much as you do."

"O.K.," said Ed; "then I'll hold my fire." Well, they had some beer at Jerry's, but just as they were coming out, Mrs. Niles came cantering along, and then it was just like last Sunday. And the three following Sundays were the same. Mr. Pope said he didn't like to be impolite, and of course they had to go past the Nileses' to reach most of the back roads, and what could he do? Ed told him, but Mr. Pope didn't do anything about it.

And then one Sunday, Mrs. Niles looked worried. "Oh, Wilbur," she said as she pulled up alongside him on the road back of her house, "I'm glad we met. Oh, dear, it's just too silly for words, but Richard has found out about us, and he's frightfully angry."

"Found out?" said Mr. Pope. "But what is there to find out?"

"Oh, why, nothing, of course," said Mrs. Niles, "but—well, we have been meeting in that remote place, haven't we? And you know how Richard is!"

"No," said Mr. Pope. "How is he?"

"Well," said Mrs. Niles, "he went and phoned Carlotta about it yesterday."

"Well, I don't think Carlotta will be much disturbed," said Mr. Pope, smiling.

Mrs. Niles gave him a wide blue stare and said, "Of course, you would know whether she should be or not. And I do like your being so sure of yourself, Wilbur."

"Oh, don't be stuffy," said Mr. Pope. "You know what I mean."

"What do you mean?" said Mrs. Niles.

Well, Mr. Pope didn't have any idea what he meant, but he felt he had to say something—I don't know why—and so he opened his mouth to say it, but just then Ed decided it would be a good thing to stumble, and he did, and Mr. Pope's hat fell over his eyes and he bit his tongue, and all he said was, "Hell!"

And Mrs. Niles laughed merrily and said, "Let's go up to the orchard and talk it over."

Mr. Pope didn't want to, but he was with Ed for stumbling, so he said, "Let's."

So they rode up and sat under the apple tree, and Mrs. Niles said, "Oh, Wilbur, dear, what are we going to do?" and Mr. Pope said, "Well, if Richard doesn't like your riding with me, perhaps you'd better stop it."

But Mrs. Niles turned her eyes on him full strength, and the tears welled up, but she blotted

them before they ran down and eroded her make-up, and she said, "Oh, you are so hard!"

"No, I am not hard," said Mr. Pope, "and it has been very pleasant riding together, but—"

"Oh, don't say it!" burst out Mrs. Niles. "Don't talk about common sense! I am sick of common sense!" and she began a sort of low sobbing, which, to Ed, behind the tree, seemed pretty artificial, but to Mr. Pope, rather touching. For, after all, she was sobbing for him, and to have anybody sob for you gives you a pretty strong shot in the ego.

"So he moved closer and patted her shoulder comfortingly. But he looked around first to see where Ed was. For Ed had once leaned over his shoulder and kissed a girl, and the girl had thought it was Mr. Pope and it had caused quite a lot of trouble. And he felt that a kiss from Ed at this juncture would be a large-scale disaster.

"There, there," he said, and he reflected that it was rather pleasant to comfort a girl who was crying. For Mrs. Pope only cried when she was mad, and if you tried to comfort her then, you would probably lose an eye.

So he went on patting, and Mrs. Niles went on sobbing and talking, and she made it pretty plain that whatever her husband said, she wasn't going to stop seeing Mr. Pope. She seemed to take it for granted that Mr. Pope felt the same way. Mr. Pope didn't, but he had a kind of antiquated chivalry toward women which made it ungallant to inform them in so many words that you did not care to see them if it might mean a poke in the nose. So, like a darn fool, he put his arm around her and said, "But really, Nita, I do think we'll have to stop seeing each other."

And they were sitting like that when Mr. Niles came panting up from where he had left his car in the road at the foot of the hill.

Mr. Niles was mad, all right. He grabbed Mrs. Wilbur by the arm and pulled her to her feet and said, "You get on your horse and go home! . . . And as for you, Pope—"

"Oh, don't be an ass, Niles," said Mr. Pope. "Nita was just telling me that you had misunderstood our meetings—which have been entirely by chance and—"

"Yeah," interrupted Mr. Niles. "I saw her telling you," and he advanced threateningly.

Mr. Pope had no intention of getting into a fight over somebody he didn't care if he never saw again, and he felt pretty silly too. He couldn't figure out how he had ever got into such a situation. He tried not to look as guilty as he felt—for, after all, he had been sitting with his arm around the guy's wife—and he said, "I don't mean anything in Nita's life. We've happened to meet—Hey, quit, you fool!" he shouted, side-stepping a furious right swing that Mr. Niles had aimed at his jaw.

Well, Mr. Niles towered half a foot above Mr. Pope, and Ed, who had been peeking around the tree, decided it was time for diversion. So he hauled off and kicked the buckskin pony in the ribs. The buckskin reared and smacked Ed on the nose, and it was several minutes before Mr. Niles and Mr. Pope got the squealing animals separated. Then Mr. Pope prudently mounted.

Mrs. Niles was weeping bitterly with one eye and watching the two men with the other, and Mr. Niles was feeling of his shoulder, where one of Ed's hoofs had grazed him, and he said, "You watch your step, Pope; I warn you."

"Oh, come, Niles," said Mr. Pope. "Don't be medieval. You can't stop my riding."

"I can stop your riding with my wife," said Mr. Niles, "and don't you forget it."

"Well," said Mr. Pope, "I gather you encouraged Nita to ride to save wear on your tires, and if you wouldn't be such a hog about your car and would let her use it, she probably wouldn't have much interest in riding, and then she certainly wouldn't meet me. But as there are only a certain number of dirt roads around here—"

"What arrangements I make with my wife are my business." (Continued on Page 58)

They were sitting like that when Mr. Niles came panting up from where he had left his car at the foot of the hill.





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MR. POPE RIDES AGAIN

(Continued from Page 15)

"And my opinions are mine," said Mr. Pope, "and I must say that a man who has six brand-new tires tucked away and still won't let his wife use his car."

"Who told you that?" shouted Mr. Niles; and Mr. Pope said, "Oh, a little bird," and rode quickly off.

"You kicked Niles in the shoulder, Ed," he said as they ambled home. "You ought to be more careful; you might have killed the guy."

"Yeah," said Ed, "and then you could have got a divorce and married your Nita."

"Don't talk nonsense," said Mr. Pope. "I wouldn't marry her if she were the last woman on earth."

"Yeah?" said Ed. "Well, you certainly acted like she was the last woman on earth. Gee, I can't figure you out, Wilb," he said. "You mean you ain't making a play for her?"

"Certainly not," said Mr. Pope.

"Then maybe it's as well I didn't hit the guy's head, like I intended," said Ed. "But if that's so, you certainly missed your cues."

Mr. Pope asked, "How so?"

And Ed said, "Well, my guess is she ain't making a play for you either. Not a serious one, anyway. She wants to use that car, and if old whoosis can be made to think her riding is just a blind to meet some guy she wants to build a nest with."

"Could be," said Mr. Pope.

"Is," said Ed. "And what's more," he said, "if you really make a good strong play for her, she'll be scared pointless. And we'll have our orchard back," he said.

"Mr. Pope thought it was a terrible idea. 'If you think I'm going all out to try to scare her off,' he said, 'you're crazy.'"

"You think maybe you'd be stuck with her?" said Ed. "Well, you're stuck with her now, for what do you bet we run into her again next week?"

Mr. Pope didn't answer and they rode home. And there was more trouble. For, as they rode up the drive, they saw Mr. Pope's car, and some people looking at it, and well they might look at it, for the right front fender was smashed and the front tires looked as if they had been chewed by lions.

Mrs. Pope ran up to Mr. Pope, and said, "Oh, Wilbur, I am afraid I have wrecked our front tires, for I ran off the road and into a barbed-wire fence."

Mr. Pope said, "Oh," and looked at the tires, and then he said, "Well, that ends our jolly motoring days for the duration; for, as you know, I have only the one spare."

"Well, I said I was sorry," said Mrs. Pope defiantly, "and you might ask if I'm all right."

So Mr. Pope did, and Mrs. Pope said she was, and Mr. Pope asked how it happened.

"Well, I had Jed Witherspoon with me," said Mrs. Pope.

"Ah," said Mr. Pope, "and were you driving with one hand or something?"

"Well, in a way," said Mrs. Pope, "because I had to slap his face, and we were on a curve and I sort of lost control."

"Couldn't you have waited until pulling up before slapping him?" said Mr. Pope.

"No," said Mrs. Pope, "because I would have misunderstood if I had stopped the car."

"Well, it's too bad," said Mr. Pope, "and I still think it might have been simpler to have pulled up and then to have removed his misunderstanding, than to have spoiled two perfectly good tires."

"Oh, you do!" said Mrs. Pope angrily.

And Mr. Pope said firmly, "Yes, I do!"

And Mrs. Pope said, "Well, you're a good one to talk! Running about and making a spectacle of yourself with that little Niles creature every Sunday!"

So Mr. Pope rode Ed over to the barn.

"Well, Ed," he said, "I guess you'll have to take me to the train mornings now. I haven't a car any more."

"Yeah?" said Ed. "And where do you park me—in that lousy garage of Duffy's?"

"Oh, it won't be so bad," said Mr. Pope, "and you'll probably hear a lot of good stories."

"There's only three good stories, and I know them," said Ed, and he began to complain.

Daring Young Man

THE two Bobbies were even up with 296 at the end of seventy-two holes for the United States Open Golf title of 1923, and they were still even up at the end of seventeen play-off holes.

The youthful Jones refused to crack, and the canny, Scottish Cruickshank never had.

Cruickshank teed off for the eighteenth and his shot careened into the rough one hundred and fifty yards away. Jones' drive split the fairway, but landed considerably short of his target—the shore of a generous lake that lay in front of the green.

Cruickshank faced a gamble. A two-hundred-and-fifty-yard drive to the green from his fairly bad lie would have been one of golf's great feats. A safer alternative was to pitch to the edge of the lake and then clear it for a

sure five, perhaps a four. Jones would have to clear the lake with a long drive and a perfect one in order to one-putt for a three.

A kid just doesn't do those things under pressure, and so the canny Scot played it safe by pitching to the edge of the lake.

Almost before Cruickshank's ball had landed, Jones was grabbing his No. 1 iron. He had sized up everything, including Cruickshank's low estimate of his nerves under pressure. He whacked his pill high and handsome, but not wide, for a two-hundred-yard lake-clearing drive that hit the green and rolled up six feet from the cup. Cruickshank faced the task of holing out from one hundred and fifty yards. He couldn't, and Bobby Jones had won his first National Open by taking a dare.

—ARTHUR MANN.

But Mr. Pope was sore about the car, and he said, "Don't give me an argument. Maybe later I can get some re-reads, but until then we ride."

"You might apply to Niles' rationing board," said Ed.

"You're a big help," said Mr. Pope. Well, Mr. Pope spent an unpleasant evening, during which he became plain that Mr. Niles had indeed talked to Mrs. Pope, and with considerable imaginative detail. In the morning he went out to saddle Ed to ride to the station. And there in the middle of the barn floor were two brand-new tires.

"Hey, Ed," he said. "What's this?"

"Oh, them?" said Ed in an offhand way. "Oh, those tires. Yeah. Well, what do you know?"

"What do you know?" said Mr. Pope.

And Ed said, "Oh, Wilb, I might as well tell you. I sneaked over to Niles' place last night and picked 'em up for you."

"Good Lord, Ed," said Mr. Pope, "you mean you stole them? And how'd you get in his garage?"

"Well," said Ed, "I sort of leaned against the door, and it flew right open, and then Niles came out to see what the noise was, but I'd pulled the door to, and I just sort of joined two cows that were standing in the next field, till he went in the house. Then I went back and stuck my head through a couple of tires and brought 'em over. . . . Now look," he said, as Mr. Pope started to blow up. "Don't be a sap, Wilb. Get those tires on and drive to the station, and nobody'll ever know the difference."

"You darned fool," said Mr. Pope. "Those tires have got serial numbers on 'em, and anyway, I don't drive with stolen tires. We'll have to get 'em back somehow." He glanced apprehensively out of the barn door, and then picked up the tires and rolled them into the harness closet.

"Well," he said, "I haven't time to think about it now. Come on; I'm late for the train as it is."

Well, that evening Mr. Pope made Ed promise to take the tires back, and he and Mrs. Pope went off to the movies with the Brintons. When the Brintons brought them home, it was late, and they were just starting into the house when they heard a pounding out in the barn, and they went out to see what it was. As they got nearer they heard muffled shouting, and it seemed to come from the harness closet, so Mr. Pope switched on the light and unlocked the harness-closet door, and out tumbled Mr. Niles.

Well, that was quite a surprise. Mrs. Pope screamed, and Mr. Pope said, "Well, for heaven's sake!"

And Mr. Niles, who gave the general effect of having been well shaken up in an ash can, put his face close to Mr. Pope's and said between his teeth, "You're going to regret this, Pope, till the last day you live!"

Well, Mr. Pope could see that the two tires were no longer in the harness closet, and they weren't in sight anywhere around the barn either. Ed was in his stall, munching away stolidly on a wisp of hay.

"I don't know what you're talking about," he said, "and perhaps you'd better explain why I find you skulking in my harness closet."

"Skulking!" yelled Mr. Niles. "Skulking," and his voice rose to a shriek, and then he got hold of himself and said, "I don't know how much you know about this, Mrs. Pope, but I don't propose to drop it, even if your husband

returns the tires he stole from my garage last night, and while I am sorry to embarrass you, I don't intend to let him out of my sight until I can get the police here."

"Oh, come," said Mrs. Pope. "Why should you think Wilbur would steal your tires?"

"He was the only one who knew I had them," said Mr. Niles. "My wife told him, and that was why I came here to look for them."

"Ah, yes, your wife," said Mrs. Pope thoughtfully. "Well, Wilbur might try to steal your wife, but I don't think he'd steal your tires."

"But I found them here," said Mr. Niles.

"Yeah?" said Mr. Pope, who had just received a reassuring wink from Ed. "Well, where are they?"

"Wherever you hid them after you shoved me into that closet," said Mr. Niles, "and if you want to."

"Just a minute," interrupted Mrs. Pope sharply. "Wilbur couldn't have shoved you into any closet, because we've been at the movies all the evening. But I'd like to get this thing cleared up myself, and so you can watch Wilbur if you want to, while I go in and phone the police." And she left the barn.

Well, it was half an hour before a police car turned into the driveway, and it was an unpleasant half hour for Mr. Pope, for Mr. Niles just stood and glared steadily at him, without saying a word. Mr. Niles' story was that he had driven over and found the missing tires in the harness closet, and he had just rolled them out when somebody slammed the door on him and locked him in. "It was Pope all right," he said, "because I heard him laugh, and he came back a couple of times and laughed at me, and I suppose we will find the tires hidden somewhere around here, officer."

"Well, it don't seem to me—" began the trooper, scratching his head, and then he said, "You say you were at the movies, Mr. Pope?"

"With Mr. and Mrs. Brinton," said Mrs. Pope, "and you can easily phone them and check up."

"No," said Mr. Pope; "let him make a complete search. Then, when I sue Niles for making this charge, as I certainly intend to do, we'll have a complete story."

So the trooper searched. He examined the tires on Mr. Pope's car and he searched the house and the barn and every bush and tree on the place.

And while he was searching, Mr. Pope took measure of oats in to Ed.

"Where are they?" he whispered, and Ed said, "Make him look in his garage. I took 'em back. Boy, did the guy use scurrilous language!" he said with a giggle. "After I shoved the door to, I had to sit against it until I could turn the key with my teeth, and my, my, such talk!"

Well, pretty soon the trooper and Mr. Niles came back, and the trooper was good and angry, and he said, "Well, Mr. Pope, Mr. Niles may have seen those tires here, but they aren't here now, and I've checked with Mr. Brinton on the phone, and you certainly couldn't have locked Mr. Niles into the closet. So what do I do now?"

Mr. Pope said it seemed obvious to him that Mr. Niles suffered from delusions and that perhaps they'd all better go over and leave the Nileses' garage. So Mr. Niles got into his car, which he had left out in the road, and the trooper took the Pops in the police car, and they drove over. And sure



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enough, there were all of Mr. Niles' six tires in a neat pile in the corner of his garage.

Well, Mr. Niles didn't have much to say, but Mr. Pope had plenty. "Well, there you are, officer," he said, "and if you ask me, hoing of this kind is pretty darned unpatriotic—particularly in a member of a tire-rationing board."

"I bought those tires long before rationing started," said Mr. Niles, but in a rather subdued voice.

"Who's to say?" said Mr. Pope. "You might be as mistaken about that as you were about where they were... Eh, officer? Not a nice story, if it got around locally." The trooper shook his head and looked with disgust at Mr. Niles. "Now, you take me," said Mr. Pope. "You saw my car. I've had to quit using it. And here's a member of the board who has six new spares. Six! Don't seem fair, does it?"

The trooper said it didn't. "Now, of course," Mr. Pope went on, "I wouldn't have been justified in stealing two of these tires. But if I told you that I offered Mr. Niles fifteen dollars apiece for two of them and that he refused to let me have them —"

"You never tried to buy any tires of me!" exclaimed Mr. Niles.

"You see?" said Mr. Pope, and the trooper nodded.

"Oh," said Mr. Niles, looking at Mr. Pope with his eyes narrowed, "I begin to see too." He thought for a minute. "I don't get this thing at all," he said. "I don't know how you did it, or why. But you can make things unpleasant for me. All right, Pope. I won't apologise, but you can have two of those tires."

"That's fine," said the trooper. "That's fine. And you gentlemen —"

"We're satisfied, I think," said Mr. Pope, pulling out his checkbook. "Yes," said Mr. Niles grudgingly, "and thank you, officer. I'm sorry I called you out. If there's anything I can do for you any time —"

The trooper grinned. "I'll remember that," he said, "whatever else I forget today." Well, the following Sunday, Mr. Pope and Ed went out as usual. Ed felt pretty good, because he wasn't going to have to spend most of the week in Duffy's garage, waiting for Mr. Pope to come back from the city, and he wanted to celebrate, so Mr. Pope had stuck a bottle of whisky in his pocket. Ed hadn't wanted to go up to the orchard, but Mr. Pope said he'd be darned if he'd be driven out of such a peaceful spot by any darned girl, and anyway, he said, after the bawling-out Niles gave her, she wouldn't try it again. Ed wasn't convinced, but he wanted to get at the bottle, so they went up and sat under their tree and passed the bottle back and forth and had a nice time.

By early afternoon they were pretty well allied, and they sang and shouted and carried on until the orchard sounded like a reunion of the class of 1910. But Ed was still kind of nervous, and finally he said, "Maybe we're making too much racket, Wilb, if that pest is galloping around on her pony."

"Pooh!" said Mr. Pope.

But Ed said, "Pooh all you want to, but she won't give up so easy."

"She don't want me," said Mr. Pope. "She wouldn't leave her happy home for you," said Ed, "but I know her kind. She's a scalp hunter, and until she's tore your scalp off, she won't quit."

"You mean if she knew she could get me," said Mr. Pope, "she'd have no further interest?"

"Sure," said Ed.

And Mr. Pope said, "Well, that's easy. If she shows up, I'll tear off my own scalp and hand it to her, and then we can go on drinking."

"Is that a promise?" said Ed.

And Mr. Pope said, "Sure. Pass the bottle."

Well, they had hardly had two more drinks when Ed said, "Oh-oh!" and pointed with one hoof to the gap in the stone wall, and Mr. Pope looked, and there was Mrs. Niles on her pony.

"Why, Wilbur," she said, dismounting, "how nice! I thought maybe after what Richard said —"

"Who's Richard?" said Mr. Pope, and she shook his head to clear it. "My, Nita," he said, "you're purry as a pitcher!"

"I'm your Nita?" said Mrs. Niles lightly.

"One man's Nita 'nother man's poison," said Mr. Pope.

"Why, Wilbur, I believe you're tight!" she said, and she looked at the bottle, and then at Ed, who had rolled over and was lying in the grass with his eyes shut. "And your poor horse!" she said. "He's tired out!"

She led her pony around the other side of the tree to tie him, and Ed opened one eye.

"Remember your promise," he whispered.

Mr. Pope frowned. "Oh, now listen, Ed," he began, but Ed put his mouth close to Mr. Pope's ear.

"You keep this up," he muttered, "and you'll have to slug it out some bright Sunday with Nilesy. Be a man, Wilb."

"Yeah," said Mr. Pope, but —

"O.K.," said Ed, jumping up, "then I'm leaving and you can walk home. Mr. Pope caught at the bridle, but missed it.

"Oh, all right," he said.

"What did you say?" asked Mrs. Niles, coming back and sitting down beside him.

"Just addressing my charger," said Mr. Pope. "Poor old Ed," he said, "I've ridden him pretty hard today."

Then he shook his head sadly. "But I can't help it," he said. "I'm about at the end of my rope, Nita."

"Why, what do you mean?" she said.

And he said, "Well, we can't go on like this."

Mrs. Niles screwed up her eyes and looked at him.

"What on earth are you talking about?" she demanded.

"Talking about us," said Mr. Pope. "Two loving hearts serrated by a few words mumbled by a minister—I mean mumbled by a minister. Niles word, 'mumbled.' I remember." "I remember when we were married, the minister —" He stopped as Ed gave a loud snort, and then said, "Well, anyway, there's too many's in that, and as I was going to say, I told Carlotta last night that you and I —"

"You what?" shouted Mrs. Niles.

"Oh, Wilbur, you fool! You don't mean you want and —"

"Sure, I did," said Mr. Pope. "I went and did. Well, we got to accept the ineffable, haven't we? And what we got to do, we got to go tell Richard right away."

"Tell Richard!" screamed Mrs. Niles, jumping to her feet.

"Sure, sure," said Mr. Pope. "We go to him hand in hand and tell him frankly and freely — Why, Richard's a human being just like us," said Mr. Pope — "in many respects, that is — and after all, if we really want to marry each —"

"You're drunk!" interrupted Mrs. Niles harshly. "Why, I never heard such a lot of nonsense in my life! Good heavens, just because I stop and talk to you once in a while —"

"Why, Nita," said Mr. Pope, "you distinctly say —"

"Well," said Mrs. Niles, untwining the pony's reins, "I'll distinctly say now that you're a conceited fool, and — why, I wouldn't marry you if you were the last man on earth!"

"You and her too," said Ed, opening one eye as Mrs. Niles cantered off.

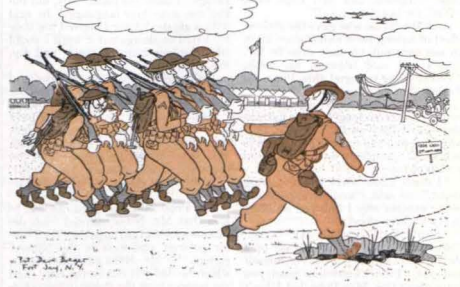
"Yeah," said Mr. Pope. "Well, Ed, the orchard's ours again."

"Yeah?" said Ed, sitting up.

"What do you mean, yeah?" said Mr. Pope. "You heard the line I handed her."

Ed yawned and sat up. "Dear me," he said, "I must have dropped off. Same old line, was it, Wilb?" Then he grinned. "Oh, I won't kid you, Wilb; I heard it all, and you done fine. I didn't think you had it in you. And maybe you wouldn't have had it in you if you hadn't had a lot of good whisky in you too. Yeah," said Ed, "some folks take women for their inspiration, but me, I take whisky. Pass the bottle, Wilb."

PRIVATE BREGER



"You! Head up! Chin in! Look where you're going!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

September 5, 1942 10¢

NEW SERIAL

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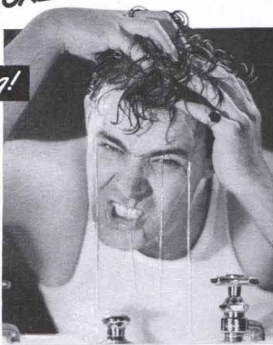


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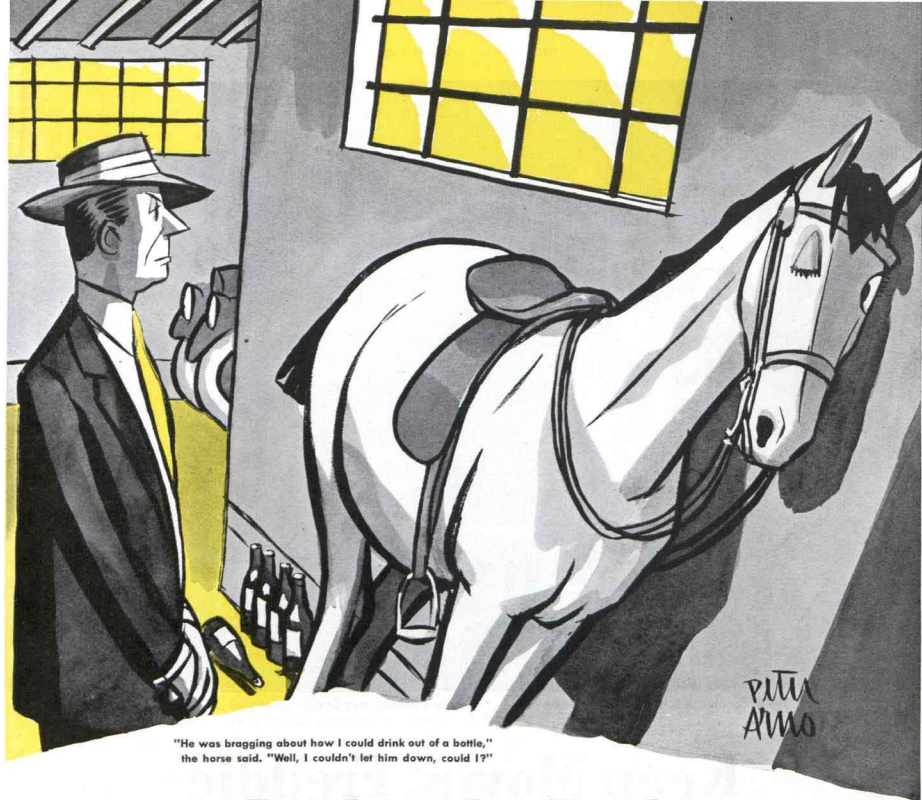
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"He was bragging about how I could drink out of a bottle," the horse said. "Well, I couldn't let him down, could I?"

Bird in the Bush

By WALTER BROOKS

ALL this Wilbur Pope had was an A card, and after Mrs. Pope had driven him down to the 8:15 and picked him up on the 5:48 five days a week there was hardly enough gas left on week ends to flood the carburetor. And of course Mrs. Pope was practically confined to the house, for although the Popes lived in Mt. Kisco their social activities ramified all over Westchester and even up into Connecticut. Mrs. Pope would have liked to give Mr. Ikes a piece of her mind. But as Mr. Ikes wasn't handy she gave it to Mr. Pope. She was part Spanish, and although the Spanish percentage only worked out to one eighth by extraction, it figured up to about nine eighths by temperament, and so Mr. Pope decided to be patriotic and ride his horse back and forth to the train.

This horse of Mr. Pope's was named Ed, and as far as looks go when you'd said he was a horse you'd said everything. I don't know but maybe you'd said a little too much. But he was better company than most horses because he could talk. It's true his conversation was a little vulgar at times, but Mr. Pope was broad-minded and made allowances. After all, Ed had been brought up in a stable. And since he never talked to anybody else, Mr. Pope didn't have to feel apologetic about him.

Well, Ed did not warm up to the idea of spending every weekday at the station waiting for the 5:48. "You make me sick, Wilb," he said. "You're out to get a big hand from everybody for being patriotic and self-sacrificing, but I'm the guy that does the sacrificing. Nine and a half hours—that's what times five?—forty-eight hours a week I stand around down at that hot station just so you can swell around and brag about what a good American you are."

"Nonsense," said Mr. Pope. "I'm just saving a little gas so Carlotta can get out once in a while. Besides, the way the advertising business is today, I often get in on the 3:58, so I guess you'll come well under the forty-hour law. You could join the union, Ed, and still not have any complaint against me. I guess nothing could be more generous than that."

"That's very funny, that is," said Ed bitterly. "I think it's kind of funny," said Mr. Pope. "But anyway, you'll be comfortable. I've fixed it up with Fred Leamy at the garage so you can stay in there."

"From what I've seen of those boys at the garage," said Ed, "they're not the kind of people

you ought to leave me with. I'll probably learn a lot of bad words."

"Not with the kind of education you appear to have had," said Mr. Pope. "I'll cheerfully give you five dollars for every one you learn that you didn't know before."

"Welladay!" said Ed mournfully. "Oh, gosh, Wilbur, have a heart. Out here I have my comfortable stable, and the run of the grounds all week, and then on Saturdays and Sundays we take our little rides and swap lies and drop in hither and yon for a beer, and it's a life we've got accustomed to. I ain't saying what you want to do is unreasonable, but I ain't conditioned for it. I'm too old to change. I'm just a homebody, Wilb. All I ask is to live quietly here in my little home, with all my treasures about me."

"Don't be wisful," said Mr. Pope. "it's not your type. Gosh, Ed, I thought you'd be delighted. Here at last the horse is coming into his own again, and I thought you'd want to be right at the head of the parade. The first horse to step out and take the right of way from the automobiles that drove him off the road a generation ago."

Ed arched his neck and stamped a hoof. Then he shook his head. "You know me, Wilb," he said

ILLUSTRATED BY PETER ARNO

The Kimshaws' garden fete would have been just another party without Wilbur and Ed, the beer-drinking, talking horse.

"I'm a sucker for phrases. Horse coming into his own, hey? That's a good one, that is. Yeah, I don't say it don't kind of strike a triumphant chord, but I'm getting a little deaf to the trumpet call. You got to make out a stronger case than that."

"All right, I will," said Mr. Pope. "Tomorrow morning you start taking me to the station."

"I was afraid you'd say that," said Ed. "Well, Ed was pretty sour when they started out next morning, but by the time he had raced three

bicycles and disputed the right of way with a milk truck and won, he had begun to feel that perhaps the automobile was a vanishing species after all, and he pranced about in front of the station until Mr. Pope told him sharply to be his age. "That funny business with the milk truck," said Mr. Pope, "might have netted you a busted leg, to say nothing about me."

"Horse can't come into his own without running a few risks," said Ed. "We got to show these four-

wheeled stink buggies where they get off at." And he reared and made a pass with a forefoot at a green coupe, driven by a Mr. Fessenden, which was about to cross in front of him.

Mr. Fessenden swerved and fouled Jed Witherpoon's fender, and Jed got out and swore at Mr. Fessenden, and Mr. Fessenden got out and swore at Mr. Pope, and Mr. Pope rode on with dignity toward the garage, past a group of so-called friends on the platform, who shouted "Yoicks!" and "Tally-ho!" and other appropriate cries.

At the garage Mr. Pope unassailed Ed and turned him over to Fred Leamy.

"You can tie him with this halter," he said. "Over in that corner, where it's cool. He won't be any trouble. Just give him a drink of water by and by."

Ed stamped and looked fixedly at Mr. Pope.

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Pope. "about noon you can give him a bottle of beer. Just take the cap off—Ed can manage a bottle all right."

Ed stamped again. Mr. Pope looked doubtfully at him, and then he said, "Well, if he seems to be getting restless, you can give him another bottle."

"Gosh, I wish I was a horse," said Fred.

"Oh, get a bottle for yourself too," said Mr. Pope, and ran for his train.

Well, Mr. Pope had lunch that day with his nephew, Roger Boyden. Roger had dropped out of Princeton in the winter and enlisted, and was now on leave, waiting to be sent West for further training leading to a commission and wings. He was also trying hard to get engaged to a Miss Cicely Lamson, who lived some eight miles from the Papes, and as Miss Lamson was the daughter of Mr. Pope's boss—well, Mr. Pope didn't see any reason why he should strew boulders in the path of young love. So he invited Roger out for ten days.

Well, they got out in the 1920s, and I guess it was a good thing, for at the garage Fred Leamy was sound asleep at the desk in his little office with his nose on the blotter, and when they roused him he merely smiled up at them dreamily.

"So some horse of yours, Mr. Pope," he said.

Mr. Pope had caught sight of a row of beer bottles inside the garage door, which hadn't been there in the morning.

He said, "Well, I suppose I asked for it. But I thought you'd know better, Fred, than to try to drink a horse under the table."

"Merely followed instructions," said Fred. "You said when he got restless. An' he begun to get restless before your train was out of the station. Before it had given a single toot. Before."

"Skip it," said Mr. Pope. "We'll ration the beer from now on. Get a taxi to take my friend up to the house, will you?"

Ed seemed none the worse for his orgy, and he merely remarked when they were out on the road that it was no wonder the automobile was going out, if Fred was typical of the men who looked after them. "My gosh, Wilb," he said, "no old-time stablehand would begin to curl up at the edges after a couple of beers."

"A couple is good," said Mr. Pope. "I saw the line-up behind the door."

"Oh, well," said Ed, "we might have had five or six. You know me—I don't begin to count 'em till we get up to twenty."

"Well," said Mr. Pope, "you won't need to begin counting for another two weeks then, because two bottles a day is your quota."

Ed gave a snort. "That's you all over," he said. "I bet you grudge your car the gas you put into it, only you know you can't talk it out of using it. But me—I'm easygoing and good-natured, and—"

"Two bottles a day," said Mr. Pope. Ed thought he'd better change the subject. "Who was that nice-looking guy in uniform?" he said. "Favored you a little, I thought."

So Mr. Pope told him. "Why, you old slyboots!" said Ed. "I've heard of marrying the boss"

(Continued on Page 63)



A voice that might have been Mr. Lamson's: "You keep your long snout out of my affairs, Kimshaw!"

BIRD IN THE BUSH

(Continued from Page 25)

daughter to get on in the world, but this lays all over it. You get her into the family without having to support her."

"Pshaw, Ed," said Mr. Pope; "such an idea never entered my head."

"I can believe that," said Ed. "I said it was smart. Who put you on to it?"

Mr. Pope said Ed had a vile, suspicious mind.

Well, both Ed and Fred Leamy were sort of subdued for the next day or two, and Ed jogged down the 8:15 and back from the 5:48 without complaint, and even consented to let Mr. Pope rein him over to the side of the road when cars honked to pass them. Mr. Pope was pleased. For Roger's affair was going well too. At least he spent most of his time at the Lamsons', and Mrs. Pope, whom he had made his confidante, had the wedding present all picked out.

Then one afternoon Mr. Pope got off the train and went over to the garage. Fred wasn't around, and he went in to saddle Ed and ride home. The horse was leaning against the wall with his eyes shut.

"Hi, Ed," said Mr. Pope. "Wake up. Time to go home."

Ed opened one eye. "Go way," he said. "Get thee hence."

"O.K.," said Mr. Pope; "let's get us both hence. But why the classic speech?"

"The horse," said Ed, closing his eye again. "is a noble animal. His speech, therefore, should be classic in its purity. He is the scion of a great tradition. Since that first great horse who conquered proud Troy —"

"The Trojan horse," interrupted Mr. Pope, "was made of wood, and was full of Greeks. You are only partly wood, and as I perceive by the aroma, are full of beer. What's become of Fred?"

"They bore him home," said Ed dreamily. "A martyr to the generosity of his friends. Yes, I may truthfully say that they bore him home upon his bier." Ed opened both eyes and grinned. "Not bad, hey, Wilb?"

"Very funny," said Mr. Pope, throwing the saddle across Ed's back. "But if you think I'm going to pay —"

"Don't cost you a cent," said Ed hastily. "You see, Wilb, 'twas thus. Fred has a lot of friends, low fellows of the baser sort—honest, Wilb, you never saw such goofs—that hang around this dump, and he was bragging about how I could drink out of a bottle, and some bets were made, and—well, I couldn't let Fred down, could I? Hey, don't pull that girth so tight. I got what you'd call kind of a full figure this afternoon."

As Mr. Pope put his foot in the stirrup, Ed turned and looked at him. "Wouldn't you maybe like to walk home, Wilb?" he said. "The back way, through the pretty woods, getting some healthful exercise and picking the wee woodland posies?"

"No," said Mr. Pope firmly. "O.K.," said Ed; "then hold tight. Professor, a little horror music, please." And paying no attention to the rein, he pranced out into the open space before the station, where commuters' cars were backing out of their parking places into the stream of homeward traffic.

In two minutes, by rearing and whirling and dashing this way and that, he had so snarled traffic that it was brought to a complete standstill. Then he leaped the paling and cantered on up the now empty road.

Mr. Pope let go of Ed's neck and regained his stirrups. "Cut it out, Ed," he said. "I should think if you're such a noble animal you'd know that no gentleman ever takes more than he can hold."

"I'm no gentleman," said Ed, "and I take all I can get." And as a car came toward them from the other direction, he planted himself in the middle of the road and gave it what is vulgarly described as the bird.

The car swerved, and with two wheels in the ditch lurched past them and up onto the road again.

"Now, look here —" Mr. Pope began severely, but Ed broke in.

"Don't say it, Wilb," he said. "This is my day. The horse has come into his own, ain't he? Six months ago we couldn't have got onto this road. And now there ain't a car in sight. The back with the back roads; we're taking over the concrete."

(Continued on Page 65)

SECONDS

saved by war workers mean



MINUTES

gained for fighters in the



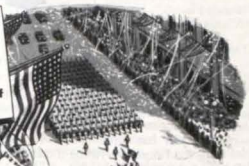
HOURS

of darkness before the



DAY

of Victory dawns with hope of



YEARS

of peace and progress



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Telechron ELECTRIC CLOCKS

ALL with the famous self-starting Telechron motor, sealed in oil for silence and long life. Warren Telechron Co., Ashland, Mass.

"Hey, fellas—maybe you got it wound up too tight."

(Continued from Page 63)

Mr. Pope said it was bad for his hoofs.

"It's good for a my soul," said Ed, and he started at a trot down the road with his head in the air, and a high kick action that nearly jolted Mr. Pope's teeth out.

There wasn't much for Mr. Pope to do but hang on. Ed had the bit in his teeth and could neither be reined nor pulled out of the middle of the road. The cars from the station, which had gradually become untangled, were beginning to pile up behind them, but Ed refused to let make, and their furious horn blowing frustrated him.

"Boy, do I take 'em get into line!" he shouted. "Hey, you; get back there!" he yelled at a car that was trying to edge past. He lashed out with his hind feet at the hood, and the car dropped back.

Mr. Pope snatched off his hat and crushed it down over Ed's head so that the horse couldn't see. Then, bracing himself in the stirrups, he heaved on the reins, and Ed, unable to see the road, was pulled out of the way.

The cars streamed by. Most of them had formed an opinion of Mr. Pope and expressed it freely. When they were gone Mr. Pope put his hat on again.

"Well, of all the dirty tricks!" said Ed.

"There'll be dirtier ones if you can't behave yourself," said Mr. Pope. "You darn fool, do you want to ruin my reputation? Those people think it's me yelling at them."

"Oh, don't be so Victorian," said Ed. He snorted disgustfully, and then as another car came up behind and passed them, he gave it a good loud razzberry.

It was an open car, and the girl who was driving slowed down and turned around.

"Hi, beautiful!" yelled Ed, but Mr. Pope yanked savagely at his mouth, for the man beside the girl had also turned around.

"Blast you, Ed!" whispered Mr. Pope. "Now you've done it!" It was the Lamsons!

"Judas!" said Ed. "The boss! Think of something quick, Wilb!"

Mr. Pope did think of a lot of things. He thought of his job, which was none too secure at a time when the advertising agencies were bisecting and trisecting and practically bisecting their staffs. He thought of Mr. Lamson's temper, and of his immense sense of dignity. He thought of the certain wrath of Mrs. Pope. But he did not think of any plausible explanation.

And all the time he was coming closer to the car. It was the only thing to do; he couldn't just turn and run.

"Hello, Mr. Lamson," he said, with a very unreasonable fasimile of nonchalance. "Hello, Cicely. Did you hear too?"

Drive on, Cicely," growled Mr. Lamson. Then he turned to Mr. Pope. His frown was so menacing that Mr. Pope swore afterward that lightning flickered across his forehead. "I just wanted to be quite certain that it was you, Pope," he said.

"But wait a minute," protested Mr. Pope, as Cicely reached for the gearshift lever. "You don't imagine"

"I don't imagine anything," said Mr. Lamson. "You smell like a salmon. If you are sober enough to come to the office tomorrow, I shall have something to say to you. Cicely!"

The girl looked at Mr. Pope quizzically. Then with a faint shrug, started the car.

On the way home Ed looked around several times and started to say something, and then his ears drooped and he turned back and plodded on. Even when a car horn sounded he didn't say anything, and when Mr. Pope unsaddled him in the stable, and put a measure of oats in the manger, Ed didn't seem to have any appetite. And it wasn't just the beer either. He felt pretty bad.

So Mr. Pope went up onto the terrace, and there were Mrs. Pope and Roger.

"Carlotta," said Mr. Pope, "examine me closely. In your opinion, am I under the influence of liquor?"

Roger looked startled, but Mr. Pope laughed and said, "What an odd question! Why, no, Wilbur; you always give a slightly intoxicated effect,

"Yes," said Mrs. Pope, "it was Mr. Lamson—your ex-hoss."

"Ex?" murmured Mr. Pope.

"Emphatically ex," she replied. "He said he did not feel that he could keep in the employ of a man who was capable of such erratic and vulgar conduct. He also not only refused to bring his wife and daughter over here to dinner Friday night, he has forbidden Cicely to see Roger again."

"What!" shouted Roger, jumping up. "Come inside, Roger—we must talk about this," said Mrs. Pope. She gave Mr. Pope a look which assured him that it would have been better for him if he had been strangled at birth, and went in.

Well, the doghouse is a palace compared to what Mr. Pope was in for the next few days. His interview with

dence from his past that she almost convinced him.

Roger, on the other hand, said nothing but just looked reproachful. For Cicely wouldn't see him.

"So, so," said Mr. Pope, "I was mad at Ed, Mr. Pope was thrown back on the horse for companionship and sympathy. Ed was remorseful, all right. He even refused a bottle of beer one day on the way home. I left the stuff forever," he said, raising his right foot. "But that don't solve anything."

And then came an invitation to the Kimshaws' annual garden party. The Kimshaws were the cupola of an ancient, prescriptive, aristocracy, decided only by those not invited to share its dignity. Also, Mr. Kimshaw was president of Eastern Mutual, and a friend of Mr. Lamson's—two facts which added up to a fat advertising appropriation, the commission from which Mr. Lamson now looked upon as an annuity. The actual handling of the account had for the past few years been done by Mr. Pope.

"I shall go and see Roger in the car," said Mrs. Pope. "The Lamsons are sure to be there, and perhaps we can get a chance to talk with Cicely. I don't suppose you'll want to go?"

But Mr. Pope said he didn't wish to. Mrs. Pope shrugged. "You don't think for a minute," she said, "that you can take that account with you when you're fired, do you?" she said. "I'm not quite so fat as stupid as to try that," said Mr. Pope.

"Well, one never knows," said Mrs. Pope vaguely.

"Then I can leave early," said Mr. Pope.

On the afternoon of the party, Mr. Pope and Ed cantered up the Kimshaw road. When they came in sight of the house, Ed paused.

"Wow!" he said. "Some palazzo!" Then he looked doubtfully. "Are you sure it's all right, Wilb?"

"What do you mean, all right?" said Mr. Pope.

"Well," said Ed, "ain't we kind of stepping out of our class? Shanty folks like us?"

"Pooh!" said Mr. Pope. "Nothing to it. This is just a tea party in the old Victorian tradition the Kimshaws were brought up. All you do is take in a little tea and give out a little culture. Alternately, of course."

"I bet you push a mean tea-cup," said Ed. "I dunno about the culture. But it'd be interesting to see how the other half lives. Moor me where I can see the battle, Wilb, and slip the butler a buck and have him bring me out a gold teapot full of Napoleon brandy, will you?"

Mr. Pope dismissed a footman who came out to take Ed, and rode on to where a bridge path went into woods. "I won't tie you," he said. "If you wander up past the swimming pool, there's a high hedge, and you can peek over it and see the whole performance. Nobody'll see you from this side if you stay among the trees."

Well, the party was under forced draught, and the roar of polite conversation could be heard for miles. Menaced by brandished tea-cups, Mr. Pope wandered through a jungle of floppy garden hats which are de rigueur at such functions. Occasionally, through the mist of the tea-cups, he caught glimpses of friends, and once of Roger, gazing with love-lorn eyes at some object invisible to Mr. Pope, but probably Cicely. And presently he came upon Mr. Kimshaw.

Well, this was the worst of it. The come-what-s-all-this-nonsense

Pidgin English



My is good for I, see, mine, our and all other first-person pronouns. He means he, she, it. "My missee," a house boy will say, "he no go," and in apologizing for a broken egg: "My velly sorry he bust."

Even signs appear in pidgin: "MAY TI PI, DRESS TAYLOR—LADIES FIRST USTANCES." Books of verse are available in this remarkable tongue. Here is the first stanza of Longfellow's *Excelsior*, in the original and in pidgin English:

*The shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village
A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
A banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!*

*That night-time begins chop-chop,
One young man walkee—no can stop;
Makkee snow, makkee ice,
He cally flag with chop ice on,
Top-side galon.*

From all this it is easy to see why anyone who talks to a pidgin speaker in the King's English is likely to draw this comment: "Marster no spik proper."

—FRANCIS HAYES.

THE is considerably more to pidgin English nowadays than "no tickee, no washee." In some lands of the East it has become an accredited language.

(Pidgin English in New Guinea boasts a dictionary and a literature. In the Hawaiian Islands, it is the common tongue of 200,000 Japanese, Portuguese, Filipinos, Chinese, Russians, Spaniards, Koreans, Hawaiians, British and Americans.)

Many of these people jabber pidgin at each other and think they are speaking the purest English.

Chinese may use such proverbs as "Spose somet'ing you no can do; then do him till you could," "If the first you not succeed, try, try again."

But Mr. Pope said that it's any more marked than usual. You must have a reason for asking such a question. What have you been up to?" And she looked at him sharply.

But just then Carrie came to the door and said Mrs. Pope was wanted on the phone, and she went in.

Well, in a minute she came out again, and I know that women don't turn white with anger any more on account of make-up, but maybe Mrs. Pope didn't use make-up because she was white all right.

She was beautiful when she was mad, and I suppose Mr. Pope should have admired her. But he didn't—he just shrugged.

"Oh," she said, "now I know why you asked that. No, Wilbur, I don't think you're drunk—I think . . . oh, I don't know what to think! A grown man acting like a street urchin!"

"I suppose that was Lamson," said Mr. Pope.

type, and he cultivated what he conceived to be the frankness of the true aristocrat, which I guess is all right if you like it.

"Ah, Pope," he said, "hardly expected to see you here. Matter of fact, invitations got out before we'd heard."

"How I'm supposed to have insulted Mr. Lamson, you mean," said Mr. Pope. "Well, I didn't, but I've no way of proving it, so let it go. I came because I wanted to ask you one thing."

"If it's about the Eastern account," said Mr. Kimshaw.

"It isn't. It's about my nephew."

"Know the boy," said Mr. Kimshaw. "M'wife likes him."

"Well," said Mr. Pope, "I've always known you for a fair-minded man, sir."

"Yes, I'm very-mindful," said Mr. Kimshaw simply. "You—always done your best for Eastern. I'll hear what you have to say."

So Mr. Pope told him about Roger and Cicely. And having asserted his fair-mindedness, Mr. Kimshaw had to agree that Mr. Lamson was unjust.

"I'll say a word to him," he said. "Have some influence there, I think. Only understand—not doing it for you. Interests of justice." He scowled at Mr. Pope. "Incredible performance!" he snapped.

"Yes," said Mr. Pope. "Incredible. Yet you credit it. However —"

An eddy in the mud surrounding them forced them closer to the tall hedge by which they were standing. *Why, it's about where Ed would be stationed,* thought Mr. Pope. He scanned the hedge for an opening and a large brown sardonic eye, but couldn't see anything. And then through a swirl in the garden hats appeared Mr. Lamson.

"Speak to him now," said Mr. Kimshaw.

As Mr. Lamson gave him a curt nod, Mr. Pope tried to edge away. But he became entangled in a parasol handle, and was rescued and practically captured by an elderly lady named Miss Delphin. Miss Delphin was both lank and roguish—not a combination that appealed to Mr. Pope. But over her shoulder he could watch Mr. Lamson, who had been backed into the hedge by Mr. Kimshaw and was listening with evident impatience. So he replied with much verve as he could command to Miss Delphin's sallies.

Mr. Lamson and Mr. Kimshaw were old friends, but they were both very positive characters and enjoyed quarreling with each other, so that it was hard to judge whether their apparent disagreement was over a technicality or a principle. Under pretense of adjusting Miss Delphin's parasol to a more fetching angle, he edged closer.

"No, Kimshaw," said Mr. Lamson, "the child's best interests are more important than some slight injustice. He seems a likable boy. But with insanity in his family —" He shook his head. *Oh, they've got me crazy now!* thought Mr. Pope.

Then their voices dropped lower. They seemed to be getting politely angry. Unselfish hope for Roger's bliss burgeoned in Mr. Pope's bosom, and he smiled with incautious eagerness into Miss Delphin's eyes.

And then a sudden loud and vulgar sound cut through the chatter of tongues and into the immediate horrid hush fell a voice that might have been Mr. Lamson's:

"You keep your long snout out of my affairs, Kimshaw!"

A cold wind agitated the garden hats, and seventeen teacups crashed

to the ground. Mr. Kimshaw's face changed from red, to white, to blue, like a chameleon walking over the American flag.

"By gad, sir!" he exclaimed excitedly.

"Kimshaw!" cried Mr. Lamson. "Where did that —" He turned and claved at the hedge.

My god, the bird in the bush! thought Mr. Pope, then turned to find Mr. Kimshaw glaring at him.

"Come with me, Pope," said Mr. Kimshaw, and seized his arm.

"Kimshaw!" called Mr. Lamson.

"Good heavens, you don't think that I —" But Mr. Kimshaw was gone.

When Mr. Pope came out of the house half an hour later the garden party looked no different. But the basic pitch had risen nearly an octave, and was now sibilant and shrill. An incredible vulgarity was a far choicer morsel than any of the comfits provided by the caterer and the guests were savoring it. Mr. Lamson had publicly given Mr. Kimshaw the bird!

But the party had drawn its skirts aside from Mr. Lamson. Mr. Pope found him where he had left him, slightly green but indomitable, flanked by his wife and Cicely.

"Mr. Kimshaw has just offered me the Eastern account," said Mr. Pope. "Do you wonder that I didn't believe you?" said Mr. Lamson; and added thoughtfully, "There was nothing but a horse behind that hedge."

"I told him," said Mr. Pope, "that I couldn't take it."

"Eh?" said Mr. Lamson. "Well, you'd better. He'll give it to Opper if you don't."

"No," said Mr. Pope. "It's your account. And under the circumstances—well, we're in the same boat, aren't we?"

"I wish you'd come home, dear," said Mrs. Lamson. "All these malicious people —"

"No," said Mr. Lamson, "I'm going to get to the bottom of this."

"I hope you're more successful than I was," said Mr. Pope.

Cicely looked at her mother for a moment, then said to Mr. Pope, "Where's Roger?"

"With Carolina somewhere," said Mr. Pope. "And since there's evidently insanity in both our families, I think your father's objection —"

"Go along, child," said Mr. Lamson, and then to Mr. Pope, "You're right, Wilbur. I owe you an apology."

"Forget it," said Mr. Pope.

Mr. Lamson said, "We've got to get that account back."

Mr. Pope said, "Yeah."

They were still trying to improve on this statement when Mr. Kimshaw came striding across the grass toward them.

Mr. Pope seized Mr. Lamson's arm. "Get his back to the hedge," he whispered. "I'll fix it." He stuck an arm through the hedge and beckoned, and

felt his sleeve caught and twitched in Ed's teeth. Then he moved away.

"See here, Lamson," said Mr. Kimshaw. "Friends for a long time, and all that. M'wife thinks you're a Turk so myself. Now if you'll apologize —"

"I'm damned if I will," said Mr. Lamson. "I didn't make that—that revealing noise, and I've nothing to apologize for."

But as he talked, he moved away from the hedge so that Mr. Kimshaw, turning to face him, had his back to it. And then for the second time that day, the rousing call of the bird rang through the garden. And a voice which might well have been Mr. Kimshaw's said: "Then get off my property, fat-head!"

Miss Delphin started it. She broke into a high hysterical laugh, which later became roaring hysterics and had to be taken seriously. But at the moment it sounded very gay, and one or two others took it up. Mr. Kimshaw turned from his frenzied exploration of the hedge and glared at his guests. And then Mr. Lamson broke into a guffaw—which seemed to Mr. Pope to be echoed by a more raucous guffaw from behind the hedge.

"Damn you, Kimshaw," shouted Mr. Kimshaw. "Is this a —" Then suddenly he broke down. Mr. Pope grinned. "Incredible performance," he said.

Their eyes dropped. "Yes," said Mr. Lamson. "Three of them." He smiled faintly. "Don't look at Pope, Kimshaw. He was in the first."

"Right," said Mr. Kimshaw. "Well—come into the house. This tea —"

You see, Wilb, said Ed, as they clumped home, "it's elementary. If you fall into the mud, it's no use trying to climb back. You're still filthy, and they won't touch you. The only thing is to stay there and yank the rest of them down. And, boy, did I yank them down for you!"

"You did fine," said Mr. Pope. "But don't forget that you pushed me down first."

"That's you all over," said Ed disgustedly. "Always carping. Couldn't even send out that butler after all that I done for you, with a slosh of liquor."

"I thought maybe a little beer on the way home," suggested Mr. Pope.

There was a car behind the next when they came out of Barney's an hour or so later, and a man was changing a tire. Get a horse, brother; get a horse!" yelled Ed.

Cicely's head came out of the car window, and Roger's head rose grinning above the rear fender. Roger looked at them a moment, and then said, "Why don't you get one yourself, Wilbur?"

"That's the way it is," said Ed dejectedly, as they went on. "Well, let 'em have their cars, then. I guess us horses can get along. And you wait till their rubber begins to go. They'll be coming to us on their benes, and then we'll give them the old horse laugh!" And after a minute he said, "Those two young squirts! Why, if they'd known what I did for them they'd ought to kiss me!"

"Well, come on back," said Mr. Pope. "I'm sure Cicely would kiss both of us, just out of pure happiness."

"Nah," said Ed. "I guess I'll take another beer instead."



THE SATURDAY EVENING Post

January 16, 1943 10¢

NEW MYSTERY SERIAL

By Hannah Lees
and Lawrence P. Bachmann

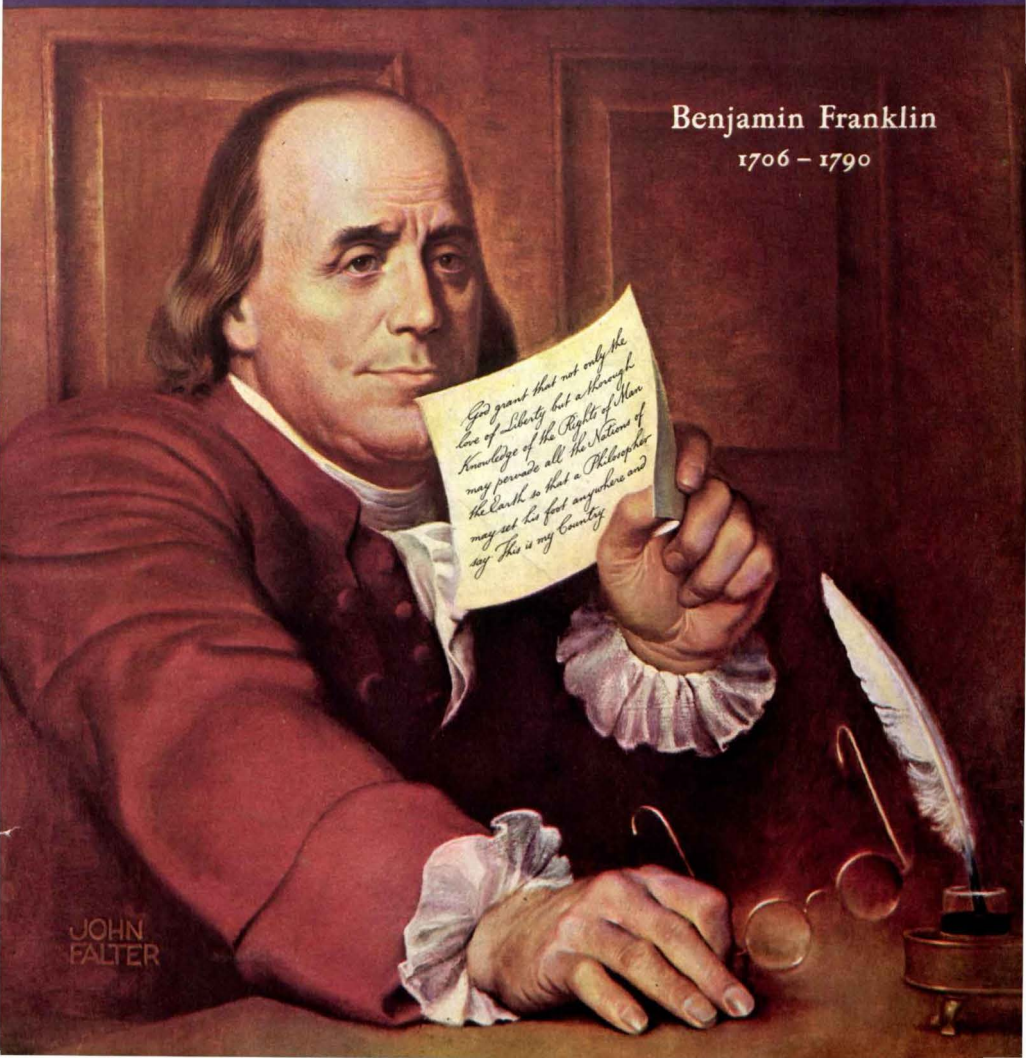
NEEDLE IN THE NAZIS

The Story of Belgium's
Underground Newspaper

By John Kobler

Benjamin Franklin

1706 - 1790



JOHN
FALTER



"So I grabs her by the slack of her slacks and heaves her over the hedge."

Dr. Atwood and Mr. Ed

By WALTER BROOKS

WELL, it was just after gas rationing set in that this Wilbur Pope began riding his horse from the house to the train and back every day. He did it so Mrs. Pope could have the car. Of course, four gallons a week wasn't a quarter of what Mrs. Pope felt she needed, but it was all there was, and Mr. Pope was able to point out that her reproaches were misdirected.

"You'll have to take it up with the Wilhelmstrasse," he said. Yet the gentle patriotic glow that pervaded him when he and Ed clumped off to the station mornings hardly made up for the feeling Mrs. Pope managed to give him that he was somehow responsible, not merely for the gas situation but for the entire war.

Well, things went along like that for a while, and then one Sunday Mr. Pope saddled Ed, and after they'd stopped in at Barney's for a couple of beers, they went up to their abandoned orchard and sat down under a tree. And Mr. Pope said, "Ed, I've got a piece of news for you."

"Yeah?" said Ed, looking sort of sour. "Well, I bet it's nothing I want to hear, or you wouldn't be starting off with a preamble."

Mr. Pope wasn't as surprised as you or I would have been when Ed spoke—in fact, he wasn't surprised at all, because Ed was really quite a talker. Of course, I know there are people who pooch-pooch the idea that a horse can talk, but they're the same isolationists who pooch-pooched the earth being round. And look at them now. Anyway, Ed never talked to anybody but Mr. Pope.

So Mr. Pope said, "Well, you know Carlotta is busy with this AWVS and the Red Cross and all these committees, and there just isn't enough gas to cover all the ground she has to, and so she thought if I could get a ride to the train with Jed or some of the other men who go by here every morning, she could ride you to some of the meetings."

"Ride me!" said Ed, glaring. "After the things she's said about me? Unh-uh, Wilb. Nothing doing."

"Oh, come, Ed," said Mr. Pope. "Carlotta doesn't mean half she says—you know that."

"Yeah," said Ed. "Well, if she's only meant a tenth, any jury in the country'd give me damages for slander. Besides, suppose she does ride me and falls off. Then you'll blame me."

"She used to ride a lot," said Mr. Pope. "So, if she falls off, I certainly will blame you. I'll expect you to behave like a gentleman. No climbing trees or shying at butterflies or any of that funny stuff."

"Pooch," said Ed, "she'd be as safe with me as with a Shetland pony. It's her that don't like me, not me that don't like her. Anyway, your wife is sacrosanct, as it says in one of them old story papers I found out here in the barn." Ed was pretty well read for a horse.

Mr. Pope said that was nice, and went on to appeal to Ed's patriotism, and at last broke down his

ILLUSTRATED BY PETER ARNO

Mrs. Van Tessart's corsets were specially made for her at the Baldwin Locomotive Works, but Ed, the talking horse, found a chink in her armor.

resistance to the idea. "O.K.," he said dismally. "C'est la guerre. But we don't need to dwell on it. Let's take a nap."

Well, Mrs. Pope dug out the boots and breeches she used to wear, and I must say she looked cute as all get-out in them, and after the first few days Ed began to feel that maybe there were compensations after all. For on the road people turned and looked at them. Of course, they had always turned and looked at him and Mr. Pope too, but this was different. For now they said, "Ah!" and "Oh, boy!" whereas before they had just said, "Judas!" or something like that. And some of the more ill-bred ones had guffawed.

So Ed began to put on a little style. He held his head high and tried to put a little spirit into his usual clumping trot, and he even talked to Mr. Pope about having his mane reached.

"It's all right for you and me, Wilb," he said, "to go round kind of *déjà* in our appearance. But I heard some remarks lately. As why as smart a woman as your wife would want to be seen riding something that ought to be on a milk wagon. Well, I ain't got any illusions about myself; I'm plain folks and proud of it. But it ain't right. I'm frank to say I never liked your wife much, but she treats me nice, and it ain't fair to her. And just coming out the burs in my mane ain't enough. Look here, Wilb." He arched his neck. "I got a good neckline. Now you reach that mane and I'll emphasize that line. Give me a little chic, like."

Mr. Pope said he didn't think it would work. "You're plain folks, Ed," he said. "Your line is solid worth, not chic."

"Rats!" said Ed. "You know as well as I do that you put plain folks in a tail coat and you can't tell the difference."

"You can't tell them from the waiters, you mean," said Mr. Pope. "You'd better leave well enough alone. Anyway, it's the contrast that appeals to Carlotta. She knows she's smart, and if you aren't, why, that makes her look all the smarter."

"You mean the worse I look, the better she'd like it?" said Ed.

"Well, something like that," said Mr. Pope. "Only there isn't any need of making a special effort. Just be yourself."

"Gosh, you don't encourage any illusions, do you?" said Ed gloomily.

Well, it was about this time that Mrs. Pope started taking a first-aid course. The classes were held at Mrs. Mervin Van Tessart's, which was a large estate about five miles from the Papes', and Ed didn't like it there because as soon as Mrs. Pope had dismounted under the elaborate porte-cochère, he was seized by a groom and led off to the stables. On one occasion he did succeed in getting out of the box stall where he was incarcerated and sneaking up behind the shrubbery to within earshot of the group of note-taking women on the lawn.

"And I give you my word, Wilb," he said to Mr. Pope. "I was never so shocked in my life. If I'd had the say-so, I'd have taken your wife right out of there and brought her home. There was a woman standing there and lecturing to 'em—decent looking girl too. And now, she says, 'we have convulsions.' Well, that kind of startled me, till I see she was just going to talk about 'em, not have 'em. But then she went on to talk about—my gosh, Wilb—bleeding and gangrene and protruding viscera—and all those women hashing it over! By the Lord Harry, in my day women didn't talk about such things!"

"Your delicacy does you credit," said Mr. Pope. "Yeah, you can laugh," said Ed. "I call it morbid. But say, who's this Van Tessart dame where these classes are at? Grim old girl, ain't she?"

Mr. Pope explained that the Van Tessarts were unreconstructed society of the old school. Between them they headed most of the local volunteer or-

ganizations. Mrs. Van Tessart had taken a fancy to Mrs. Pope and had got her appointed as her lieutenant in the A.V.V.S., as well as to several important committees. "Don't, for heaven's sake, try any funny business with Mrs. Van Tessart," said Mr. Pope, "or your popularity with Carlotta will be just a fond, vanished dream."

"Trust your old Uncle Ed to know which side his hay is buttered on," said the horse. "I could see they all kind of smooch up to her. I never see a woman could sit up so straight in a chair."

"It's partly her corsets, which I understand are specially made for her at the Baldwin Locomotive Works," said Mr. Pope. "But mostly it's her determination to be correct. She's never made a social or tactical error in her life. And her husband runs her a close second. They say he admits to one error: he voted for Harding."

"Well, I know one mistake she made," said Ed. "In a box stall you hear things folks in the front parlor don't know about." He rolled his eyes toward Mr. Pope. "But I dunno's I ought to tell you. I ain't much of a believer in repeating gossip."

"I know," said Mr. Pope; "you prefer to invent your own."

"You want to hear it or not?" Ed demanded. Mr. Pope assured him that he was not interested. "Oh, well, you'll worm it out of me sooner or later," said the horse. "Yes, sir, she made the mistake of being born on the

(Continued on Page 58)



"It's the pay-off, Wilb," Ed whispered. "She's bought 'em and she'll burn 'em. It's our last chance to make a deal. You grab the letters and I'll give Sam a toss."

DR. ATWOOD AND MR. ED

(Continued from Page 27)



—SAYS "OLD SARGE"

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wrong side of the tracks. She ain't any more society than what I am."

"Nonsense!" said Mr. Pope. "The Van Tessarts—"

"I'm not talking about Van Tessart," interrupted Ed. "I'm talking about her. I might have known anyone was as high and mighty as her was poor stock. Listen, Wilb. I was standing in my stall, sort of dreamin' about this and that, and I heard Mrs. Van Tessart's voice ordering the stableman to go up to the house and fix some faucet, and then she came into the stall next to me. And a minute later I heard some other footsteps, and a man's voice says, 'Hello, May.'"

"I told you never to come here in the daytime," says Mrs. Van, very sharp, and the man says, 'I need a lot of money. May. Never mind what for. . . No, wait a minute,' he says. 'You got to hear my proposition. How much would you pay if I turned over all those letters to you—the whole bunch?'"

"She kind of hesitates, and I got my eye to a crack. The guy was middle-aged and pretty seedy looking. Finally she says, kind of offhand, 'I've given you money, off and on, for twenty years, Sam. But I did it because I was sorry for you. I don't think letters written thirty years ago would be of much interest to Mr. Van Tessart, or to anyone else. If you want forty or fifty dollars—'"

"The old guy snorted and says, 'You ain't foolin' anybody, May. Love letters written thirty years ago to a lively hand—no, they ain't anything in themselves to stir up trouble. It's what they tell about your folks was before you went spurgin' around Europe on the money. We left you. I guess that you didn't tell Van Tessart you'd been the wife of a garage mechanic, and your money come from an invention he invented. How'd he like to know your ma was a scrubwoman, and about your Uncle Joe goin' to the pen? It's all referred to plain in the letters.'"

"And how would you manage to connect me with them today?" she says.

"I guess you forgot the snapshots," Sam says. "You took your maiden name when you went to Europe, and that's the name that's signed to them—May Gregg. I guess one of these tabloid newspapers wouldn't have much trouble with 'em, the corner.'"

"Well, she kinda weakened when he mentioned newspapers, but she said she'd have to get back to her guests, and she'd see him again in a week. He kind of griped about that, but had to give in. Funny, never mentioned his price. But ain't that a story, Wilb?'"

"It is indeed," said Mr. Pope.

"She'll have to keep this old boy dark, whatever it costs," said Ed. "Sam don't fit into the Van Tessart mealyoun any better'n a toad in a fruitcake. You and me, Wilb, we're vulgar, but we ain't common. We can pass for white any time we have to. But this scrump, he's commoner'n red suspenders." He thought a minute. "But, boy, she's tough! I dunno's I blame her. You can't ever afford to pay these birds their asking price. Because they'll ask for more, anyway."

"I wouldn't know," said Mr. Pope. "I haven't your experience in blackmail."

"Hey, listen," said Ed, "don't look down your long nose at blackmail. Any

time you want to start a nice little business, just say the word. No capital required, as it says in the ads. I got enough raw material to split this county wide open. And, boy, what I mean, it's raw! You'd be surprised what some of these nice folk'll say in front of a horse. You'd think they'd blush."

Well, it was one afternoon about a week later that Mr. Pope came home and found trouble.

Mrs. Pope came rushing out to meet him, and she said, "Oh, Wilbur, I'm so glad you've come! That terrible horse! He's ruined everything!" And she began to cry.

"You mean Ed?" said Mr. Pope, and she said, "I certainly do mean Ed. He attacked Mrs. Van Tessart. He rushed into the garden where we were having our first-aid class—Wilbur, you never saw anything look so finnish—and he threw Mrs. Van Tessart right over a hedge. It was horrible! One of her men came running and got hold of him and managed to quiet him, and I had Evelyn bring me home."

"Where's Ed?" said Mr. Pope, and Mrs. Pope said, "I had to leave him here, of course. They locked him up, and I told them to send for a vet or something and have him disposed of. Wilbur, he's simply gone mad!"

Mrs. Pope didn't want to hear any more.

"I'll settle this," he said, and he ran out and got into his car and drove over to the Van Tessarts'.

Well, he didn't stop at the house, but went right around to the stable. Ed was locked in a box stall with a man on guard at the door.

"I want my horse," said Mr. Pope. The man shook his head. "I'm sorry, Mr. Pope," he said. "I can't let you have him. The vet says he's dangerous, and we're waiting for the truck to take him away."

"Is that so?" said Mr. Pope. "Well, the horse is my property, and nobody's going to take him away but me. Open up."

"Well, I don't know," said the man. "I'll have to phone the madam. But I don't know can she talk, and Mr. Van Tessart ain't got here yet."

"You mean she's been hurt?" said Mr. Pope, and the man said, "Well, not exactly, but she's kind of shattered, like."

"There's no sense telephoning," answered Mr. Pope. "Come on, get out of the way."

But at that moment there was a tremendous crash and the door of the box stall was driven from its hinges. The man vanished with a yell, and Ed stepped out.

"Hi, Wilb," he said. "I knew you wouldn't leave me to languish in a prison cell. Let's get out of here."

"What on earth have you been up to?" demanded Mr. Pope as they cantered unmolested down the drive and through the iron gates.

"I been framed," said Ed. "Judas, Wilb, I only done what you or anybody else'd have done. I come over here with your wife, and this lackey led me off to a stall just like always. By and by I got kind of bored and full of onwies, so I slipped my halter and sneaked over to see how the first-aiders was getting on."

"My gosh, when I peeked over the hedge there was a regular free-for-all going on! Half the women had the others down and was pommeling 'em, and this Van Tessart dame was sittin' astride your wife's back and jabbin' her in the short ribs."

"Well, if your wife had been on top, I wouldn't have interferred, but being she was under my protection, I just sailed over the hedge and grabbed this old devil by the— Say, Wilb, you were right about those corses. You couldn't get a grip on her any more'n you could on a hot-water boiler. I was going to kick her first, but I thought: *That's no way to treat a lady, however savage*. So I grabs her by the slack of her slacks and heaves her over the hedge."



"It's always like this when the market's up."

"Oh, good Lord!" moaned Mr. Pope. "Yeah?" said Ed. "Well, what would you have done?"

"Hardly that," said Mr. Pope. "Gosh, Ed, they were just practicing artificial respiration. It's part of the course."

It was some time, however, before he could convince Ed. "If I ever saw a barroom fight," said the horse, "that was it. Why, a couple of 'em had even dropped out of the fight and was getting bandaged up on the side lines." But the fact that Mrs. Pope had abandoned him, had even acquiesced in the death sentence imposed by Mrs. Van Tessart, convinced him. "Gosh, Wilbur," he said, "I'm awful sorry. But how could I know? I never see a bunch of ladies acting like that before. I guess I got too old-fashioned ideas to understand these modern women."

"Well," said Mr. Pope, "you acted in good faith, and I'll stand by you. We'll drop these keys at the garage and have someone go after my car, and then go home and see what happens."

Late that evening Mr. Pope went out to the stable. He snapped on the light and sat down on a box and sighed wearily, and then he said, "Well, I've partly squared you with Carlotta."

Ed said he guessed she took some squaring. "I told her the truth," said Mr. Pope. "I painted a pretty touching picture of you, Ed. Rushing to the defense of your mistress. Faithful old Ed," I said; "he's devoted to you, Carlotta, and —"

"That ain't the truth," said Ed. "Well, you were trying to protect her, anyway," said Mr. Pope. "She sees that. But she feels she has got to stand well with the Van Tessarts. Aside from Mrs. Van Tessart's liking her and putting her on committees and things, they're great friends of the Kimshaws. And as you know, Kimshaw controls my best account. So when old Van Tessart called me up a little while ago—well, I guess it was kind of an ingratiation of his wife suffered. Anyway, he said I have to get rid of you."

"Oh, yeah?" said Ed. "No use being truculent," said Mr. Pope. "He says he hasn't consulted his lawyers yet, or the police. But if I persist my refusal to get rid of an animal which is plainly a public menace, the police will take you away and the lawyers will sue. Now, whether they could do it or not, I don't know. My guess is, they could."

"Public menace, eh?" said Ed, looking pleased. "Look, Wilb, we got the squeezers on that dame. All you got to do is drop a word about —"

"Not!" said Mr. Pope sharply. "Let's hear no more about that, Ed. We can't go in for blackmail!"

"O.K.," said Ed bitterly. "You're one of these noble jerks that'll sacrifice their best friend rather than do something ungentlemanly. Well, I guess there's nothing further to say. Diah me up to the lions and let's get it over with."

"Oh, don't be a fool!" said Mr. Pope. "I said I'd stand by you. But Carlotta insists that you must be sold. So I've got a plan —"

"Reject it unconditionally," said Ed. "I know you won't stand between me and those Van Tessarts. A horse ain't got any social position. Look, Wilb; I don't mind discussing my own funeral when the date ain't set. It's kinda nice and weepy givin' out your own last words and thinking how bad folks'll feel. But if I got to face the firing squad tomorrow morning —"

"For heaven's sake, shut up!" said Mr. Pope. "Nobody's going to shoot you. My idea is, you get under cover for a few weeks and I'll tell everybody I've sold you. Then, after a decent period of mourning, I'll show up with a new horse. If he looks a good deal like you, nobody'll think it strange, because, naturally, being so fond of you, I'd have picked another as near like you as possible. That'll satisfy the Van Tessarts, and if Carlotta gets wise, she won't dare say anything."

"Yeah," said Ed, "and what's the alternative?"

"I'm very much afraid," said Mr. Pope, "that it's the S. P. C. A. wagon."

Ed moaned. "The S. P. C. A. wagon! Me that's been what I been and done what I done; me that should have died got too little forebears on a stricken field, defeated mayhap, but unconquered; me that — Get me my smelling salts, Wilb."

So Mr. Pope unlocked the harness closet and brought out a bottle of Scotch, and when this restorative had been applied, he said, "I've called up Barney, and he's agreed to take you in. I'll ride you over there tonight."

"Couldn't you make it Joe Canelli's?" said Ed. "Joe's still got a couple cuses of that imported beer left."

"And where would you be put up?" said Mr. Pope. "There's nothing at Joe's but the barroom and that dance hall."

"I slept in a barroom before this," pleaded Ed, but Mr. Pope said, "Barney's got a good barn. He even keeps a cow."

"She'll be company for me, I suppose," said Ed sarcastically. "Oh, well, this is what I get for rescuing ladies in distress. The knight-errant ends up as companion for a cow."

For the next two weeks, every evening that Mr. Pope could get away he went over to Barney's and saddled Ed and took him for a ride. At first Ed seemed resigned to his exile. Barney's beer was good, and the horse picked up many terms of local gossip with which to astound Mr. Pope. But after a while he got homesick.

"There's no place like home, Wilb," he said. "I guess I'm just a sentimental old fool, but when those boys in the barroom get to singing all them moldy old carry-me-back songs, it's all I can do to choke back the sob."

"Well, you choke 'em back for a couple more weeks," said Mr. Pope, and then I'll take you home as —"

Let me see — Atwood? I think would be a good name. We'll have to make you look different somehow—maybe your idea of roaching your mane would be enough. People probably never noticed you much."

"I suppose that's meant for an insult," said Ed, and Mr. Pope said, "Not at all. The true gentleman is always inconspicuous."

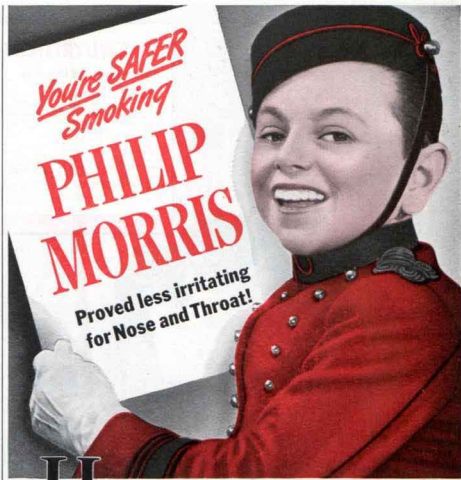
Ed snorted, but after a minute he said, "Well, I got no choice. Atwood it is. The gentlemanly Atwood, hey? That ought to fool 'em. Oh, I can be gentlemanly if I put my mind to it. Look at you, Wilb. You get away with it every day. We all of us got double naturals. I read a story about it once."

"Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," said Mr. Pope.

"Sure," said the horse. "Doctor Atwood and Mr. Ed." He thought for a minute, "I expect Atwood could learn to like beer, though," he said. "You could say you were trainin' him, and I could splutter a little when I drink it."

"You do anyway," said Mr. Pope.

(Continued on Page 71)



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*Government figures show smoking at all-time peak.

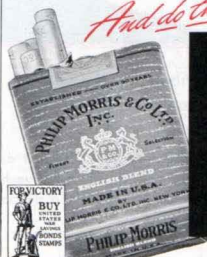
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(Continued from Page 69)

A few days later, when Mr. Pope brought the gentlemanly Atwood home and showed him to his wife, Mrs. Pope seemed to suspect nothing. Least of all, apparently, did she suspect his gentility.

"You do have the damndest taste in horses, Wilbur," she said. "If you think you're going to ride that monster around the country—"

"He's a darned good horse," said Mr. Pope. "Not so good as Ed, of course."

"He certainly isn't," said Mrs. Pope. "There's a look of Ed too. Paleozoic. And what happened to his mane? Did the moths get in it?"

Elsewhere, Atwood was accepted without comment. But though Mr. Pope pointed out that this was a distinct triumph for Ed's historic ability, the horse was not happy about it. "This being a gentleman," he said, "it's easy as falling off a log. And because as much point to it. Just because you wanted to fall off a log, anyway? I don't want to be, why, no, around the country folks would wave to me and come up and whack me on the rump, and guys I never saw before would fight for the privilege of buying me a drink. I was to home everywhere. But now all is changed, Wilbur. I'm just a stranger in this earthly vale. I've become so darned inconspicuous and gentlemanly that nobody pays any attention to me."

But Ed was wrong. A night or two later Mr. Pope came out to the stable and dumped down on the box. "We're over the dam, Ed," he said. "Van Tessart has been here. He wanted to see the bill of sale for Atwood."

"Yeah!" said Ed. "I hope you told him where he got off at!"

"Listen, my pet, humskull," said Mr. Pope. "We are in no position to bandy insults with Van Tessart. Somebody who has seen you in your double role reported to him on the odd similarity between Atwood and Ed, and he got suspicious."

"I'd hate to have a mean nature like that," said Ed. "You told him you'd sold me and bought another horse. Ain't your word good enough for him?"

"I tried to stall him," said Mr. Pope, "but he says I'll have to give him proof of the sale or he'll go ahead with his original action."

"Aw, heck," said Ed. "If your word ain't any good, what's the use of this gentleman stuff? Well, our little coop de theatyr didn't come off. We'll have to think of something more suited to our talents."

"Maybe you can think of something," said Mr. Pope. "Frankly, I can't. It's either selling you, or the S. P. C. wag—"

"Don't talk that way!" interrupted Ed. "I hear the rumble of tumbrel wheels." He shuddered. "Come on, Wilbur," he said. "Pull yourself together. Let's take a little ride. We can think better on the road. And stick my smelling salts in your pocket. Don't be stalling in respiration when I get it right handy in a bottle."

But when, some five miles from home, the empty bottle was tossed into the ditch, no plan had revealed itself to them. Indeed they had begun to fear that no plan was necessary. Something, they assured each other, would turn up.

"Something always does," said Ed, "even if it's only your toes. Just sniff this air; it's like wine."

"Don't mix your drinks," said Mr. Pope. "My gosh, look where we are!

That's the Van Tessart place ahead. How'd we get here?"

"Criminal always returns to the scene of the crime," said Ed. He began to giggle. "I like to die laughing every time I think of her soarin' over that eight-foot hedge like a hawk after a rabbit. Only she didn't get no rabbit; only a couple dents in her fenders."

"Right-foot hedge nothing," said Mr. Pope. "It's fairly bore—I mean barely four."

"You would pick on some little unimportant detail," said Ed disgustedly. "Well, have it your own way. But I stick to it, it's eight if it's an inch."

"I don't follow you," said Mr. Pope. "You say, have it my own way, which is four, and then you say it's eight. We can't—I mean, it's—"

"Why is it?" said Mr. Pope. "Look, Ed; if I had paper and pencil—"

"Oh, let's go down and measure it," said Ed. "It's cool tonight; they'll all be indoors."

So they rode down and through the service gate, and then, keeping on the grass, made a detour through a plantation of evergreens to come up to the terrace hedge on the side away from the house. It was dark and there was little chance of discovery if they kept

The man had a sheaf of bills in his hand and was counting them in the light from the window. He nodded and stuffed them in his pocket, then turned and looked thoughtfully toward where, in the darkness close by, a shaded flashlight glimmered on hands that shuffled a packet of letters.

"It's the pay-off, Wilbur," Ed whispered. "She's bought 'em and she'll burn 'em. It's our last chance to make a deal. You grab the letters and I'll give Sam a toss. Then we can— Oh, Judas!"

For Sam, with a sudden pounce, had grabbed the letters, the flashlight went out, and then heavy feet came pounding toward them.

Just what it was that impelled him to interfere, Mr. Pope was never afterward able to explain. Ed said it was automatic gentlemanliness, and added that it was a prime example of the utter stupidity of the whole gentleman tradition. But whatever it was, it brought Mr. Pope into the path of the fleeing Sam.

"Stop!" commanded Mr. Pope sternly, and the next thing he knew he was sitting on the grass holding his nose, while Sam, seizing his chance and Ed's bride, scrambled aboard the startled horse and was off through the evergreens in a shower of divots.



"So these are the two good seats you had for Jack Benny!"

out of the bands of light that streamed from the windows. But it was through one of these bands, as they came opposite the end of the hedge, that they saw a figure move furtively and then disappear.

Mr. Pope leaned forward and whispered in Ed's ear. "A burglar. We ought to warn them."

Ed shrugged, but carefully, in order not to dislodge Mr. Pope, who seldom sat firmly in the saddle after the second round. "Let him burgle," he murmured. "Past!" he whispered. "Look!" For one of the French windows had opened and Mrs. Van Tessart stepped out.

She walked quickly across the terrace to the hedge. Out of the light, they could only make her out as a darker moving shadow. But presently she was joined by another shadow—evidently the presumed burglar, and for a minute or two there was a whispering in the dark.

Then, with a cautious glance at the windows, the burglar stepped out into the light.

Ed turned his head carefully. "My gosh," he whispered, "it's that Sam—the old guy that she wrote the letters to!"



Mr. Pope continued to hold his nose. He held it because it was completely numb, and he could not otherwise be sure that it still formed part of his face. It felt as if it had been ten times its normal size, but he knew that this could not be so or he would not have been able to see Mrs. Van Tessart, who now came toward him.

"Mr. Pope!" she exclaimed. "What are you doing here? Was that your horse?"

"Bust have butted between the eyes," said Mr. Pope. Then he staggered to his feet and withdrew his hand from his nose. In this crisis it would have to look after itself. Which the return of his normal voice, when he spoke, assured him it could do. "Yes," he said, "the fellow took my horse. But not don't worry, he won't get far— not on Ed."

"I am not worrying, Mr. Pope," she said, though he thought her voice trembled. "I came out a moment ago for a breath of air and heard the sound of a struggle, and saw some man jump on a horse and ride off. And then I found you here. I am curious to know what is going on."

"I am curious myself," said Mr. Pope. "That's why I'm here. I was

riding by, and saw a man sneak through the gate and up toward the house. I followed and tried to capture him," he said, "but he knocked me down and took my horse and got away. Shouldn't you call the police?"

"Hardly necessary now," said Mrs. Van Tessart. "He's taken nothing. And the police couldn't find him now. Unless you wish to call them to recover your horse. Which, by the way, I think you just referred to as Ed."

"At," said Mr. Pope. "Short for Atwood. But when the difference," he added bitterly. "In coming here, I was merely trying to protect your property. And that, in spite of the fact that you and your husband are doing your best to deprive me of some of my property—namely, my horse. Whose only fault is an excess of fidelity."

"I haven't time to discuss that with you now," said Mrs. Van Tessart. "Perhaps your explanation of your presence here is true, but it doesn't entirely satisfy me. I am sure it will not satisfy Mr. Van Tessart. You threatened him this evening."

Evidently, thought Mr. Pope, she felt sure that he hadn't seen anything. And she was trying to distract and get rid of him by bringing up the horse issue, which she could hardly at the moment be very much concerned about.

Well, he only had to tell her what he'd seen. Maybe it was blackmail, but if blackmail was the only thing that would save him—

"I told your husband that I'd punch his head if he didn't lay off Ed," he said. "But I hardly think that will be necessary, however pleasant it would be. For—"

The thrust of rapidly approaching footsteps interrupted him. Mrs. Van Tessart blanched. She blenched from her iron pompadour to her shoes. And over the hedge sailed Ed. She caught up her skirts and started to run. But Mr. Pope put a hand on her arm.

"Fleece," he said. "He's got harmless. And he seems to have something for you," he added, pointing.

She turned, then stared fascinated at the packet of letters which Ed held in his mouth.

"Give them to Mrs. Van Tessart, Ed," said Mr. Pope.

The horse looked at Mr. Pope's nose and gave a loud and vulgar giggle. Mrs. Van Tessart started away in alarm, but Mr. Pope said, "That's nothing. Just his way of showing affection. He always goes that when he sees me." At which Ed giggled again.

And at that moment the French window flew open and Mr. Van Tessart came out. He was a small man with rather more dignity than he had been constructed to carry.

"What's going on here?" he demanded. He didn't at first see Mr. Pope and Ed, who were outside the band of illumination. "Oh, it's you, May." He looked down at the grass. "I wish your voice were more practice masher shots on this lawn, May. There's a place provided—"

"I'm afraid my horse did that," said Mr. Pope, stepping forward. "You see—"

Mrs. Van Tessart retreated hastily to the doorway. "By heaven, Pope," he said, "I'm going to settle this once for all. Evidently you're not content with that murderous attack on my wife; you dare to bring that vicious brute here."

Be quiet, Mervin," said Mrs. Van Tessart. "Mr. Pope has done us a



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WINCHESTER

"On Guard for America Since 1866"

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO., NEW HAVEN, CONN., U. S. A.
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service. He—or rather his horse—has driven off a gang of thieves who were trying to break into the house. After what I have seen, I am convinced that the attack on me was, however mistaken, an act of remarkable intelligence. Under the circumstances, we have no choice but to overlook it and drop the whole thing."

"You're making a mistake, May," said Mr. Van Tessart.
"I do not make mistakes," she replied firmly.

The reference to that disastrous vote for Harding crumpled Mr. Van Tessart. He turned without a word and went in.

"Now, Mr. Pope," she said. And he nodded to Ed, and the horse dropped the letters into her outstretched hand. She looked at Mr. Pope sharply. "I think—" she began.

"The matter is closed," he said, swinging into the saddle. "Good night, Mrs. Van Tessart."

"Well," he said as they went back through the evergreens—that's the last of Atwood. And I must say, he went out in a blaze of gentility. That was the gentlemanly gesture—handing over those letters."

"Uh-huh," said Ed. "Well, I could have knocked Sam over when he hit you, but I needed time to think things over, so I took him on a tour of the flower beds." He grinned. "I've always wanted to have a little roll among the petunias. And I did; boy, I did! So did Sam! Only his roll ended in a barberry hedge. His language kind of shocked the Atwood in me."

"There's some stuff hanging on your bit," said Mr. Pope. "Looks like gen's" suiting."

"Pants," said Ed. "Had to rip 'em a bit to get the — Oh, that reminds me. Let's go this way." And he turned right through the trees into another part of the grounds. "Must be about here. He ducked his head under a bush and drew out the sheaf of bills, which he passed back to Mr. Pope. "Little something for our piggy bank."

"Good Lord, Ed," said Mr. Pope. "We can't keep this!"

Ed groaned. "Don't explain," he said; "I can't bear it. All right, send it back to her. Probably you'd add interest for the time I had it in my possession. Just one more gentlemanly word and I'll go over to the boneyard and give myself up."

"By the way," said Mr. Pope, "that hedge was four feet."

"Yeah?" said Ed. "Well, what's the matter with you, Wilb? When you're right you usually cover your head off. Sick or something, 's'he won't be able to see or hear. Maybe," he said brightly, "she won't even know it's you."

"Yes," said Mr. Pope. "I still have to explain to Carlotta. Can you see me issuing a reasonable explanation from behind this nose?"

"If it swells any more," said Ed, looking around, "she won't be able to see or hear. Maybe," he said brightly, "she won't even know it's you."

But Mrs. Pope was more concerned with the nose than with the explanation.

"Oh, Wilbur!" she said. "Oh, you poor darling! We must get a dressing on it right away. Look, dear; can you wiggle it? I mean with your fingers. That'll tell if it's broken."

Mr. Pope said firmly that to wiggle it would certainly send him into pronounced shock, so Mrs. Pope kissed the nose lightly and then brought her first-aid kit and put on a bandage which left nothing of Mr. Pope visible but his right eye and half his chin. Under the circumstances he thought it best not to complain, and it was from within these stifling folds that he mumbled his explanation.

"My poor Wilbur," said Mrs. Pope, "you fooled nobody. We all knew it was Ed. It's been one of the chief items of speculation—whether you'd get away with it. I wish I knew who told!" She said viciously. "But it's all right now, dear. I shall get you a cup of tea, darling?"

"Tea!" Mr. Pope nearly blew the bandage off.

"It's the only stimulant you can have," said Mrs. Pope. "Red Cross says alcohol is not a stimulant."

Mr. Pope said that he must go and fix Ed up first, and retreated to the stable.

"Wow!" said the horse, staring. Then he came near. "Symbo!" he mused aloud. "The worm at last weaves him a cocoon, to emerge — My Lord, Wilb, I wonder what will hatch out of there! It makes me feel kind of weak."

"Me too," said Mr. Pope. "How about a nice cup of tea?" And as Ed stared he went over to the harness closet. "The Red Cross says alcohol isn't stimulating, Ed. You suppose we have been on the wrong track all these years?"

"We better do a little research on it ourselves," said the horse. "Make mine a double, Wilb."

DEATH IN THE DOLL'S HOUSE

(Continued from Page 11)

across the room. Now she patted the place beside her and held out a fat crystal ball. "I knew you'd come," she said in a low voice as he moved unwillingly toward her. "It's wonderful to know there's someone you can depend on."

"Lord, Celina." He took a cigarette and concentrated on lighting it. "I don't know anyone who has more people to depend on or who needs them less. You've Ranny and Mimsy and your sister Dell, all revolving around you like a bunch of satellites. You're the dead center of the universe to them, you know."

"Oh, that." She shrugged the well-out shoulder of her beige corpe skin coat. She had the kind of creamy skin that beige did things for, and she knew it. "That isn't much help when you need help. Then you want someone you

grinned. She looked like Alice in Wonderland after she had drunk from the bottle in the White Rabbit's house, but it was quite true that if she had curled up she could have slept nicely in almost any of the rooms.

"Pretty nice." There was no decision left in his smile as he peered in at the small girl curled up there with an expression of complete bliss on her warm white mouth.

This is what people mean, he thought, when they start talking about youth being the happiest time. Kids probably go through as much hell as we do per hour of living. Maybe they go through more, but when they're happy, they're happy all over.

"Cigarette, Babel?" Celina's voice compelled his attention away from the child. She had been watching them with cool amusement from the couch

THE SATURDAY EVENING
POST

JUNE 5, 1943

10¢

Hitler Plans for Defeat

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Do Ye Ken Wilbur Pope—

By WALTER BROOKS

Ed, the celebrated talking horse, turns a stately fox-hunt into a Pier-A brawl.

WHEN this Wilbur Pope started riding his horse Ed to the station every day to save gas, he rode in his business clothes, because, of course, he couldn't go to the office in riding breeches. But before he had ridden the first mile, his trousers started riding too. They rode up his gartered knickerbockers to his knees. And by the time he reached the station, they were so creased and baggy that his fellow commuters on the platform kept waiting for him to jump. So he took to changing at the office.

Then Mr. Lamson, the president of the firm, had one of those flashes of inspiration that presidents and even employees of advertising agencies are constantly getting, and suggested that perhaps, with certain accounts, breeches might be a distinct advantage. "Snob appeal," he said. "Connotes country society, the spacious homes of old England, and so on. If you could give Lois Grandin the impression that you belonged to the hunting set, you'd have no trouble with her. I understand she's trying to break into the Flint Ridge crowd. She's bought a big place up there in Rockland County, and I'm told she's bought a few horses from some of these fellows who are getting rid of their stables."

The advertising for Lois Grandin Cosmetics was placed through another agency, but Mr. Pope had been trying to interest Miss Grandin in taking some time on the radio, which she had never used. He had presented his plan, and Miss Grandin had seemed receptive, and had even agreed to talk it over with her production and sales heads. But there the business had stuck, and Mr. Pope couldn't seem to start it moving again.

So he spent a day at the library, doing what the agencies laughingly call research, and then he had his breeches pressed and went to see Miss Grandin.

He had thought the whole idea pretty silly, but the décor of the Grandin salon reassured him. Miss Grandin had been one of the first to realize that nothing is so demoded as a modern style that is old-fashioned, and she had recently done a sweeping early-Victorian redecoration of her entire establishment.

Mr. Pope had on previous calls acknowledged the charm of the crystal chandeliers, the thick Aubusson carpets and rich hangings, but in the Victorian boudoir that was Miss Grandin's office, he now felt completely at ease. It was the breeches, he decided. They struck the note.

And Miss Grandin's first words were to ask if he had been riding. She was small and dynamic. Severely smart until 1940, she had then, to match her new setting, gone in for daintiness, restrained fiddle and a certain fluffiness about the coiffure which gave an odd, blurred effect. But there was nothing blurred about his business methods.

"Oh, I ride a bit," said Mr. Pope. "Matter of fact, I was out a little longer than usual this morning, so I didn't change before coming into town. I thought you wouldn't mind, and I wanted to drop in and see if your people liked my plan."

Miss Grandin said that they hadn't yet had time to go over it in detail. "Frankly, I'm afraid I can't hold out much hope. I liked the plan, and if it weren't so expensive and such a radical departure from our usual procedure—which, after all, has been completely satisfactory—I'd let you know when we've reached a definite decision." And then she asked him if he hunted.

Mr. Pope was rather discouraged. Any chance of selling her, he felt, was pretty remote. But he didn't see why all that research should go to waste, so, after expressing regret that for the past few years he had not had time to hunt much, he went on to discuss the sport. He mentioned the Quorn, and the Devon and Somerset pack, and let it be inferred that in the old days in England he had hunted with both packs many times. He disparaged the American gray fox, which turns and twists, and even sometimes climbs trees, rarely giving you a straight run. He spoke of his own horse, Ed, in terms which would have astounded that animal. A tall clean-lined hunter who knew all the tricks of the sport and could be ridden on a loose rein, or with no rein at all, over the roughest kind of country. I guess he got rather carried away.

But Miss Grandin got carried away with him. Her eyes glistened, and she got out pictures of her own horses, and of herself costumed for the chase, complete with top hat, and she told him about the Flint Ridge pack, and how she'd been out with them twice, and she ended by asking if he wouldn't like to come up some Saturday and ride with them. "The hounds meet Saturdays, late in the afternoon," she said. "People are so busy nowadays that it's about the only time they can get out. A drag, of course. We have to be sure of getting away quick."

Mr. Pope said he'd be delighted and, after he left, thought no more about it. But a week later Miss Grandin phoned. There was to be a meet the following Saturday, and she would like him to come up for the week end as her guest. "Mrs. Pope, too, of course. Does she ride?"

Mr. Pope said she had never hunted. "Well, she could at least follow along," said Miss Grandin. "I can put her up on Ragamuffin—he's a very gentle. I can mount you, too—on Wotan. He's a bit hard to handle, but with your experience—But it occurred to me that you might prefer your own horse. You could ride him up Friday, and Mrs. Pope could come up by train. I'd send a car for her, but I'm afraid that would be a little nonsensical."

A week end at Miss Grandin's was too good a chance to be missed. It certainly kept the radio question open.

"Very good of you to think of me," he said. "We'd be delighted to come."

Then he paused. Wotan! Good heavens! Miss Grandin might be astonished at the discrepancies between the aristocratic picture he had given of Ed, and the actual appearance of the horse, but he certainly wasn't going to climb aboard any snorting terror by the name of Wotan. Ed was formed neither by nature nor by experience to cut a dash in the hunting field, but Mr. Pope knew that he could at least stay on him. So he said he'd ride Ed up Friday. And Miss Grandin said she'd phone Mrs. Pope about trains, and hung up.

Well, Mr. Pope's wife was no different from anybody else's wife—she didn't like to have social engagements made for her. But, fortunately, she thought a week end at Miss Grandin's would be amusing. "And I look forward with screams of joy, Wilbur," she said. "to seeing you take your first fence. If I didn't know that Ed couldn't jump over a row of old bottles, I'd be worried."

"Don't worry about Ed," said Mr. Pope. "I admit he'd probably stop to see if there was anything in the bottles before he jumped. But anyway, in this kind of a hunt they drag a bag of anise over a prearranged course, and then the hounds follow that scent and find the fox, and I understand they fix it up so there's always a gate handy for the less skillful hunters."

So Friday morning Mr. Pope saddled Ed and set out on the long ride up to Rockland County. For the first few miles nothing—then Ed said anything at all. I suppose you think there's nothing very queer about that, but you can take my word for it that it was pretty unusual. Because while really the most you can say about this horse of Mr. Pope's is that he was certainly a horse, there were unusual features about him. For one thing, he could talk. And it wasn't any parrot talk either. He had strong opinions, and he expressed them in strong language. Which was only natural, as he had, after all, been brought up in a stable.

But although they had many arguments, Ed and Mr. Pope got on well. "You're a fine fellow, Ed," Ed used to say to make a good team. We agree in our tastes and disagree in our opinions, and arguments make life interesting if you know that before you come to blows you can always settle 'em with a bottle of beer."

Well, this morning Mr. Pope felt an argument coming on, and to forestall it he stopped at Barney's and bought Ed a bottle of beer. But Ed was still grumpy. He drank his beer and wiped his mouth on Mr. Pope's shoulder and, when Mr. Pope was in the saddle again, he said, "I don't like to carp, Wilb, but this seems a darn-fool excursion to me. In the first place, I hate these week-end visits. I never sleep a wink in a strange stall. And on top of that, we've got to hunt."

Mr. Pope said it would be just a pleasant canter across the fields.

"In a pig's eye it'll be a pleasant canter," said Ed. "It's the same as a steeplechase, only you don't have a chance to look over the course beforehand. And for you and me to jump a wall, Wilb, is just plain suicide."

"Nonsense," said Mr. Pope. "You can jump. How about that Van Tessaert hedge?"

"Sure I can jump," said Ed. "With nobody on my back. Or with somebody that knows his stuff. But with a bulk like you, that's got a seat like a sack of coal—"

"All right, all right," said Mr. Pope. "If we can't jump 'em together, I'll get off and we'll go over separately. We'll manage. But for heaven's sake try to put a little style into it when we get there. There's a lot hangs on this for me. I'll appreciate it if, when Miss Grandin and her friends are around, you'll stand up straight, and not lean against trees and give your usual imitation of an animal on the verge of collapse."

This made Ed sore, and they continued to wrangle until late in the afternoon, when they reached Miss Grandin's. Ed was led off to the stables by a groom, and Mr. Pope was shown into a huge living room, where Miss Grandin and Mrs. Pope and a slim foreign-looking man were having tea with the fire. Mr. Pope was stiff, for the ride had been longer than he was accustomed to. Usually, he and Ed cantered sedately for a few miles, with an occasional stop for beer, and then



Miss Grandin got carried away. Her eyes glistened, and she got out pictures of her own horses.

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HUGHES



Wilbur Pope became aware that Ed was peering down at him, asking if he was all right.

found a secluded tree under which they talked and napped the hours away. But he managed to bow to Miss Grandin and to the stranger, who was introduced as Prince Tchetchensky, and to sink without groaning into a deep chair.

Mr. Pope had heard about Prince Tchetchensky. He was one of the first among the droves of White Russian refugees who had flown to these shores after the revolution. He had come without the sack of family jewels which was standard equipment for refugees in those days, but, at the touch of his title, doors had flown open, and by the time quotations on Russian nobility in an oversold market had reached an all-time low, he had consolidated his gains and, at only slight loss of social prestige, had become known as one of the three smartest dress designers in New York. He had also more recently become known as one of Lois Grandin's most important unlisted assets.

Well, Mrs. Pope had never met a prince before, and she put her best foot forward. She put it forward with great charm, and it was plain that the prince was

captivated, but after an hour or so, it was also plain that Miss Grandin was getting uneasy.

When they went up to dress for dinner, Mr. Pope spoke of it. "I wish you wouldn't play up to Tchetchensky quite so hard, Carlotta," he said. "You're antagonizing Miss Grandin, and that's the last thing I want to do."

"Pooh!" said Mrs. Pope. "Why don't you play up to her, then, if you want to sell her on your program? Pay her a few good gross compliments. If I'm any judge of character, that's the line to take with her."

"You may be right," said Mr. Pope, "but I still don't see any sense in getting her sore."

"She'll get over it," said Mrs. Pope. "I like to hear the prince; he has a fascinating accent."

"He ought to have," said Mr. Pope. "He works hard enough at it. He can speak as good English as I can, if he wants to."

"I should hope so," said Mrs. Pope. Then she kissed him. "Don't be stuffy, darling. I've got to get a little fun out of this. Maybe he'll design a dress for me."

"Maybe he'll design a plaster cast for me after tomorrow's run," said Mr. Pope, who knew it was no use to argue any more.

At dinner there were several new faces, and by the raw and weatherbeaten look of them, Mr. Pope deduced that they were members of the Flint Ridge Hunt. It was odd that Miss Grandin had settled among a people whose appearance was an always-present challenge to her professional skill. For obviously those skins had never been treated with any product more sophisticated than yellow laundry soap.

Next to Mr. Pope sat a Mrs. Meecham, short, compact, with uncultivated gray hair and a face that would have defied a geologist's hammer. "Understand you've been out with the Quorn," she said.

Mr. Pope admitted that several years ago in England he had been out with that celebrated pack, but he did not enlarge upon the experience. He hoped she would mistake his reticence for modesty.

"Not much huntin' left in England now," she said. "Can't feed their hounds."

(Continued on Page 72)

COPY., 1941, WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO., DIVISION OF WESTERN CARTRIDGE CO.

DO YE KEN WILBUR POPE —

(Continued from Page 17)

Nobody to ride to 'em if they could, except a few old fogies like meself. Well, we keep it up, but it won't be for long. Non-essential, if anything is." She turned to listen to Prince Tchetchensky, who, with some of Mr. Pope's diffidence, was recounting experiences in the hunting field.

The prince had no need for diffidence, and Miss Grandin listened with visible pride. She threw an occasional hopeful glance at Mr. Pope, but Mr. Pope's hunting experiences remained locked in his bosom.

The evening was more of the same. To escape a conversation which was becoming increasingly horsey, Mr. Pope joined Miss Grandin and an elderly brother and sister named Cosgrave at the bridge table. But Mrs. Pope and the prince sat in a corner and giggled, and Miss Grandin couldn't keep her mind on the cards. She was becoming petulant—a bad sign in a prospective client—and at last she broke up the game. Mr. Pope was relieved when, soon afterward, the guests left and Miss Grandin hustled them off to bed.

"What extraordinary people, Wilbur," said Mrs. Pope. "What Miss Grandin sees in them I can't imagine."

"Tchetchensky is queer, all right," said Mr. Pope.

"You know I don't mean him," said Mrs. Pope. "I mean those Cosgraves, and that Meechan woman, who looks as if she did up her hair with a rake."

"I didn't think you were even aware of them," said Mr. Pope. "You and Sasha were so cozy."

"Well, good heavens," said Mrs. Pope, "he was the only person in the room who didn't talk exclusively about the seamy side of horse life."

"I've tried to explain to you, Carlotta," said Mr. Pope, "that this is a

business trip. If La Grandin thinks I can help her socially, she may favor my plan. If I can get through tomorrow without being discredited, she'll be grateful. But not if you go away with her prince in your pocket."

Mrs. Pope giggled. "Wait till she sees Ed!"

But Mr. Pope said that was where she was wrong. "It says in all the hunting books that the only way you can judge a hunter is in the field."

"Really?" said Mrs. Pope. "Well, you and Ed will come to judgment at your first fence, I guess."

"Let's go to sleep," said Mr. Pope. "Tomorrow's a tough day, however you look at it."

After breakfast Mr. Pope went out to see how Ed was getting on.

He found him in a bad temper. "If it wasn't for letting you down, Wilb," Ed said, "I'd have been halfway home by this time. These Grandin horses may be real highbred hunters, but they ain't got any more manners than a blue jay. And there's a horse in the next box—Wotan, his name is—ain't that German, Wilb?—well, anyway, every time I stick my head out, he sticks his head out and looks down his long nose at me, and then he goes back in and kinda giggles to himself for half an hour. And that ain't all," said Ed. "About half an hour ago the Grandin woman come along with a tall, dressy guy—"

"Prince Tchetchensky," said Mr. Pope. "Sounds like you were catching cold," said Ed. "Well, she says, 'Let's have a look at Mr. Pope's horse,' and they come and looked at me, and then they just turned and looked at each other, and the prince says, 'Mon Diew!' or something, and then Miss Grandin says, 'Sasha, you don't suppose Pope is trying to make a fool of me in front of the entire hunt?'"

"He may not be trying," says the prince, "but I'm afraid he may succeed. Yet," he says, "this horse is like no other horse I have ever seen; he may be a

(Continued on Page 75)

BRIGHT SPOTS IN HISTORY.... In the field of portable light we have come a long way since the 13th century. Then, in Paris, a guild of candle makers went from house to house making tallow candles. Contrast this with the modern convenience and dependability which Winchester flashlights and batteries provide.

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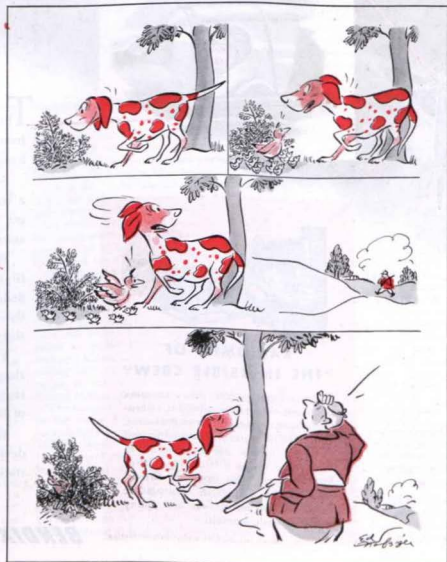
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WINCHESTER BATTERIES
Made by the makers of the World Famous Winchester Arms and Ammunition

"On Guard for America Since 1866"



(Continued From Page 72)

famous jumper. For his lines closely resemble, it seems to me, the lines of the kangaroo. "I wish I'd never asked him!" says Miss Grandin, and then the prince says, "We must do something about it, and they walked away."

"H'm," said Mr. Pope. "They don't think much of us, do they?" He shook his head doubtfully and left.

At three o'clock the hounds were led around, and they all mounted to ride to the meet. It had been a trying day so far for Mr. Pope. If he looked one way, there were Mrs. Pope and Tetchensky giggling together, and if he looked the other way, there was Miss Grandin glowering at them. He had tried to distract her with compliments and with hunting reminiscences, but she had plainly entered him in her ledger in red ink.

It was a cold clear day. The earth was frozen hard and lightly sprinkled with snow. Too lightly, Mr. Pope thought, and shuddered as he looked down at it; and Miss Grandin must have read his mind, for, as they started down the drive, she pulled up beside him on her plump little bay mare, Colette, and said, "Your horse seems to be going a little lame. Do you really think you ought to ride him today? I'm sure the Cogswages would mount you."

"Oh, that's just Ed's natural gait," said Mr. Pope easily. "He's not a showy horse, but he'll surprise you when he gets warmed up."

"I dare say," said Miss Grandin dryly. She gave Mr. Pope a puzzled, suspicious look, then trotted on ahead to catch up with Mrs. Pope and the prince. Prince Tetchensky rode Wotan, a tall, vicious-looking chestnut, and beside him on the dappled pony, Ragamuffin, Mrs. Pope looked like a little girl. That wouldn't, please Miss Grandin either, Mr. Pope thought, as he trailed them down the road. But after a minute the prince dropped back.

"I hope you will not be offended, Mr. Pope," said the prince, "but Miss Grandin has told me that you have a fine hunter which you are to ride today."

"Correct," said Mr. Pope. "This is him."

The prince smiled knowingly. "Mr. Pope, let us not beat about the barn.

There is some mystification here which is to Miss Grandin most disturbing. A hunter, which has not the lines of a hunter, a rider who has—yep! will pardon me—neither the seat nor the hands of a—"

"Now wait a minute," said Mr. Pope. "You're outrunning your line of communications. Miss Grandin is afraid that her friends will find my horse's performance in the field slovenly, and that this may humiliate her—is that it?"

"Really, is there need to argue the point?" said Tetchensky. He tapped Ed lightly on the shoulder with his crop. "Those withers! Those hind quarters!" And he trailed the crop over them.

There was a convulsive heave underneath Mr. Pope that tipped his hat over his eyes, and a hollow thump, followed by a number of profane-sounding Russian words. When he recovered his seat and his vision, he saw Wotan rearing angrily and being pulled down by the angry prince. On Wotan's sleek side was a long gash.

Tetchensky was furious. "So you want to play rough!" he snarled, forgetting his accent. "All right; look out for yourself!" And he cantered on ahead.

"Now you've done it!" said Mr. Pope. "You've marred Miss Grandin's prize possession. You darn fool, what did you have to kick him for?"

"Brother, I ain't begun yet," said Ed, and at that moment, from a gate ahead of them, a pack of hounds streamed out into the road, followed by two men in red coats and a dozen assorted riders.

Mr. Pope had lagged behind to chide Ed, and the introductions were over when he trotted up. Under the eyes of a larger audience than he was accustomed to, Ed attempted to put on what he conceived to be the style that Mr. Pope had demanded of him. He pranced heavily, he held his head high and rolled his eyes, he lifted his lip in an aristocratic sneer.

No one said a word. Even the horses looked, shook their heads as if to clear their eyes, and looked again. Then Mrs. Meecham, in a bowler hat astride a stout gray, called pleasantly to Mr. Pope, and Miss Grandin recovered herself. She introduced him and then they trooped after the hounds through a gate and across a field. Mrs. Pope and one or two others

stood behind; they were to follow by road. And almost before he realized it, the hounds were in full cry and Mr. Pope was cantering along between Miss Cogswage and the prince toward a half-a-dozen—

The hounds poured over the wall, the red coats followed. Mr. Pope saw Miss Cogswage rise in the air; then she, too, was rising and he clutched at Ed's mane. "Sit back, dope!" Ed hissed as he landed smoothly. "Don't show so much affection in public. It ain't done."

Tetchensky, watching him all the while with a faint smile, had taken the wall beside him. Miss Cogswage was ahead now, but the prince seemed to be holding Wotan in. He dropped back so that Wotan's head was at Mr. Pope's knee, while the rest of the field swept by. But Mr. Pope had other things to worry about. There was a rail fence coming—a rather low fence, but the rails looked stout. He took a deep breath and leaned forward for the rise. But as Ed gathered his hind quarters under him for the jump, the prince cut him sharply across the legs with his whip.

It was a stinging blow, and under the stimulus of it, Ed's co-ordination went to pieces. His hind legs jumped before his forelegs had left the ground, with the result that he turned a sort of clumsy cartwheel into the fence, while above him, Mr. Pope, performing a sort of complementary cartwheel, cleared the fence and landed asprawl on a conveniently placed brush pile.

To see the earth hit suddenly and sweep across the sky in that shattering experience, Mr. Pope lay still. He was not comfortable, but he was safe. If that terrible rending sound he had heard had been the splintering of his own frame, he would have had time to try to get out about it. But he became aware that Ed was peering down at him, asking if he was all right.

Mr. Pope bounced a bit experimentally, then sat up. "I—I guess so. How about you?"

"Busted the top rail with my shoulder," said Ed. "But I'm plenty tough. Come on, get up. We got some murder to do."

"Told you we'd climb the fences separately, so we couldn't make 'em together," said Mr. Pope, as he swung stiffly into the saddle. "But I guess we'd better try sticking together for the next one. . . . Hey, wait for me!" he shouted, as Ed bounded almost out from under him.

"We're in a hurry," said Ed. "That prince guy gave me the whip just as I jumped. That's why we spilled. And, boy, will I spill him and that red camel he's riding when I catch up with him! White Russian, is he? He'll be a red Russian if I get my hoofs on him!"

"Me too," said Mr. Pope. "If we ever catch him." Something of the excitement of the sport touched him, and he rose in his stirrups and yelled.

"At-a-boy, Wilb!" shouted Ed. He was mad clean through, and his thundering gallop was covering the ground at a speed that astounded Mr. Pope. "We're hunting princes today!" he shouted. "Boy, will we nail his brush to the barn door!"

But though they passed several riders before they reached the road, the prince was still far ahead. They went up the slope, across stubble fields and down into another valley. They pounded past Miss Grandin, who stared in astonishment—as well she might, for Mr. Pope was yelling at every bound, while Ed was shouting, "Do you see, Wilb? Do you see, and his good horse Ed?" to the tune of John Peel.

The hounds checked once, but found their line again before Ed could overtake his enemy. It was during this part of the run that the hunt was joined by two soldiers in a jeep, who bounced along for a

(Continued on Page 77)

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(Continued from Page 75)

time, cheering wildly, and then disappeared and were never seen again. And then the hounds checked again, and before they went on, Ed caught up.

Tchetchensky turned, and what he saw evidently alarmed him, for he spurred Wotan to a run. But though Ed was in a latter, he was by no means blown. He swung his head and snapped at Tchetchensky's knee, like a salmon at a fly. The prince tried to fend him off with his crop, and Wotan, thrown off his stride, hit at him. The two horses, snapping and flinching at each other, drove down side by side toward a fence through which the hounds had just scrambled.

"Yippee, Wotan!" Ed yelled. "The Valkyries are after you!"

The red coats soared over the fence, Mrs. Meecham soared after them. The stragglers had veered to the right, where there was a gap, so that no one saw what happened. Wotan, unused to being heckled at his jumps, was running jerkily at Ed's left. And then, just as Tchetchensky leaned forward for the leap, Ed whirled sharp right, swinging his heavy hind-quarters against Wotan's hip, and with Mr. Pope draped around his neck, trotted down along the fence. There was a rattle and a thud behind them, and when Mr. Pope had returned to the saddle he tugged Ed to a standstill.

"Blasé you, Ed," he said, "we've got a go back. We may have killed the guy."

"Rather neat, what?" said Ed complacently. "But of Judo I learned from my old teacher, Okidoki. Well, I'd like to view the corpse myself."

"I hope no one saw us," said Mr. Pope.

"Nothing to see. I refused the fence, and princely-winey jumped it. If he busted his royal bones, it ain't our fault." And he trotted through the gap and back to where the prince was lying on his back, the reins still in his hands, and Wotan standing over him. "A soldier of the Legion," hummed Ed, "lay dying in Algeria."

Mr. Pope dismounted and knelt beside Tchetchensky, who looked up at him with almost ainty resignation. "You've done for me, Pope," he said without rancor.

A procession of ants with very cold feet started up Mr. Pope's spine. "Can't be as bad as all that," he said heartily. "Let me help you up."

"It is useless," said the prince calmly. "I think my back is broken. I have tried twice to get up, but I am paralyzed."

Miss Grandin must have been watching them, for she centered up, flung herself off her horse and on to the prince's bosom.

"Sasha!" she cried. "Oh, Sasha, what have they done to you?"

The prince put up a feeble hand and stroked her hair. "Do not cry for me, my dear. Your Sasha has only a little time left now—only until sundown. The lion with the broken back—is it not so?—he always dies at sundown."

"Only it's the snake," Ed murmured.

Mrs. Pope, who had seen the accident from the road, had now ridden up, and remembering her first-aid lessons, asked the prince if he could wiggle his toes.

Miss Grandin looked up and assessed malignantly through her tears at this piece of levity, but Tchetchensky merely smiled with godlike forbearance, and continued in a weak voice, evidently deter-

mined that his last words should be something pretty good. But it was hard to tell whether he was addressing Miss Grandin or Wotan, who, held there by the reins, was also hanging over him solicitously.

Mr. Pope had felt Ed nudge him several times, and had shaken his head irritably to keep the horse quiet, but now Ed pushed his nose over his shoulder and whispered, "Look at Wotan's forehead, you dope!"

Mr. Pope looked. Then he bent and took the reins from Tchetchensky's flaccid hand and led Wotan over to the fence. "All right, Tchetchensky," he said. "Suppose you get up now."

"You fool!" flashed Miss Grandin. "Telling a man with a broken back to get up!"

"He merely wishes to undo what he has done—I give him credit for that," said the prince nobly. "But let us not have our last few moments together, my Lois, marred by—"

"Oh, get up!" said Mr. Pope impatiently. "Your back isn't broken. You couldn't get up because Wotan was standing on your coattails."

There was a hushed silence, broken at last by Mrs. Pope's giggle.

She controlled it; then, "Oh, gosh!" she said, and giggled again. But the prince seemed not at all embarrassed. He got up and brushed himself off, as Mrs. Meecham and Mr. Cosgrave cantered up to ask if anything was wrong.

"Nothing," said Mr. Pope quickly. "Tchetchensky had a bit of a fall, but he's all right."

The prince looked at him, raised his eyebrows slightly, then nodded an acknowledgment of his reticence.

"I—I've got to get out of here, Wilbur," whispered Mrs. Pope. "There seems to be something wrong with my diagnosis; I simply can't look at him without beginning to giggle."

"You'd have shown more penetration if you'd

giggled when you first met him," murmured Mr. Pope. "Better go on, then. I suppose we'll follow home."

Leaving the prince to give his version of the accident to Mrs. Meecham and Mr. Cosgrave, Miss Grandin came over to Mr. Pope. "You won't say anything—about Sasha, I mean?" she pleaded.

"You'll admit it's a good story," he said. "But neither Carlotta nor I will tell it. I promise you. And that goes," he added, "regardless of your radio decision."

Mrs. Meecham interrupted any further talk. "You're not a hunting man, Mr. Pope," she said. It was a statement.

"No," he said. "I am an advertising man." And added, without quite knowing why he did so, "I came up really to see if I could sell Miss Grandin a radio program."

"Oh, but you do hunt, Mr. Pope," put in Miss Grandin. "You mustn't be so modest."

"I hunted today," said Mr. Pope.

"I see." Mrs. Meecham looked speculatively at Miss Grandin, then smiled a granulate smile at Mr. Pope. And after a minute she said, "Perhaps I should tell you there is something I saw today. I feel I should speak to the Master about."

"You mean Tchetchensky's fall?" said Mr. Pope.

"I mean your fall," she said. "When he put his nose over his shoulder."

"He did what?" exclaimed Miss Grandin.

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IN HORSE'S CLOTHING

Liking Wilb as he did, Ed felt sorry for him
in his new predicament --but there are some things
even a talking horse shouldn't be called on to do!

by Walter Brooks

Illustrated by William von Riegen

O H, Wilbur," Mrs. Pope said, "do you know who has moved into the Jessups'?"

Mr. Pope glanced across the hedge which separated his garden from that of the Jessup house. "Party with a French name. Forgotten what it was. Why?"

"It's Delisier. Mr. Johannes told us. Remember? But I didn't know it was Eve Delisier! And she's there now. Moved in this afternoon."

"Well, well," said Mr. Pope vaguely.

"Oh, darling, don't be dumb! Eve Delisier."

"Of course. Gosh, I wonder—"

"What do gosh you wonder?" Mrs. Pope asked.

"I was just thinking—if I could get her to do some sketches, I bet I could nail that Marian Volney account I've been after for five years. Probably doesn't do any commercial work, though. But I might talk to Lamson about it. He's still mulling over the idea of letting me in for a partnership, and the Volney account would knock him endways." Mr. Lamson was head of the advertising agency where Mr. Pope was an account executive.

"Well, anyway," Mrs. Pope said, "I've been over and talked to her, and I asked her in for cocktails Sunday afternoon. And even if she won't do your sketches, you be nice to her, Wilbur."

Mr. Pope hadn't intended to stay home Sunday, for it was his custom on weekends, when the clan began to gather and the roar of polite conversation could be heard a mile down the road, to saddle his horse, Ed, and go for a long ride, with beer and conversation, and occasional naps in the shade of wayside trees. But with such a distinguished guest in prospect, Mrs. Pope had sent around the fiery cross in earnest, and several people had even come up from Philadelphia. So Mr. Pope stayed home.

But he didn't find it at all hard to be nice to Eve Delisier. She was dark and very smart, and beautiful, in a French sort of way. Mrs. Pope was dark and beautiful, too, but she was more the languorous Spanish type. The beauty of Eve Delisier's face was in movement, whereas Mrs. Pope's was in the features themselves. But anyway, Eve was pretty attractive.

She spoke English well but with the conventional French accent which makes every remark sound twice as interesting. And of course it sounded twice as flattering when she asked Mr. Pope's advice about the Jessup water pump, which had stopped last night and wouldn't start again. Neither Victorine nor Paul, the couple who looked after her, seemed to understand it. Mr. Pope said he would be glad to explain

it to Paul, but it appeared that Paul did not understand English.

"*Je crois que je parle assez bien le Français pour lui instruire, votre Paul,*" Mr. Pope said.

"You speak French? But zat is marvelous!" She jumped up. "Oh, would you come wit' me now? Mrs. Pope, you won't mind—"

"Of course not," Mrs. Pope said. "Go along, Wilbur."

Mr. Pope did not know quite how it happened that although it took only ten minutes to show Paul what was the matter, they were nearly two hours getting back to the party. After Paul and the pump, there had been Victorine and the hot-water heater, and then, as repayment of his kindness, some remarkable old Spanish brandy in the studio, where he was shown a portfolio of sketches—just the sort of thing Marian Volney would be crazy to get, he thought. And then a great deal of mixed French and English conversation. And on the way back through the garden there had been Ed, eyeing them sardonically from the stable door, and Eve—they were at Eve and Wilbur by this time—must make his acquaintance.

Mr. Pope led Ed out, and as she got a good look at the horse, Eve's volubility for the first time deserted her. "*Mon dieu!*" she said under her breath. Then, "*Mais qu'il est sur-realiste! Tout a fait!*" 'Ow wonderful, Wilbur! But—'ow can one ride a surrealist 'orse? 'E is too subjective—somezing one dreams of. 'Ow does one saddle a dream?"

Indeed, Ed was no thoroughbred. He looked rather like a child's drawing of a horse, a horse reduced to the lowest common denominator—four legs, head, body, mane and tail. But Mr. Pope loved Ed. He said, "I guess he is a bit heavy for a saddle horse. But you should see him in action."

Eve said, "I shall hope to."

"And boy, she will!" Ed murmured in Mr. Pope's ear as he was led back into the stable. "Subjective, am I?"

"She said you were a dream," said Mr. Pope.

"There's dreams and dreams," Ed replied. "And the only dream horses I ever heard tell of are nightmares. She'd better watch herself. I got a long memory for insults, Wilb."

Although Mrs. Pope smiled at him approvingly when he at last brought Eve back to the terrace, Mr. Pope was uneasy. Somehow he felt that by staying away with her so long he had committed himself—in just what way, he didn't know. Eve was fascinating, but there was something brittle and hard under her charm. He told Mrs. Pope later that he really didn't like her.



"There is nothing to
fear, my love!" . . .
Eve turned — and
let out a screech.

But Mrs. Pope just laughed. "It's merely your natural resistance to doing anything you ought to, darling. If being nice to her hadn't been advantageous to you—good heavens!"

"I see," Mr. Pope grinned at her. "You suspected I might fall for her, so you're throwing me at her head to put me off her."

"Nothing so subtle, my pet. It's just that—well, she's an addition, she has something to offer—"

"If she'll only offer it," said Mr. Pope. "But she's told me what she thinks of commercial work. I haven't dared mention Volney yet."

"Make her your best offer. I never knew a Frenchwoman yet who didn't think of money first."

"You never knew any Frenchwomen," said Mr. Pope.

Ed, however, when Mr. Pope's idea was explained to him, was indignant. He said he had no words to express what he felt about that kind of low scheming, and then he went on to indicate how many words he didn't have. This was a week or so later, when several of their rides together had been nipped in the bud by Eve's appearance just as they were starting out. There had been a sketch to look at, or an urgent need for advice, and Mr. Pope had followed her into the house, leaving Ed all saddled and bridled and with no place to go.

"You're a good one to talk," Mr. Pope said.

"Maybe so," said Ed. "I ain't above a little dirty work in a good cause. And Wilb—I ain't sayin' anything about your standing me up time after time to tag off after this babe, but why do you always talk with her in front of me in the French language? Let alone that it ain't very polite, what's so private about what you got to say to her?"

Mr. Pope said there was nothing private, it was just good practice he was getting, polishing up his French.

"Yeah?" said Ed. "Well, I know something about the French language. You can say things in it you'd get your face slapped for in English. Besides which, it's all full of words like *amour* and such. They say that if you want to make a proposition sound real poetic, all you got to do is say it in French."

"Look, Ed," said Mr. Pope. "I don't like being held up every time we start for a ride any more than you do. But what can I do? I've got to be polite to her. I want those sketches. Frankly, I don't like Eve very well—"

"Eve!" Ed snorted. "You ain't no Adam, Wilb, but you can be just as much of a sucker as he was. You keep away from the apple trees."

FRRIENDSHIPS, like apples, ripen. Eve came to the Popes' parties and asked them to hers. Mr. Pope made frequent solo visits to her studio to inspect her work. It was during one of these visits that she brought out a sketch and handed it to him.

"I made zis for you," she said.

It was done in red chalk, a few broad lines, swept in boldly. Mr. Pope looked at it doubtfully. An animal? No, by gosh, it was Ed. It certainly was not recognizable

as a horse, and yet it was Ed. There was no question about it. Somehow his essential characteristics were there, though how—

He looked at Eve respectfully. "It's wonderful," he said.

And then, with the sketch in his hands, it seemed to him that the time had come to bring up the Volney account. "Eve," he said, "there's something I want to ask you. I—I've been wanting to for a long time, but I hardly dared. It's—well, I know it's a question of ethics with you, but it means such a lot to me—my whole future—" He stopped, for she had put her hand over his mouth.

"Oh, Wilbur, *je t'en prie!* Do not speak yet! Oh yes, I know—I am not blind. But I beg you—wait. Wait until I know. I am not sure yet, Wilbur, and I must be sure—"

It was highly dramatic and it was also highly embarrassing to Mr. Pope, who began to burble faintly. "But Eve, I didn't mean—I mean—"

"Non, non, non! You must not, Wilbur. *Je t'en défends.* See!" She grabbed his arm and pulled him toward the model stand. "You wished to ask me—yes, yes something important, no?" She talked very fast to keep him from interrupting. "To paint your portrait—was not zat it? But of course I will paint it. Come!" She pushed him into the chair and snatched up a block of paper and a stick of charcoal. "Voilà, I make a first sketch now. And you must not move—not even ze mouse, not even zose blue eyes." She began sketching. Mr. Pope posed, rigid and blushing.

LATER that day he took a short ride with Ed to calm his nerves. But they didn't calm worth a cent, for it appeared that Ed had heard the whole conversation through the studio windows, which overlooked the Pope garden.

"I don't get it, Wilb," Ed said. "She pours the sugar over you, and you sit there like a cake being frosted. A dame like that—either you go for her or you give her the boot."

"Don't be vulgar," Mr. Pope said.

"Okay," said Ed. "But you're ridin' for a busted wedding ring, pal, and without getting any of the old *quid pro quo*." He went on at some length.

To change the trend, when they got home Mr. Pope showed him the sketch. It changed it all right.

"What's that?" he said. "The Hound of the Baskervilles?" Then, "Me?" he shouted angrily. "That thing is me? Why, that's an outrage! I wouldn't mind a caricature, but Judas, Wilb—that thing's defamation of character! Yeah, go on, laugh! If you was any kind of a friend you'd have tore the thing up and thrown it in her face!"

"But she's offered to paint my portrait, Ed."

"Yeah," said Ed. "Boy, oh boy, are you sticking your neck out! And with that face on the end of it! When you see what she's done to me—" he eyed Mr. Pope's features maliciously—"what do you think she'll make of that bunch of junk?"

Mr. Pope essayed a simper. "She said I had an interesting head."

"That's why you was trying to get a look at yourself in all those plate-glass

windows when we rode through the village, hey?" said Ed. "Oh, go away. I got to think this out. . . . Hey, wait. Is there anything left in that bottle in the harness closet? This thing has kind of upset my stummick."

THE sittings were to begin the next Saturday. And then Mr. Pope balked. Perhaps if he had told Mrs. Pope just what had happened, she would have let him off. But he couldn't bring himself to it. And so she wheedled. She was a swell wheedler. And by and by Mr. Pope said, "Oh hell," and she knew she'd won.

"But you're just sacrificing me to your social ambitions—to impress the Kimshaws and the other local gentry with a Delisier portrait in some show next winter."

"How right you are, darling," she said. "And not only the portrait. Don't you think it's impressive to have a husband who's being made passes at by a famous portrait painter? Oh, don't cast down your eyes and twist the corner of your apron! She doesn't make any bones about it. She'll do that Volney job for you, just for the sake of your bright blue eyes." She touched his cheek. "You're blushing, pet. She did mention the eyes, didn't she? Of course. All dark girls go for the bright blue eyes. Why, look at me!" She kissed him.

So Mr. Pope sat. He sat with the sword of Eve's decision suspended above his interesting head. The sittings became cozy tête-à-têtes, with Eve taking Mr. Pope's undying passion very much for granted, and making a great pretense of holding him at arm's length.

The painting moved slowly. "But one studies one's subject!" Eve said. "One does not throw ze sitter into ze chair and just start painting him. One arranges him." Her smile flashed. "I am arranging you." Then her eyes grew serious. "I arrange everyting. Be patient, *cheri*."

Eve merely laughed when he mentioned the Volney sketches.

"I can hear her," said Mrs. Pope when he told her that. She narrowed her eyes wickedly at him and gave a hard little rippling laugh. "Ah, *mon dieu, mon ami*, wiz you it ees: always business, business." Then she half turned from him, put her head back upon his shoulder and one arm around his neck. "You speak always to ze *artiste*. Have you nossing to say to ze woman?"

Mr. Pope seized her and kissed her wolfishly. "You see how I respond. Aren't you worried?"

"As long as you prefer the company of that old horse to Eve's—no," said Mrs. Pope.

But Ed was worried. And he began to chaperone Mr. Pope. If Eve and Mr. Pope walked in the garden, Ed's head would pop up from behind a hedge. If they were in the studio, Ed would be discovered just outside the window. One afternoon Mr. Pope was sitting stiffly in the model's chair while Eve painted. She had been telling him about her childhood, and the old Breton nurse who had scared her half to death with stories of werewolves. "Marie said zat old Jules, the gardener, was one of zese 'orrors. At (Continued on page 100)



Monster in Horse's Clothing

(Continued from page 52) night 'e change, and run on all fours, howling. He climbed through open windows and pulled children from zeir beds and ran off wit' zem." She shuddered. "Zose are just stories. But two children did disappear."

Mr. Pope said there were certainly certain cases of a sort of Jekyll-Hyde double personality, in which humans did change into something pretty horrible. And he was saying this when Ed's head appeared at the open window behind Eve.

Without breaking the pose, Mr. Pope tried to order Ed away by glaring at him. The horse just mimicked him, throwing back his head and regarding him with contemptuous hauteur. Mr. Pope frowned—and then became aware that Eve was staring at him.

"Wilbur! You look so strange!"

"Eh?" said Mr. Pope. "Oh, I just thought—I saw Ed. At the window."

Eve glanced around. Ed was visible, but with no apparent interest in art. She shrugged and went on talking about lycanthropy and other curious hobbies of the Breton witches. "Oh yes, I know ze scientific explanations. But ze sings are not less 'orrible. And I can tell you of a case—ze 'usband of my own 'nt Sophie. It began wit' his walking in his sleep—" She stopped, for Mr. Pope had burst into a loud and inexplicable laugh.

I guess you can't blame him. As soon as Eve's back was turned Ed had stuck his head in the window again and began making faces at Mr. Pope. It was very plain that he was mocking Mr. Pope as a sitter, and suggesting expressions in which he would like Mr. Pope to be painted. First he opened his mouth a little and looked wide-eyed and innocent, and then he laid back his ears and bared his teeth and looked ferocious, and then he drooped one eyelid and glared down his nose in a sort of half-wittedly noble expression. That was when Mr. Pope laughed.

Eve threw down her brush. "Really. Wilbur!"

"I'm sorry," Mr. Pope said. "It was just—well, I used to walk in my sleep myself." He seized upon the first thing that came into his mind. "I guess I inherited it from my Grandfather Case. Everyone in our family remembers Grandfather Case's yelping nightmares."

Eve laughed. She came and stood beside him. "I do not sink you are a werewolf, cheri. Not wit' ze name of Wilbur." She stopped and put her cheek next to his. "Why are you so unresponsive, my great wolf?" I tell you I make a decision soon, but you—since zat first day you say nos-sing. And you mean so much to me!" With a lithe movement she dropped into his lap.

"Oh—ouch!" Mr. Pope jumped up. "Sorry, Eve. Leg's asleep. Sitting so long."

He stamped up and down. "Oh, by the way," he said, ignoring the exasperated flash of her eyes, "I forgot to tell you—I've been authorized to offer you a thousand dollars for the six sketches for Mar-ian Volney I told you about. Of course, I know it's commercial, but nowadays—"

"How much?" she interrupted sharply. He repeated.

"Ah, cheri," she said, "it means a lot to you, does it not? But to me, too. Yes, I know zey all do it. But not Delisier. Not unless—" She stopped, then smiled. "But for you I would do it. Oh yes, and for ze sousand dollars. I do not despise money, Wilbur. Yes, some of zose sketches I showed you would do—I would not make new ones. Ze subject does not matter, in zose advertise-ments." She smiled. "We talk about zat anozzer time. No, no—go along now, *mon gros loup!*"

Mr. Pope was pretty downcast at not getting the thing settled then and there. As he pushed through the hedge into his own garden he ran into Ed.

"Mon doo!" Ed said. "It's Wilbur the Wolf!" His teeth chattered and he staggered back with terrified eyes.

"Oh, don't be an ass!" said Mr. Pope. "You've done enough clowning."

"Okay, Wilb, I guess you got more wolf in you than I thought, at that." He chuckled. "Wilbur the Wolf and Eve the Moocher."

"What do you mean—Eve the Moocher?"

"You mean so mooch to me," Ed quoted. He tittered in a ladylike manner. "It quite made me blush, master. . . Hey, hold on!" he said as Mr. Pope turned away. "You got this bale all wrong, Wilb. Oh sure, she's making a play for you. Maybe she wants you. Women ain't got much judgment. But she knows darn well you ain't got any intentions, honorable or otherwise. Trouble with you, you're hangin' on to try to get them sketches, and at the same time you're too much of a



"Could I see the rest of her sometime?"

gentleman to come right out and tell her she ain't your sweetie pie and ain't going to be. Now I ain't a gentleman, thank God, and I'd handle it different. . . ." But Mr. Pope had gone.

When he got home he wished he hadn't. For all at once Mrs. Pope was fed up with Eve. "I wanted you to be nice to her," she said, "but good heavens, you don't have to go live there! Oh, I'm not jealous. Not very, anyway. But there's too much talk." She paused. "See here, Wilbur. We should have had sense enough to find out something about Eve. Mrs. Kimshaw was here today and she tells me Eve has a pretty unsavory reputation. Mr. Kimshaw knows her second husband—she's had half a dozen, official and unofficial. The Kimshaws say she deliberately courts notoriety—it's good for business. Every scandal adds five hundred dollars to the price of the next portrait. And she gives her conquests plenty of publicity. Mrs. Kimshaw was—well, she said she thought I ought to do something about it."

Mr. Pope said, "I see." He did indeed see that it wouldn't suit Mrs. Pope to disregard Mrs. Kimshaw's advice, for the Kimshaws were not only the last glorious remnants of the old Westchester *haute noblesse*, but also friends of the Lamsons. "Well, Lord knows," he said, "Eve means nothing to me. But we can't just drop her—"

"I can."

"No doubt. But I can't. For one thing, because I want those sketches."

"And for another?" Mrs. Pope's eyes began to emit sparks.

"Damn it, Carlotta," Mr. Pope said, "what can I do? You—" He stopped.

She smiled angrily. "You were going to say, 'You got me into this, and now you can get me out.' Well, I will. I'm going over to talk to Eve."

PEOPLE seldom groan in real life, but Mr. Pope did. It was all he could do, for there was no use trying to stop her.

It was a good hour before she came back.

"Well?" Mr. Pope said.

"You may well say well!" she snapped. "Really, Wilbur! Do you know what she told me? You are such a sweet boy! You made love to her so nicely! Oh, it was the glamor of the artist that captivated you, no doubt. She understood that. But I was not to worry. She knew how to handle these things. Just let it alone—don't press matters. She would see that you got over it. Good heavens, Wilbur, what have you been saying to her?"

Mr. Pope said, "Do you believe all this?"

Mrs. Pope thought a minute. "No. It doesn't sound like you. A nice boy—no."

"And what did you tell her?" he asked.

"I told her," said Mrs. Pope primly, "that if she didn't let you alone I'd beat her teeth in."

"Just the same," said Mr. Pope doggedly, "I'm going to get those sketches."

Ed, however, who had heard none of this, was worried. "Wilbur the Wolf!" he snorted. "Wilbur the Lamb's more like it. I got to save him." So that night there were strange noises in the Jessup garden—rustlings and thumpings, and under Eve's window, which was on the ground

floor, terrifying sniffings. And later, on the side away from the Papes', a low, long, ululating howl.

Mr. Pope heard the howl. He sat up, and saw a light flicker across his ceiling. He went to the window. Somebody with a flashlight was moving about in the Jessup shrubbery. He pondered a moment, then without waking Mrs. Pope, put on slippers and robe and went out.

He slid up along the hedge and through the opening into the Jessup garden, thinking to find out what the marauder was up to. He had to creep past the house to reach the spot where he had last seen the light. The house was dark. Eve's window was open, but no light was burning. As he went past he heard voices inside, and he stopped.

"But no, Madame," Paul was saying. "I have searched thoroughly. There is no one there now. But by the door of the studio I found this."

"A knife!" Eve exclaimed.

"Yes, Madame. And see here." A light glimmered for a moment. "Here on the handle. These initials—W. P. The initials of Monsieur Pope."

Mr. Pope had intended to call out to Eve. But there was something funny going on here.

"But my good Paul," Eve said, "you don't suggest that Mr. Pope has been prowling about the house, howling, with a knife in his hands?" She laughed, then stopped abruptly. "*Tiens*, the werewolf! Could he be trying to frighten me by pretending? But why should he? Oh no, it is too ridiculous!" And she laughed again.

Mr. Pope put the knife and the howl together and they spelled Ed to him. The

knife, he was sure, was an old hunting knife that hung in the stable. Ed didn't like Eve. He had been playing werewolf. Here was the kind of silly trick he would play to frighten her away.

Paul said, "How if it were not Monsieur but Madame who dropped the knife? Victorine heard her threaten you today, Madame."

"*Ciel!*" Eve seemed startled, but then she laughed again. "Oh no. That, too, is ridiculous. No, no, Paul. You go back to bed now. Tomorrow we will see."

ALTHOUGH Eve thought it ridiculous, Mr. Pope reflected, she'd be put to it to find any other logical explanation. And it certainly wasn't the kind of story he cared to have get around about Carlotta. Well, there wasn't much hope of getting those sketches now, anyway; he had better provide Eve with a logical explanation. If he himself had been sleepwalking. . . .

He held his arms stiffly out in front of him in the manner adopted by sleepwalkers in the funny papers, and moved slowly past the window, muttering unintelligibly.

A figure appeared at the window; and Eve said in a low voice, "Wilbur! What are you doing?"

Mr. Pope continued to mutter. He debated whether he should try a howl, and decided against it. The werewolf stuff was beyond him. Anyway, Eve wouldn't believe it. It would be better to wake up. He gave a start, a gurgle, then gasped unconvincedly, "My God! Where—where am I?"

"It's all right, Wilbur." Eve's voice was low and soothing. "You've been walking in your sleep. Have you been walking in



"And bless Mommy, who's a Wave, Aunty, who's a Spar, Sister, who's a Wac, and my new governess, who's a Wow!"

your sleep?" she said suspiciously. "Come here."

He went over to the window. "Good lord, Eve! I've been doing it again! I'm sorry I disturbed you. But I must get back. If Carlotta finds me gone—"

"Oh yes, Carlotta," said Eve in a hard voice. "Look here, Wilbur, you were no more asleep than I am. Sleepwalkers do not act like zat. It was you zat found Carlotta gone, was it not? And you miss your knife perhaps, *hein*? So you come—" She broke off, Oh, *mon dieu!*" she cried. "So zat is it! Wilbur, you must come wiz me—to ze studio. Wait!"

She vanished, and came out a moment later through the porch with a flashlight in her hand. "Come!" and she started to run toward the studio, but after a few steps she stopped short. "No," she said coldly. "If what I sink is true—no, I do not want you wit' me. Go home, Wilbur."

"But, Eve—"

"Oh, go home!" She stamped her foot. "And stay zere! I do not ever want to see you again. And you can tell your Carlotta zat I am leaving here tomorrow." She turned and left him, and Mr. Pope, wondering what it was all about, started homeward.

AS HE pushed through the hedge a large form loomed up and a cautious voice said, "Hi, Wilb!"

"Oh, it's you," said Mr. Pope dispiritedly. "Well, I hope you're satisfied, Ed."

"No," said Ed thoughtfully. "No, I ain't. I thought she'd fall for that werewolf stuff—bein' brought up with all them witches and such. Maybe the knife was a mistake. I expect werewolves don't cut folks, they chaw 'em. Too bad. I was plannin' some extry special sound effects for tomorrow night." He paused, but Mr. Pope was silent. "Hey, lookit, Wilb," he said in an injured tone. "What's the beef? You didn't want this chick, but you was too noble to tell her so. Okay, so I told her. So everything's rosy. We go on our rides again, and your wife—nobody'll think she was really goin' to stick it into Eve, and if they did they'd respect her for it."

"Of course they wouldn't think it," Mr. Pope said. "But it's too good a story not to pass on. You certainly made a sweet mess of things. You'd better go to bed before you do any more damage."

But Ed didn't go to bed. For one thing, he was curious to know why Eve had run out to the studio. So when Mr. Pope had gone, he went back and peered in the studio window.

What he saw amazed him. Eve had not switched on the overhead lights. She had Mr. Pope's knife in her hand, and by the beam of a small flashlight she was methodically cutting to ribbons the nearly completed portrait of Mr. Pope. Methodically, rather than furiously—and this puzzled Ed. Then she turned from that and began slashing up another portrait—one which Ed had heard her tell Mr. Pope she didn't like, and Ed suddenly realized what she was up to. Mrs. Pope had threatened her; there was evidence that Mrs. Pope had dropped a knife by the studio door that night. . . . If Eve destroyed a few of her more unsuccessful canvases and then put her evidence in the

hands of the police, Mrs. Pope would be in a pretty unpleasant position.

Now Ed did not especially like Mrs. Pope. But he was a just horse. He left the window and went around to the door. He took the brass knocker in his teeth and tapped lightly.

After a moment Eve's voice said, "Who is it?"

"It's me—Wilbur," Ed whispered. "I had to come back—I had to tell you something, Eve. It was not I that followed Carlotta tonight, Eve—it was she that followed me. Because she knew I was coming for you, coming to take you far away—"

I DO not know what you are saying," Eve interrupted. "But come in—let me show you what your sweet Carlotta has done." And she opened the door.

She did not at once see Ed, for as she opened it, she turned and walked before him down the long studio, holding the beam of her flashlight on the wrecked portrait. "Look at that!"

"Ah, my sweet," said Ed in a mawkish whisper, "what does that matter to us?" He followed, walking as quietly as he could, and that was pretty quietly for anybody in iron shoes. "You have laughed at the werewolf stories. You were not afraid, my Eve. And you were right. There is nothing to fear." His head was at her shoulder, and now he stopped whispering and spoke in his natural harsh voice. "Turn and look at me, my love."

With his mane shaken forward over wildly rolling eyes, and lips drawn back from the great teeth that gnashed at her, Ed was a pretty terrible sight. Eve turned, swung the flashlight toward him, then, with a screech, whirled and fought her way madly through the cluttered studio toward the little storeroom in the back corner. Ed heard the easel go over. A chair clattered, then a door slammed and was bolted.

There was no way out of the storeroom except through the studio. Ed giggled faintly and wished that Mr. Pope was there. It was so darned easy!

He clumped noisily over to the storeroom door. "Eve, my beloved," he said in a syrupy voice which he imagined to resemble Mr. Pope's, "I did not mean to frighten you. I forgot that I had changed again from my human form. I will not harm you. It is only on nights of the full moon that we kill. Come out to your Wilbur. Let him embrace you." And he gave an affectionate snarl and clicked his teeth several times.

Eve moaned and then said something in a chattering voice.

Ed thought: I mustn't overdo it—and

then realized that that would be a little difficult. Eve might not take much stock in the werewolf theory, but she would have hard work finding any other explanation. The evidence of her own eyes. . . . He said, "You wish me to go?"

"Oh, yes!" she waimpered. "Go! Oh, go quickly!"

"I will go," said Ed. "But first you must write something for me. Have you a light in there? And paper and pencil?" He had to snarl twice and give a pianissimo wolf howl before he at last saw light appear at the crack of the door.

"Now write as I dictate," he said. "Mr. Wilbur Pope, Mt.isco, N. Y. Dear Sir—oh yeah, put the date. Dear Sir. Got that? I have just destroyed with my own hands the portrait of you which I had started. I did not like it. Paragraph. I enclose herewith the sketches to be used in the Marian Volney advertising, said hereinbefore mentioned sketches being hereby irrevocably transferred to you, to remain your sole and undisputed property with all rights including that of reproduction. . . . There, I guess that will stand up. Though I didn't get in the heirs and assigns forever." Now just write 'Yours truly,' and sign it and push it under the door."

Ed was pretty proud of this document. He turned on the overhead lights and examined it. "All I know about law," he said to nobody in particular, "I picked up in a lively stable, but I guess that's as good a school as any." Then he picked it up and slipped it into the big portfolio of sketches that leaned against the wall. And with the portfolio in his mouth he trotted off home.

MR. POPE never saw Eve Delisier again. He never found out either how Ed had obtained the letter and the sketches. He selected six sketches for the Volney account and sent the rest back to Eve, with a check for a thousand dollars.

Ed was sore when he learned that the sketches to be used included the one Eve had made of him. "It's a hell of a way to treat a friend," he said. "I keep you from being made a monkey of, and you turn around and try to make a monkey of me before the whole reading public."

"Nonsense," said Mr. Pope. He pulled a sheaf of papers out of his pocket. "Look, here are the proofs. Here's the one of you. Pretty nice, eh? Anyway, nobody knows it's a picture of you."

Ed looked at it. "Yeah. I don't know anything about ar, Wilb, but I know a lousy trick when I see one. Hey, what's this—*Vogue*, here in the corner? They going to use it in *Vogue*?"

"Why, sure."

"*Vogue!*" Ed grinned delightedly. "Judas Priest, Wilb, my picture's going to be in *Vogue!* How that would have tickled my old mother! Ain't that America for you? Her drawing a milk wagon all her life, and her son. . . . Say, ain't there any way you could get my name in there somewhere—on the edge, like?"

Mr. Pope grinned. "Volney's trying to sell perfumes with these ads, Ed. So—wouldn't you rather have a nice cold bottle of beer?"

Ed sighed. "Well . . . yeah. I guess there's more satisfaction in it, at that."

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